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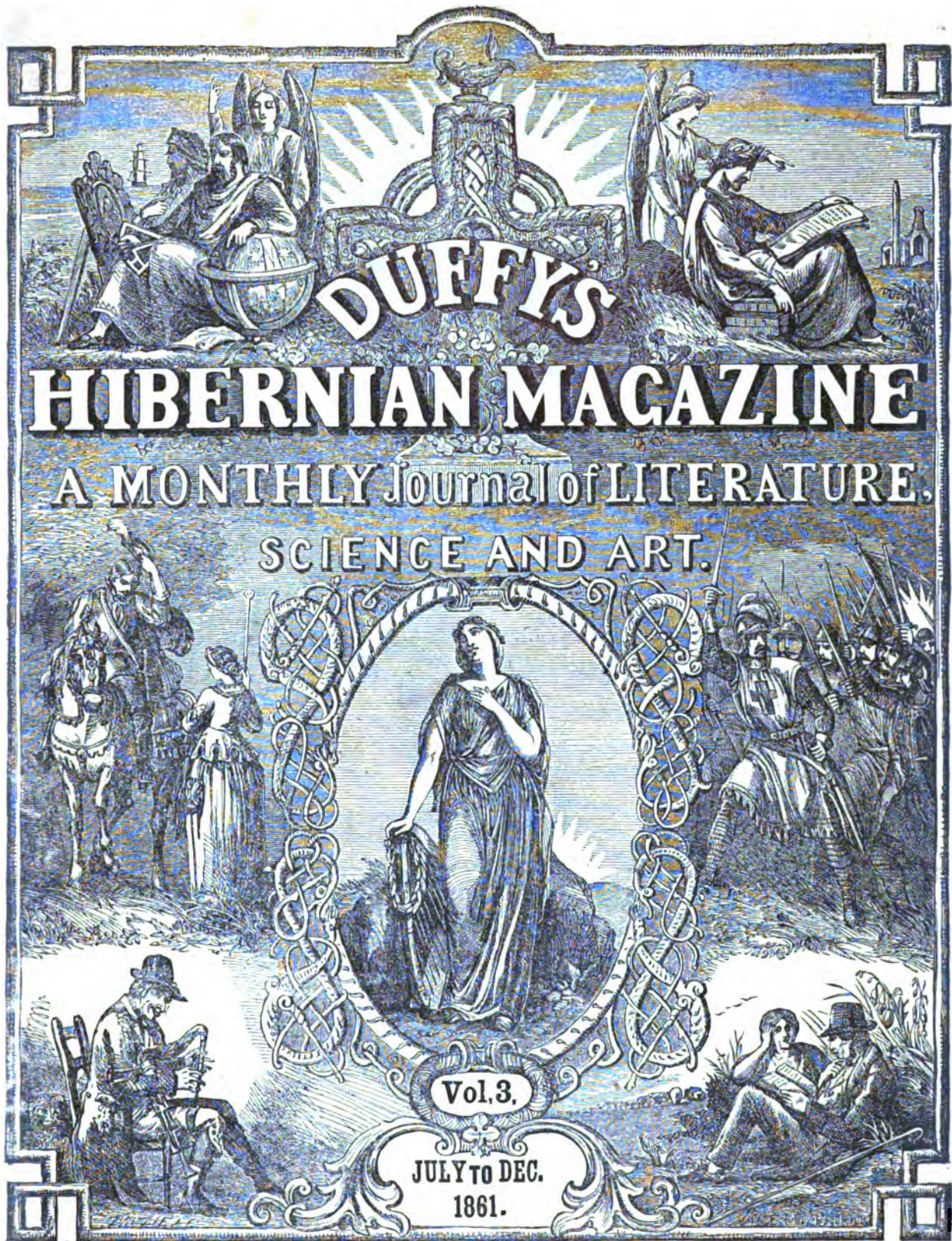
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THE DOCTOR A GO-BETWEEN—A LOVE SCENE, ANYTHING BUT AGREEABLE TO ONE OF THE PARTIES—A DOUBTFUL PROJECT, IN WHICH THE DOCTOR ENGAGES—OLD SAM WALLACE AGAIN AT WORK.

THE historian on his way home felt himself sadly puzzled. The good old man was very sensible in many things, yet exceedingly simple in others. In his interview with Clinton, he had taken a rather unusual and elevated view in speculating on Maria's conduct in the affair, but it was rather what he conceived a mere argumentative paradox, resorted to for the purpose of bringing his opponent to reason, than from any belief he entertained that an humble girl like her should possess either the virtue or the high sense of independence to act with a dignity that he knew would have done honour to Greece or Rome. Now, however, when he had seen and marked the artful distinction which she drew when the subject of his love became the topic of conversation, he bitterly regretted that he had entered into the matter at all.

"She said," he proceeded to himself, "that if she thought his proposals were not sincere, she would refuse to see him; but that if she thought they were honourable, she would. This places me in a bad position, especially if they should get married, but in a worse one still, if they should elope. The world will call me nothing more nor less than a villanous old go-between, and the consequence will be that more scandal will fall upon my head than upon theirs. As it is, I will make her a present of my celebrated history of A——h, which may in some degree withdraw her mind from love affairs. I will call this evening and leave it with her, and if the perusal of it succeeds in extinguishing this flame, or preventing such an unsuitable match, I shall certainly rejoice, and it may save us all from much scandal."

This, for the present, was his only consolation, and with respect to Maria, he certainly kept his word. On that evening he called to the house, and having placed his celebrated history in the hands of Miss Travers, he earnestly requested that she would give it to Maria, with his best wishes for her welfare, and a sincere hope that she would read and study it with attention. On the

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second day after this, Clinton, who had been suffering tortures, received from the worthy man the following communication, marked *strictly private and confidential*.

"DEAR SIR,—I fear I cut anything but a creditable figure as an agent in the management of your love difficulties. Heaven knows, it ill becomes a man of my years and calling to catch himself so actively employed in such a questionable task. How can I tell what may happen, and I will engage if anything wrong *does* happen, that both you and she, in order to exculpate yourselves, will not scruple to lay the blame of it upon my shoulders, and the world, of course, will follow your example, and say that nothing improper would have occurred had I not brought you together. God knows I did it with the best intention; but don't misunderstand me, for by this I mean that my object was to put an end to your foolish passion if I could, by bringing about an interview, in order that you might finally learn the hopelessness of your fate from her own lips, and I beg that you will not misunderstand me here again,—by her own lips I mean her own ultimate and unalterable determination to decline your addresses. Unfortunately I have my doubts of this now, and I think better to inform you of the fact, that you may reflect upon your folly in time, and at all events exhibit such a generous forbearance in your interview with her on the point of consent, as will redound to your own credit. I had myself an interview with her after I left you the day before yesterday. Miss Travers sent for her, and in a few minutes she entered the room. From the manner in which that respectable person opened the conversation, the beautiful creature was led at first to suppose that I was about to make a matrimonial proposal to her myself, and the poor thing looked very much pleased. I hastened, however, to undeceive her, lest the blundering old maid might lead her into a fool's paradise, by the notion of such a thing. I studied her very closely after she had entered the room, which she did with a good deal of confusion, poor child, for I believe she had been told that I was expecting her. After she spoke she blushed, and I could not help thinking of the celebrated lines in Virgil;

'Dixit; et avertens rosea cervier refulsit,
Ambrosiaque cornu divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere; pedes vertis defluxit adimos;
Et vera incessu patuit dea.'

"After some brief conversation, she told me that if she thought your proposals were *not* honourable, she would at once decline receiving you; but that if she believed they were, she would consent to an interview—a

A

distinction which I don't admire, and which leads me to apprehend that she is a mere syren, and wishes to lure you into her meshes. I give you this information beforehand, in order that you may be on your guard. I have taken pains, however, to check the ardour of her affection for you, that is, provided always that she entertains any, by bringing to her my own celebrated history of A——h. It is one thing, observe, for an humble girl to marry a man of rank and wealth, and another thing to love him. I have now prepared you for this interview, or rather guarded you against its consequences. If you would read history more, you would feel this foolish passion less, as the one would cool down and sober the other, which must produce an admirable effect upon you both. In the mean time, God prosper you.

"My poor unhappy young man, and believe me to be, your sincere friend,

"GEORGE SPILLAR, D.D.

"P.S.—Pray let me know the result of the interview.

"P.P.S.—It was about dusk when I brought her my 'History,' and on my way home, two young fellows, in the garb, certainly, of gentlemen, came close to me, and said in a low voice,

"So, doctor, you too were striving to get a peep at the celebrated beauty; well done, my old historian!"

Clinton, who knew a good deal of the worthy man's character, was not only amused but delighted with this epistle. One great object was gained—her consent to see him. He consequently sent a note to Miss Travers, asking to know when he might present himself, and stating that he was deeply indebted, and would feel for ever grateful to Miss Brindsley for her goodness and condescension in vouchsafing to see him. He would not, he assured them both, abuse the privilege nor encroach upon Miss Brindsley's time, but would submit himself in all things to her wishes. As Maria felt anxious that the interview should be over as soon as possible, she appointed the next day for their meeting, and having done so, he experienced a combined feeling of depression and relief, and that from reasons which will almost immediately appear. Strange indeed was the fate of these two young lovers; but be that fate what it may, we cannot now, without anticipating its events, advance in our narrative except by those gradual steps which led them both onwards to their ultimate destiny.

At length the eventful day arrived, and Clinton, with a beating heart, found himself in the now well-known parlour of Miss Travers.

When Maria heard that he awaited her below, a sickness almost like that of death came over her; she felt that this was indeed the melancholy crisis of her destiny, and that she herself, for the sake of her generous lover, was about to determine it for ever at the terrible cost of her own happiness. The sacrifice, however, was to be made, and she resolved to make it. At this moment the recollection of the sealed prophecy recurred to her, and as she had it at that very time in her own possession, she was strongly tempted to open it, and, if possible, be

guided by its purport. But again, the awful admonition and countermand fell deeply and with something like terror on her heart; she summoned her courage and self-denial, and with a firm resolution to await the event which might justify her in opening it—if ever that event should arrive—she rallied a little; and having composed herself as well as she could, she descended, with fear and trembling, to the parlour.

Clinton, to whom she taught a lesson of forbearance and moderation in his conduct and sentiments, received her with peculiar deference and respect. This, however, was the natural temper of his mind and character, for Clinton, as the reader knows, was a gentleman and a man of feeling. She was now entitled to his respect. All his suspicions of her had been removed—flung to the winds, and she had been proved to be not only what he had originally thought her, but something still purer and more exalted. Their relative position with respect to each other was now very different from what it had been on that night of violence, when he looked upon her with such doubt and suspicion as almost—he thought—amounted to the most excruciating certainty. On her entering the room, he at once arose and handed her a chair; he looked at her closely too, and at once saw that the state of trepidation in which she appeared before him, entitled her to every courtesy and kindness of manner which he could assume; but, indeed, on this occasion they were only the spontaneous effusion of his heart.

"Miss Brindsley," said he, "you know not the obligations under which you place me by at last consenting to afford me an interview, because you know not what I have suffered from the despair of obtaining it."

"But I thought, sir," she replied, "that from the sentiments I expressed to you upon that night, that you would not feel justified in seeking another interview; I think I expressed myself very plainly."

"Yes," he replied; "but the circumstances between us are changed. They are not now what I believed, or at least suspected them to be on that night."

"So far as I am concerned, Mr. Clinton, they are not changed. I am the same girl now that I was on that night, and hold to the same resolution now which I expressed then."

"But you must understand that I am changed, and that I come before you on different principles and with different claims. You know how your conduct in my opinion was then involved in doubt and mystery—doubts and mysteries which almost drove me mad. But now those doubts and mysteries through which, even then, my love for you bubbled up with fervour and vehemence from my heart, are all removed for ever, and you appear before me the pure and uncontaminated creature which I first thought you, or rather knew you, to be."

"I am certainly glad, sir," she replied, "that my character and conduct have been set right in your opinion; for since you happen to feel an interest in me, it would have been painful to me—very painful indeed—to have lain under your suspicions. I say I feel glad,

then, that I am restored to your good opinion ; but still, Mr. Clinton, that does not, nor cannot, change our position."

"Oh, but most assuredly it does, and can, and shall. I now ask your love in an honourable sense; you are the first woman I ever loved, and——"

"The first!" she replied, with a vivacity which struck him forcibly

"Yes," he returned, "*the first, and the only one.*"

A deep blush suffused her cheek, and an expression, not only of melancholy, but profound sorrow, settled unconsciously on her countenance.

"This interview," she said "is a very painful one to me, Mr. Clinton; I almost regret it has taken place. Indeed I wish it had not; it would have saved us both much——" here she paused a moment.

"However," she added, "as Dr. Spillar thought it better that I should give you one last meeting, and as I had placed myself under his guardianship, I yielded to his wishes."

"You don't say a last meeting, Maria—for I will call you so—you don't say *our last*? Consider that I now offer you my fortune, my hand, my heart—offer them to you that you may become my wife in the eye of God and of the world. Can man do more to obtain a woman's love? Surely, Maria, you can feel no doubt as to the sincerity of my passion after such a declaration as this."

During this dialogue Maria kept her eyes down, nor did she once raise them to meet his since she entered the room.

"Why," he proceeded, after a short pause, "why do you not reply to me? but, above all, why do you not bestow upon me one single glance? Alas! Maria, it was not so when we used to meet in C——r cathedral."

She involuntarily raised her eyes and glanced at him, and he could see that there were in their expression both deprecation and deep sorrow.

"I wish," she replied, "that we never had met there."

Clinton was much moved, for he saw that she was suffering, but from what cause he could not conjecture with any certainty.

"You seem, Maria," he proceeded, "to be in sorrow; but why do you not reply to me?"

"I believe," she replied, "that your affection for me is sincere; indeed I know it is, because you have given me such proofs of it as I cannot doubt. If I could or did doubt it, I would feel less pain than I must feel in the reply I am about to give you."

Clinton's heart sank at those words, for he could scarcely help feeling that they foreboded the ruin of his hopes.

"What are you about to say?" he asked; "beware how you tamper with or make a wreck of my happiness. You are everything to me—the hope and solace of my being, the sunshine of my future existence here, the branch by which I hang upon the precipice of life; do not break from my hold and precipitate me to darkness and destruction."

"You look too gloomily upon that part of the sub-

ject," she replied, summoning all her extraordinary fortitude to her aid; "you do not wish, surely, that my union with you should become a shadow over your life, a blight upon your happiness, a chill upon the natural warmth of your enjoyment. You look only on one side of the question, but I look upon both. You know you are yet but a young man, and cannot boast of much experience in the world; and I tell you, that if I yielded to your offers—generous and honourable as they are—I tell you, I say, that it is not impossible that the time might come when you would curse the day that ever I consented to become your wife."

"By heavens! it is impossible. I know my own heart, and I know the world better than you think; and when I put it in competition with my happiness with you, I despise it. I have thought of this, and made all those calculations often and often. Besides, thank God, I am independent of the world, and will continue so."

"What! could you be so unmanly as to give up your place in it; to renounce an honourable ambition, and that distinction which you have both talents and spirit to achieve, and all for a lowly-born girl, for whom, in the fervour of youth, you have conceived an affection which, from its very violence, is likely to soon burn out, and prove anything but a lasting one. Now, hear me with patience. If I consented to marry you, what must be the consequence to us both, but especially to you? Could you introduce me to the society in which you live and move? could you take me by the hand and introduce me to the members of your own family; could you introduce me to the haughty wives of your brother-officers? could you bear, without pain, to see your wife rejected, sneered at, spurned, and insulted, and all because she is lowly-born? You know, Mr. Clinton, that this is the world, and what must happen if I were so much your enemy as to become your wife."

"Let me see," said he, starting up, and putting his hand upon his sword—for he had come purposely in full uniform—"let me see the living man who shall dare to insult you; nay, to hint, breathe, or look an insult, and I shall teach him a lesson he will never forget."

"Perhaps the men might not," she continued, "but what guard have you or can you have over the women, whose province and privilege they consider it to heap insult and wreak their pride of birth and place on any unhappy female of humble parentage who may happen, by some accidental turn of good fortune, to be raised to their own level. Good fortune! alas! it is in general anything but good fortune to her; she is looked upon as an upstart and an intruder, and is treated with nothing but contempt, and ridicule, and scorn."

"Alas! Maria, why not say at once that you do not love me?"

"Ah," she replied, "I fear you do not know me, as, indeed, how could you, since you have had so little opportunity of understanding my character. If you knew me better you would perceive at once why I speak upon this subject as I do. You would raise me up to a position in life which I have neither education nor

accomplishments to fill; but if you raised me up, then, you know, I should drag you down; but that I never will do. How could I entail degradation and shame, and the censure and ridicule of the world, on the man I—; on the man who would raise me to a high place, where I could become only a clear mark for the shafts of calumny and scandal. But there is another argument against my union with you, which is as strong as any I have advanced. You forget that I am the protégée of your mother; that she placed me here with her kindest and strongest recommendations, and committed me to the care of Miss Travers as a young woman of firm and honest principles, in whom she took a warm and friendly interest. Can you not imagine, then, how she must look upon my conduct if I should consent to yield to the temporary attachment of that son whom she loves so tenderly, and from whose future position and figure in life, as the representative of his old and distinguished family, she expects so much? Think of her sorrow, think of her agony, think of her despair, on finding that the bright and honourable career which she expected you to pursue and accomplish, should be destroyed by your marriage with me. And if you will not think of this, then think of the position which I should hold in her estimation. What opinion must she not form of my ingratitude? Is this the return, she will say, which that artful and ungrateful girl has made me for my kindness to her? to seduce the affections of my youthful son, to insinuate herself into his heart, and to manage his inexperience for her own base and selfish purposes. Would she not say that my object was to smuggle myself, through your weakness, and folly, and inexperience, into a respectable family, which my connection with it would only bring to disgrace, and shame, and affliction?"

Clinton was stunned by the irresistible force and truth of these arguments, and could not utter a word, but his eyes were fixed upon her, and notwithstanding that she was cutting down every hope from under him, he felt entranced. There glowed in her divine features such an expression of sorrowful but heroic enthusiasm, as he had never witnessed or even conceived, especially when playing over such transcendent beauty.

"Maria," said he, "I can only repeat what I have just said: I feel that you do not love me. The happy dream of my life is vanishing, and existence is likely to become nothing to me but darkness and a blank. All its aims and purposes which I had projected with you by my side, will soon disappear; but indeed I thought you had loved me."

As he spoke he was deeply moved, and the expression of manly sorrow which she read in his face was irresistibly affecting.

She rose up in a state of the deepest emotion, and replied: "Then you do not understand me," she said, "or must I, as the last painful and melancholy argument in my own defence, disclose that which I have concealed so long? Do you know what the love of woman, in its highest and purest sense is—to promote the good of its object, and avert evil from it, even at its own ex-

pense, and the life-long sacrifice of its happiness. That is the sacrifice which I make for you; but notwithstanding the love that prompts that sacrifice, I will never consent to become the author of your ruin, or draw down disgrace upon you and your family. Think not of it; do not for a moment expect that I shall change; but when you are, as you will be, far removed from me, think sometimes of the love which Maria Brindale bore you when the world knew it not. Good bye!" she said extending her hand, "for I will see you no more!"

He seized her hand, but he could not utter a word; his tears fell upon her face, whilst her own flowed fast; he kissed her lips more than once, but she immediately extricated herself from his arms, waved him one mute farewell with her hand, and disappeared.

Miss Travers, who had been watching her that she might hear the result of the interview, immediately followed her to her room, when Maria, on seeing her, threw herself into her arms, and wept long and bitterly.

"Good God!" exclaimed the former, "what has happened, Maria, and why are you in such a dreadful state?"

"It is all over now," she replied, "and I see him no more. I am resolved to leave you Miss Travers, and go home to-morrow morning."

"But what *has* happened?" again asked the other, now also in tears, for it was impossible to look on the sorrow of such a creature without sympathy.

"I have finally and for ever rejected him—and, as I said, all is over between us. I love him too well to ruin him. And now, Miss Travers, I must prepare this evening for my journey home to-morrow. You know I must start early by the public car. Will you be good enough to leave me for a time. I would wish to be alone, and think of what I am to do for the future."

"Well," exclaimed poor Miss Travers, wiping her eyes, and then clasping her hands with a look of amazement, "if that is love, it is surely the most extraordinary kind of it I ever heard of. To reject the man you love, and he wealthy, of a high family, rich, young, and handsome—surpasses anything I ever dreamt of. Why, after all, I think you must have but a hard heart, Maria. Ah! that is not the answer I would have given to my poor Thady if he had—I mean, that is not the answer I *did* give him when he proposed for me. To love such a man and not marry him—shade of my darling Thady! what am I to think of it?"

Poor Clinton was overwhelmed, prostrated, distracted. The force of Maria's noble and self-denying enthusiasm had so completely borne him away with it, that he felt himself as if in some terrible dream—without presence of mind or steadiness of purpose to combat her arguments as he had intended. He became paralysed as with a severe and unexpected shock, and went home in such a state of delirious agitation, that he knew not how he got there. He was now perfectly helpless, and for a time could neither think nor act for himself. He knew that some dreadful calamity had occurred, but occasionally forgot what it was. He went to ride, as was usual with him when agitated, and rode far and

furiously—but ride at what speed he might, he could not leave the fiery gloom in which he was wrapped, nor the sense of his terrible desolation behind him. On his return to dress for dinner he changed his mind, and sent an apology to the mess, stating that he was too unwell to join them, which, indeed, was the truth. The next day he was unable to rise, and during the following fortnight suffered all the delirious agonies of a severe and dangerous brain-fever, from which he recovered with great difficulty. Maria's name was frequently, almost perpetually on his lips; but as none of those who attended him knew who "Maria" was, no association could be traced between her and him. Not so with his brother-officers, who, through the blabbing of Doolittle, strongly suspected not only who she was, but that she had occasioned his illness.

In the mean time, Maria, on the evening before her departure from home, thought herself bound in gratitude to call upon Dr. Spillar, in the first place, to thank him for the kind interest he had taken in her troubles; and in the second, to return him his celebrated history of A——h, which learned work—and it is both an able and a learned work—he would by no means receive back, but presented it to her as a mark of his respect for her character and conduct under difficulties, which she bore with such heroism and firmness. It was about dusk, and the good-hearted doctor would not allow her to go home without his own escort, and he accordingly left her safely at Miss Travers's house. In a country town there is scarcely a single motion of a prominent character that is not marked, and very probably misconstrued. It was not so, however, in this case, for the doctor's age, profession, and character placed him above scandal. But there is a class of idle wags who take an unjustifiable pleasure in having and circulating their idle jests at the expense of grave and religious persons. Accordingly, as he was returning to his own house, he was accosted in the following words—"Good again, doctor! you will carry away the beauty at last. History and divinity against all opposition!" The good old man only smiled, and gave himself no further concern about what he knew was only a jest.

One morning, about three weeks after Maria's departure, Clinton, who was now tolerably recovered, although still looking a little pale, called on him, and in a tone of singular firmness and resolution, addressed him as follows:

"Doctor, I am come to you as to a friend who, I trust, can sympathise with and understand me. You know my attachment for that girl—attachment is a weak word, but let it pass—you know it; but you don't know the character of that girl herself."

"Better, perhaps, than you may imagine," replied the doctor.

"You are aware that she has left A——h."

"I am perfectly; the dear girl called on me the evening before she went; but I assure you, only for the purpose of thanking me, and returning my own history, which I had given her with the best intentions."

"Did she call upon you?"

"She did; I saw her safely home—but you look surprised!"

"Who—I? Not a whit."

"Because I know that passionate and hasty young fellows like you have their suspicions and jealousies easily excited. I pledge my word I never thought of the girl except as a father and a Christian friend, whose age and character certainly give me a claim to protect her from the snares of the world. I say this now, because I think your very angry letter to me upon the subject was unreasonable and uncalled for. You must have written it whilst in a hallucination or a state of delirium."

"Me!—a letter! In God's name, what do you mean, my dear Doctor? Explain yourself. I never wrote you a letter."

"Perhaps, as you were not perfectly recovered from your illness, you may forget it; but here," he added, opening his desk, "here it is."

Clinton took the letter with astonishment, and read as follows:

"REVEREND SIR—You are crossing my path, like an old historical demon as you are. You've got yourself over head and ears in love with M. B——, and are in the habit of sending her cakes and sugarcandy, and other dangerous compositions, such as 'Ovid's Art of Love,' and 'The Kisses of Johannes Secundus,' until, I believe in my soul, you have succeeded in weaning her affections from me. Now, I beg you to give up this pursuit, which is the more reprehensible in a man of your character, as it is well known that you have not the most remote intention of marrying her. She has been at your house and you have been at hers, and you have almost made a historian of her already—and I well know what kind of morals a female historian must possess. Do not, therefore, cross my path, or beware the consequences."

"ARTHUR CLINTON."

Clinton, who might have enjoyed this jest upon the, pious and amiable doctor under other circumstances, was in no frame of mind to bestow it even a thought. He accordingly threw it aside, and said:

"Pay no attention to it, sir: it is a poor, silly jest which some one has been playing off upon you. As for me, I have more serious matters to think of just at present. You are aware, I suppose, that this impracticable but great-minded girl has taken refuge with her mother?"

"I am aware of everything," responded the doctor; "she herself has told me all. In my conversation with you, the first day I called on you with reference to her, you may remember that I said, 'if she loved you truly, she would most probably decline any matrimonial proposal you might make her.' In saying this, however, I had only formed an *ideal* character as a part of my argument, which I did not imagine any girl in her circumstances of life could have verified. She has, however, transcended and surpassed it; and I am at a loss what to say."

"So am not I," replied Clinton; "you know she is a perfect lady as it is—a miracle of natural intellect and elegance—but still she is deficient in education and those accomplishments which are necessary to the habits and usages of well-bred society. Now, sir, pay attention to me!—it is my fixed determination to bestow those upon her. It can be easily done. I shall send her to the best boarding-school that can be found in London: let her remain there for three years; within which time I have no doubt that her education will be complete. In good sense and natural talents she wants little. The elegance of her language and her graceful facility of expression, are amazing, when we consider her opportunities. This, then, is my purpose, from which no earthly interest, whilst I possess life and means, shall divert me. She is, at any time, a fit companion for myself—or rather, every way my superior. I shall, however, make her not only worthy of society, but a grace and an ornament to it. Now, this is my purpose; and in order to accomplish this purpose, I say that you, my dear and kind friend, will and must assist me. The admirable girl loves me—but with a love so noble and disinterested, that feeling, as she does, her incompetence to do justice to my choice when introduced into fashionable life, she declines my offers upon the argument that my union with a lovely and uneducated girl would degrade and ruin me, and also from a sense of gratitude to my mother. I am glad she reasoned with me as she did, for I must confess, that were it not for what she urged against her marriage with me at our last interview, I would never have thought of this project."

"Well, my young friend," said the doctor, smiling, "I had made up my mind to get out of this business, but I find you wish to *make me useful* again. Pray, what do you ask me to do on this occasion?"

"Why, to see herself and her mother, to mention this project to them, and to urge it on them with all the influence of your character. Yes, my dear doctor, and you must do more: for if she and her mother consent, you will be good enough to conduct her to London, and settle her in such an establishment as you may deem proper. You are a clergyman of fame and eminence, and you will experience little difficulty in making a proper selection. If you refuse to do this, I shall sell out and leave Europe, and will take very little heed of what may become of me. You are not rich, and I need not say that all necessary funds shall be liberally supplied to you."

"I will not give you an answer now," replied the doctor, "because I shall require time to consider this strange proposal; but if you call on me to-morrow about this hour, I will know what reply to give you."

"I trust it will be favourable," replied Clinton. "Consider that it will be necessary for some person of consideration and character to place a girl without ostensible connections in such an establishment. Your interest in her will be a sufficient guarantee for her position and respectability. All the rest I will leave to her own good sense and prudence."

"Well, then, to-morrow, about this hour, and we will talk of it again."

Maria's return home was not altogether unexpected by her mother. She had, for some time past, been anticipating the necessity of this step—and, without directly disclosing the cause, had in some degree prepared her for it. Her appearance, however, in her native village—we call it a village, although it was the dilapidated town of A———r—excited a considerable sensation, as the phrase runs. Indeed, it soon became the subject of surprise, curiosity, and inquiry among the inhabitants of the surrounding neighbourhood, and ultimately throughout the whole parish. But what occasioned the greatest possible interest was the extraordinary improvement in her looks and the elegance of her person. She was not yet out of youth, but she certainly was in that delightful stage of female life when the exquisite freshness of youthful beauty is at its highest and most delicate perfection. She was, indeed, a radiant creature; and nothing astonished them so much as the development of grace and loveliness, and ease of manner, which had taken place during her absence.

Her sensible mother, however, to whom she at once disclosed all the circumstances that had occasioned her return, soon satisfied their enquiries by stating, that she had come home to conduct *her* business upon a superior and more extensive scale, and that she hoped the ladies of rank and station in the neighbourhood would support them, now that they could have their dresses made up in the most fashionable and elegant manner. There was a strange but interesting pensiveness about her, however, which did not pass without observation. Some attributed it to a disappointment in love, others, on the contrary, said that such a thing was impossible in one so exceedingly beautiful; whilst others again said, it was nothing but the seriousness which usually attaches to the youthful female, on the approach of womanhood.

When Clinton waited on Dr. Spillar the next day according to appointment, he found the old gentleman much perplexed upon the subject of the proposal made to him.

"My good, but unreflecting young friend," said he, "this is a business surrounded by many doubts and difficulties. In the first place let me ask whether you have calculated upon the girl's refusal to comply with this extraordinary proposition? In the next place, do you think your mother could be prevailed upon to sanction it? because if she could, I have no doubt that Miss Brindsley would then concur,—but I am afraid not otherwise; and lastly, unless you get your mother's consent, I will have nothing to do with it. I could not, consistently with my character, dream of lending myself to such a clandestine arrangement as this; so far as I am concerned, it would be a most unjustifiable and unbecoming step. Suppose, for instance, your marriage should turn out an unhappy one—as it is known many a love marriage does—what would be the consequence so far as I am concerned? why, that if I should live until then, my very name would be execrable to you both, and should I be in my grave, that my memory would be loaded with your curses."

"Well, I do not think my dear doctor, that you have

much to apprehend from the last calculation, but what strikes me as most necessary to be considered, is the possibility of gaining over my mother; from the tenderness and affection which she bears me, I think the matter by no means hopeless."

"In that case you should write to her."

"No, but you shall—you can say more for me—yes, and for Maria too, than I could; because," he added smiling, "she knows that you are not in love with her."

"I assure you there are some people of a different opinion," replied the doctor, stilling in return. "But in the meantime I will mention what I conceive to be a better plan. Instead of writing to your mother, I shall go and pay her a visit; you know we have long been on intimate terms. I can then discuss the subject with her at greater length than I could in any written communication whatsoever. If I do not succeed, I shall proceed no farther in it; and if I do I can see Miss Brindsley, and, fortified by your mother's authority and consent, I shall most likely be able to complete the arrangements at once. Still," he added, "I am of opinion upon second thoughts, that you should also write to her, as the more influence we can bring to bear upon her, the greater the chance of our success."

Clinton was in ecstasies, delighted, enraptured at this position of the case; he shook the doctor's hand, said he was a friend and a father to him, and as such he would consider him to the last day of his life, whether they succeeded or not.

"God bless you, my dear doctor," he said, "God for ever bless you for I think you are likely to prove my guardian angel."

The doctor smiled, and replied,

"*Homo cum nihil humani a me alienum puto.*"

Maria, on the first Sunday morning after her return, began to think of going to church,—to that church in which Clinton and she had felt the first tender but mysterious influences of love. A difficulty, however, lay in her way, resulting from the consciousness of her position with respect to the young officer, and of the last scene which had taken place between them. She knew she would certainly meet his mother there, and that the good lady would probably enter into conversation with her, and possibly make enquiries as to the cause of her having left the establishment of Miss Travers. Such a rencontre she wished to avoid, because even although Mrs. Clinton might not speak to, or make any enquiries from her on that occasion, yet she deemed it not improbable that she might, after having seen that she had returned, make it a point to call to her mother's for the purpose. She consequently resolved not to go.

"Mother," said she, "I think I will go to the Presbyterian chapel to day; Mrs. Clinton may see me, and perhaps make enquiries that might embarrass me,—because it is painful to conceal the truth should she press me earnestly. In order to avoid the risk of meeting her, I will go to the meeting-house at Carntaul."

"Indeed Maria," replied her mother, "I dare say it is better that you should; if Mrs. Clinton sees you, she will

certainly speak to, you, and make enquiries too, for which reason I think it is better that you should avoid her."

Maria accordingly made her appearance at the meeting-house, and we need scarcely say that her presence, even among the grave worshippers in that sober congregation, created something like a sensation. All eyes from time to time were turned upon her, not only with looks of admiration, but also with those of profound respect. Indeed some of them had taken it into their heads that she might have experienced such an accession of that inward light, as led her to see the errors of the carnal church to which she belonged, and to seek the true path in a more apostolic communion.

The officiating minister was no other than her former lover, who having concluded the ordinary portion of the service which precedes the sermon, ascended the pulpit and commenced his discourse. Maria could not help admiring his tall gentlemanly figure—his high forehead and pale intellectual but careworn features. His voice was music itself, but it seemed the exponent of some deep and settled melancholy which breathed even through the most consoling revelations of faith, and grace, and hope.

He was indeed an earnest and devoted minister, and until his sermon nearly reached its conclusion, his eye had not discovered or rested upon Maria. The moment it did, however, a change sudden and extraordinary came over the whole melancholy but profound spirit of his eloquence. The sublime inspiration of the prophet and the evangelist seemed to have abandoned him. The full and musical voice lost its power and became unsteady; the fluency of his eloquence was gone,—he began to hesitate in his expressions, and to repeat himself; and finding that he could not close his discourse as he had commenced and continued it, he abruptly brought it to a close, considerably to the surprise of the whole congregation, with the exception of the members of his own family and a few others who had been aware of his unhappy attachment to Maria, and who now looked upon his break-down with the deepest compassion, knowing, as they did, that it was her presence which occasioned it. Even Maria herself, whose eye had unconsciously met his, was not ignorant of the cause, nor was there any one there more capable of feeling a deeper sympathy with this interesting but unhappy young minister. It was evident that absence had not lessened his attachment, nor withdrawn the sorrow of disappointment,—perhaps of despair—from a heart which seemed from its constancy capable of feeling but one attachment, the memory of which should accompany him through a lonely and melancholy life.

The poor minister, after his return home, was evidently sunk in the deepest dejection. He declined to join their early dinner, and walked out into the fields, meditating upon the vision of beauty which had so unexpectedly appeared to him, and against the influence of which, even in the pulpit, his heart was so badly prepared. He had—it is true—his dreams of hope, and imagination threw some of her most brilliant lights into the dark shadows by which his heart was encompassed,

What could have brought her, who belonged to a different though kindred creed, there? Was it that her heart had at last relented, and she resorted to that delicate mode of insinuating as much? She had never been there before; or had some kind friend made her acquainted with the wretched isolation of his life, since she left that part of the country, and did her kind and gentle spirit feel compassion for his desolation? But then her beauty: in so short a time what an astonishing change, what a wonderful progress in grace and loveliness, since he had seen her last! And could it be possible that he might even yet have a chance of hope? In this way the poor young man went on building his ideal castles, as he sauntered slowly and meditatively along, until the shades of evening began to fall.

Now, it is a pretty well-known axiom, that people will generally reason in the same way when they have the same facts placed before them, we mean in the ordinary circumstances of life only, because in religion or politics, although the facts may be the same, yet, guided by our prejudices alone, the inferences we draw from them are either north or south, according to the influence of those prejudices. On this occasion old Sam, however, reasoned precisely as his youngest son did.

"Joe," said he to his elder, "what do *you* think o' yon? What brought her to the meeting-house the day, where she never was in all her life afore? What do you think o' that, man?"

"I don't know what to think of it," replied Joe, "it looks odd enough."

"How odd enough? What do you mean by odd enough?"

"Why," replied Joe again, "I can't account for it."

"No, I know you can't, but am not sae—De'il a ane o' yon wean—wean!—haith, she's no a wean now; wouh man, but she's a bonnie creature; but am sayin', deil a ane o' her ever came to meetin' without a purpose, and what do ye call that purpose? Saul, it's as clear as day that she has a hankerin' afther him. The lassie's sensible, and reflected on her conduct till him; and now that she's sorry for't, she wishes to let him see as much; deil anither thing it is."

"Well, but what's to be done then," said Joe; "must we court her for him again?"

"Nae doubt o't, but a'll open a new leaf wi' her now, an if I dinna make her show what for she came to meetin' the day instead o' goin' to church,—that mess o' worldly abomination,—why, am not here,—that's all."

"I think," said Joe, "we had better do nothing in the matter until we see himself, and have some conversation with him on the subject."

"Weel, Joe, a don't differ from you there; a think you're right; an' when he comes home, and gets something to eat, a'll cross-examine him on the subject."

When the minister returned in the evening, calm and somewhat more placid than usual, for truth to say, hope had kindled up new aspirations in his heart, he took a slight dinner and a single glass of wine, after

which his father came into the room and addressed him as follows:

"Weel, minister, what do you think o' yon appearance at meetin' the day? Dinna ye think it looks weel, eh?"

"To what do you allude, father?"

"Hout man, what the deil nonsense is this? a mean yon bonnie wean o' Mrs. Brindsley's—no that she's a wean now; what do you suppose brought her to our place o' sensible worship this day, instead o' going to yon pack of abominations that's set forth in the cathedral, as they caal it; e'en the very name's a remnant o' popery."

"My dear father," replied the son, "will I never be able to prevail upon you to judge and think of those who differ with you in religious matters with more charity?"

"Charity! you can't charge me wi' ony want o' charity towards them, barrin in religion—a befriend the lost creatures, a serve them when I can, a lend them money when they want it, a leave no Christian duty undone; and a may say the same o' the poor papishes, that's doubly lost, because they worship the pape,—poor benighted heathens; but religion's anither guess matter, and on that subject deil a one o' me will spare either one or 'tother o' them. Howsomever, let us drap that; you girl hasna' forgotten you, that's a clear case."

"Father, I am too much of a visionary myself," replied his son, "and I beg of you not to tempt me with false and delusive hopes; her presence at meeting to-day may have been accidental only."

"Weel, man, be that as it may, we'll see about it; a'll go to the mither to-morrow and have a talk wi' her about it, or if a can see the lassie hersel', it'll be better still; a think a know how to manage these things, or if a didn't, who'd be your mother the day?"

"Are you determined on going father?"

"Ay faith, ye might preach it from the pulpit."

"Well, listen to me, my dear father; you may go and see Mrs. Brindsley and Maria if you wish; but I beg—earnestly beg, that you will do nothing more than intimate to them, that I myself will call there the day after to-morrow, in order to solicit an interview with Maria hersel'."

"Weel, a'll say that too, but in troth a'll say more than that; but are you goin' to pluck up courage to face her yourself?"

"It is possible—barely possible, that she may have changed; but no, it is a dream—it is a dream!" he exclaimed. "At all events I will see her, but I wish you to prepare herself and her mother for the visit."

He then went to his room, where he sat in apparently deep thought, occasionally looking into a book, then carelessly shutting it, until the hour of rest arrived, when he retired to bed. The next day about one o'clock, old Sam, big with the certainty of success, was abroad upon his mission, and soon arrived at the neat cottage of Mrs. Brindsley. He was dressed in his Sunday suit, which consisted of a brown coat, black waistcoat, dark

drab breeches and leggings of the same cloth, all surmounted by a good hat somewhat broad in the brim, and all in fact betokening the dounce but sober Presbyterian costume.

"Weel Mistress Brindsley, how is a' wi' you the day, me'em?"

"Indeed, quite well, Mr. Wallace; how are all your own family?"

"Ow, no that ill, barrin' yon unfortunate minister."

"Why, is he not well?"

"Troth, he's no very weel in health, but worse in spirits, poor man."

"Why, what is the matter with him? indeed, of late he seems pale and thin; I hope there is nothing seriously wrong with him."

"Am fear't there is, Mistress Brindsley; deil haet but the truth a'll tell ye; that bonnie lassie o' yours is just killin' him by inches."

"Good heavens, Mr. Wallace, is it possible he hasn't got over that weakness yet?"

"Quite possible, and, what's worse, never will, unless she takes pity on the poor boy."

"I assure you, Mr. Wallace, I am sorry to hear this; I thought his own good sense, and the influence of religion, might have come to his relief."

"Good sense! hae you ony sense to say so when you know he's in love? Religion! what's religion but a bubble, a strae, a cobweb, when a young man like him gets over head and ears into that commodity."

"She's an unfortunate girl," replied her mother, "and I must say a very self-willed one on that subject. She has had no less than two offers since she came, and has rejected them both, and if she refused your son, Mr. Wallace, you know it was contrary to my wishes; I did and said what I could for him."

"Two offers!—what two offers?"

"Why, indeed, there's William Calwell, the attorney, a handsome young man, who's both clever and successful at his profession, and quite unobjectionable in every sense, yet she has refused him."

"Weel, and who's the other?"

"A man you well know, and who's well known by every one as one of the best and most sterling-hearted men in the county that produced him—honest James Trimble."

"Hout, woman, he might be her father, still he's all you say, nae donbt o' that; weel, she refused him too, mair be token it would be just ridiculous to see such a match. But am sayin', what if the bonnie good-natured lassie should hae changed her mind anent the poor minister?"

Mrs. Brindsley shook her head as she replied—

"Indeed, Mr. Wallace, I'm afraid there's no hope of that; as for my part I wish there was, because nothing would gratify me more. I don't know any one I would rather call son-in-law than your son."

"A believe you, me'em, and many thanks for your good opinion o' him; but am sayin', Mistress Brindsley, couldna' you wheedle her intil compliance?—couldna' ye?"

"Indeed, unfortunately, Mr. Wallace, she's just one of those girls that nobody *could* wheedle."

"Weel, then, couldna' ye come down upon her wi' the lawful influence o' maternal authority, as they call it?"

"No—no, Mr. Wallace, I could never think of forcing my child's inclinations. It will be time enough to try that when I find her about to enter into a connexion that I cannot approve of."

"Is the lassie hersel' within?"

"No, she went to spend the day with a couple of her old schoolfellows, and won't be home till evening."

"Because, if she was, I'd like to hae a spell o' discourse wi' hersel' upon the matter. Howsomever, it can't be helped now, only as 'am here, the minister desired me to let you and her know that he'll be wi' you the morrow, and speak till you both on the subject, and haith he must be far gone in it when so blate a poor lad as he is, makes bould to pluck up courage at last. After that, deil a doubt o't but he'd take a fortified town any day. But, ow, Mistress Brindsley, if she doesna' come in, what a miss she'll hae o' him; you don't know the learnin' o' yon youth; deil a thing in books or out o' books comes wrong to him,—Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Mathematics, a' at his finger ends; and for that matter, I dianna ken but he might teach them to her; deil a yerb or weed about the place but he could tell you the history of; and sure he knows how they manage to make the light run for miles under ground, and spout up out o' pipes in the streets o' Dublin. But about his knowledge, he'll have a better thing, and that, as I said afore, will be one-half my property, and a think any one can tell you what that is, ay, an' a'll take care that he makes a genteel settlement on her; am sayin' this, now, because if he speaks till her the morrow, the poor absent creature will never think o't. So a'll wish you good bye, and if you can pit in a good word for him between this and then, do it."

"I assure you, that so far as I am concerned, Mr. Wallace, the match has my most hearty approbation; however, as you say, let them see one another to-morrow, and either make or mar it, although I can tell you beforehand, that I have little hope it will be a match."

Old Sam, on his way home, thought, in the depth of his sagacity, that the match was a sure case; he had in fact got up a theory on the subject, which was, that the widow was only fighting shy in the matter, and that she had mentioned the proposals of William Calwell and James Trimble as an indirect stimulus to urge on the match with her daughter.

"A see," he said to himself, as he went home, "she's a nice one yon; deil a thing she was doin' but playin' me aff. Weel then, who can blame her? as for me, a won't quarrel wi' her for that,—only it's a pleasant thing to see that there's a good look up for the minister, poor man."

His appearance at home was like that of the messenger with glad tidings, for in spite of his Presbyterian caution, he felt too much reliance in his own penetration

to imagine for a moment that he could have been mistaken.

"Weel minister," said he, when he saw his son, "they say all is not goold that glitters, but a say that every thing looks weel yonder. I didna see the lassie hersel', but a did her mother, and what do ye think she tauld me? Why, that she refused twa offers for your sake—no that she said for *your* sake, but I knew her meanin' by her mumpin; haith boy, I think ye'll carry it wi' a flowin' sail the morrow."

The fine eyes of his poor son gleamed with an expression of joy; he took his father's hand and shook it warmly and tenderly, and as he did the tears fell down his pale cheeks.

"God bless you, my dear father," said he—"God bless you; you have exerted yourself kindly and affectionately for the happiness of your son; and so, after all, the dream of yesterday was not an empty and illusive fantasy! Thank God; but the happiness will I fear be too great, more than I will be able to bear, for I am not strong, my father."

"You are to see her the morrow at one o'clock," replied the old man, "but don't be disheartened, but speak till her like a man, face to face."

"I will go now and walk in the fields," replied his son, where for the present we will leave him to his dreams and meditations.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE LAKE HOMES OF THE IRISH.

BY WILLIAM F. WAKEMAN.

THAT within the limits of the United Kingdom a single specimen of what may be considered a kind of Irish Herculaneum should have been recently brought to light, is a fact that may surprise many of our readers. Yet since the year 1839 or '40, the period of the discovery of the long-submerged island at Lagore, county Meath, no fewer than one hundred and sixty ancient stockaded homes of the old Gaelic population of Ireland have been found, and more or less examined.

Though within the last hundred years so much has been written upon the subject of Celtic antiquities, the very existence of the "*Crannogues*," or wooden dwellings of the ancient Irish, had not been even supposed. Similar discoveries have recently been made in several of the lakes in Switzerland, and in almost every instance a quantity of antiquities of stone, bone, bronze or iron have been found. As from the dawn of the historic period a great intercourse existed between Erin and Alba, and as the language and habits of the ancestors of the great majority of the Scottish people were identical with those of the Scoti or Irish, it is far from improbable that many an ancient Celtic home may be unnoticed beneath the waters of not a few of the Scottish or even English lakes.

Before touching on the subject of the Irish Crannogues, and of the wonderful collection of antiquities they usually contain, we shall slightly glance at the

more known and perhaps earlier habitations of stone, and of which some hundreds of examples still remain in Ireland.

Up to a very recent period it was an opinion generally received amongst archaeologists that the only relics of ancient domestic architecture remaining in Ireland, were to be found in the so-called bee-hive houses, or Cloughawns, some, at least, of which are of a prehistoric age; and in structures of a somewhat similar character, which were certainly the dwellings of the early Irish saints. The cloughawns of the ante-Christian period are usually found in groups, and are very generally encompassed by a cashel, or wall, of great strength, pierced for one or two doorways formed of immense stones, and displaying the flat lintel and inclined sides so characteristic of the earliest known structures of Greece or Egypt. In external appearance they differ but slightly from the cells or dwelling-houses of the early Irish ecclesiastics, and may be described as a circular or oval wall constructed without cement, and vaulted by a kind of dome, formed by the overlapping of large stones. Windows there are none. The doorway is similar in character to that at the cashel already referred to, but is invariably small, seldom measuring four feet in height, sometimes even less. It is rarely that any opening by which smoke could escape can be found, though from the frequent discovery of charcoal and of stones marked by fire when the floors have been disturbed, it is evident that fires had sometimes been used within their enclosure. It is likely, however, that in a rude age the simple culinary operations then practised were generally carried on in the open air. The cloughawns which, from their evident connection with monastic buildings of early date, must be regarded as the habitations of the communities to which the sacred edifices belonged, differ from those of an earlier period, inasmuch as their internal form is almost invariably quadrangular. Greater care also seems to have been expended on the construction of the masonry, more particularly upon the interior, as in many examples the stones are so nicely adjusted to each other, that it would be difficult to insert the point of an ordinary knife between the joinings of any two of them, although in the great majority of instances no mortar appears to have been used. In point of dimensions the cloughawns, whether Pagan or early Christian, do not vary materially. They are generally closed in at a distance of from twelve to sixteen feet from the floor, and their diameter internally rarely exceeds eighteen feet.

Intimately connected with the cloughawn is the subterranean house or cave, constructed precisely in the same manner, but differing from the former, inasmuch as that it is rarely if ever found unconnected by means of passages, lined and roofed in with stone, with other structures of a similar kind. The subterranean is usually approached by a gallery of considerable length, wider at the bottom than the top, and exhibiting masonry similar to that which is found in the oldest architectural works of which we have any knowledge. From the first chamber passages of a kind identical with that

of the leading gallery, and varying in length from six or eight to twenty feet, conduct to other circular or oval rooms. In a sandhill immediately adjoining the old church of Clady, near Bective, county Meath, a very singular cluster of these subterranean bee-hive houses may still be seen; but they are so commonly found in almost every part of the country which affords a sufficient depth of soil for their construction, that further reference to ordinary examples may perhaps be considered unnecessary. In 1848, during the formation of the railway between Drogheda and Navan, the workmen discovered a portion of a very large and important work of the kind, which was soon visited by hundreds of the inhabitants of the latter town. It consisted of a chamber of quadrangular form, measuring about thirty feet by fourteen, vaulted in the usual way, and about twelve feet in height. The quadrangular form is extremely rare, but no doubt other examples lie undiscovered beneath the soil. Upon disturbing the earth of the Navan chamber, a considerable number of bones belonging to sheep, oxen, and deer, were discovered; and what is important as proving the domestic character of the work, many of the bones bore the marks of a rough saw. Excepting the bones and a quantity of charcoal, the remains of ancient fires, nothing in this instance was found to indicate that the place had ever been devoted to the purpose of a human habitation; but it is a curious fact, as illustrating a popular tradition very generally current, that these caverns had anciently been used as granaries; that upon being newly reopened, the handmill or quern stone, immemorially used in Ireland for the grinding of corn, is not unfrequently found. A very fine specimen from a chambered rath, situated upon the river Blackwater, near Rathaldron, county Meath, may be seen in the Antiquarian Collection in the Royal Irish Academy.—See page 112 in the Catalogue of the Stone Antiquities, so ably edited by Dr. Wilde. With respect to the uses to which the subterranean chambers had been applied, various opinions have been offered. Before the nature and character of our early national antiquities had begun to be investigated by careful and conscientious writers, they were most peaceably confounded with a class of monument now known to have been sepulchral—as the caverned tumuli of Newgrange, Dowth, and Knowth. By others they were looked upon as granaries, or simply as places of concealment. From the fact of their very frequent occurrence within the area of a dun or caher, works known to have been constructed during the earliest times as fortified dwellings, we have no hesitation in classing them with the primitive cloughawn, which, it should be remembered, is rarely if ever found where excavations could be practised, except through solid limestone rock; that the chambers discovered in a plain field, unconnected with or unenclosed by a rampart or ditch, were formerly equally unprotected, does not by any means appear certain, as during the agricultural operations of ages even formidable works might have been obliterated, or their defences might have been composed of timber, it being a matter of history that

fortifications of that material were frequently used by the ancient Scotie nations.

It may be asked what evidence have we for referring these plain, simply-constructed works to a period lost in the obscurity of history. Documentary evidence there is certainly little; but by a comparison of their architectural peculiarities with those of monuments of unquestionable prehistoric age, the eye of a practised antiquary will detect a similarity of style which could not be accounted for by accident. Again, their frequent occurrence either as subterranean or cloughawns within the enclosure of raths or cahers, would connect them in many instances with a species of fortification, which is known to have been used in Ireland at least as early as the first century of the Christian era.

It has sometimes been asserted by writers of authority (in their time), that the Scoti or ancient Irish people were in the habit of building in timber only. Their opinions appear to have been grounded upon a few passages found in the writings of Bede the historian, and upon the authority of several MSS. of various periods from the seventh to the twelfth century. The writers of these venerable documents were almost invariably ecclesiastics, and their remarks refer to the construction of buildings devoted to religion, as churches, monasteries, etc. That the practice of building in stone was known in Ireland during a period long antecedent to the arrival of Saint Patrick, is sufficiently attested by monuments universally allowed by the highest archaeological authorities of this and other countries to belong to a period older than any authentic annals of the British islands, witness the "giant's chambers," the cromlechs, and the magnificent cairns upon the Boyne.

If the ancient stone habitations of the Irish should ever be regularly classified, the following is probably the order in which the varieties should be described:—

Firstly, the subterranean chambers of a circular or oval form, connected together by passages, and found within the inclosure of a dun or caher; secondly, a similar building found unenclosed, but round which defences of wood, earth, or stone may formerly have existed; thirdly, the cloughawn or bee-hive house, found in the fort or in the plain field; fourthly, the "Saint's house" or cloughawn, of early Christian times; of the latter class a few specimens of the highest interest remain. These had evidently been ancient at a time when it was found necessary to remodel their roofs, and generally to reconstruct the upper portion, and in their alterations, evidently comparatively modern, we find the architectural peculiarities of the twelfth century, a period during which the Irish are described as having first learned the art of building in stone and mortar!—Our limits have not allowed us more than a glance at the curious habitations of stone which Ireland so abundantly possesses. We now come to buildings of timber, perhaps equally ancient, but to which more interest naturally attaches from the immense number of antiquities usually found within and around them.

We allude to the crannogues, or artificially-constructed

islands, which the drainage operations recently carried on in various parts of the country have laid bare.

A popular tradition exists, that many Irish lakes contain the remains of submerged cities and towers. Moore has woven the idea into one of his most exquisite melodies.

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining," &c.

If the lakes, upon being partially drained, have not given us the "round towers," they have in more than one county presented the every-day dwelling-houses of a people who, at an extremely ancient, though as yet undefined age, adopted or constructed these island homes. Before going further it will be proper to describe what the crannogues are. They are artificial islands, usually constructed upon what was probably a shoal in an ancient lake. The engineers of the Board of Works thus describe their general formation: "They are surrounded by stockades driven in a circle from sixty to eighty feet in diameter, but in some cases the enclosure is larger, and oval in shape. The stakes of these are generally of oak, mostly young trees, from four to nine inches broad, usually in a single row, but sometimes in double, and sometimes in treble. The portions of the stakes remaining in the ground bear the marks of the hatchet by which they were felled. Several feet of these piles must have originally projected above the water, and were probably interlaced with horizontal branches, so as to form a screen or breast-work. The surface within the staked enclosure is sometimes covered over with a layer of round logs, cut into lengths of from four to six feet, over which was placed more or less stones, clay, or gravel. In some instances this platform is confined to a portion of the island. Besides these, pieces of oak framing, with mortices and cheeks cut into them, have been found within the circle of the outer work."

About one mile and a half from the village of Dunshaughlin, in the county of Meath, the first great discovery of a little Irish Herculaneum was made about twenty years ago. In cutting a drain for the purpose of reclaiming a considerable portion of bog land which seems sunk in a basin of about two miles in circumference, and which is still popularly styled "The Lake," the diggers came upon an immense quantity of animal remains, consisting of the bones of oxen, sheep, swine, deer, dogs, foxes, etc. A traffic in the bones was carried on for a considerable time in Dublin without exciting any extraordinary notice, but after a while some articles manufactured of iron and some of bronze found their way, along with the bones, to the "marine stores" of the metropolis, and soon excited the attention of collectors of antiquities. Doctors Petrie and Wilde, with, we believe, a mutual friend or two, were the first to visit the scene of the "find," and it is greatly to be regretted that we have no detailed report of their joint observations, though Dr. Wilde has given a most interesting and valuable description of the animal remains.

For some years after the formation of the original drain, little appears to have been done at Lagore beyond the usual operations of turf cutting, during which, however, the bones still turned up, and amongst them, from time to time, a considerable number of antiquities of a kind which we shall presently notice. In 1848 one of the proprietors of a portion of the "Island" opened the ground anew, and during a period of about a month the writer of this article visited the place almost daily, and was afforded every facility for making observations. As far as could be calculated from the small portion of the work uncovered, the circumference of the crannogue might be about six hundred feet. The south-western portion alone appears to have been opened. On this side, and probably upon the others, a double and in some places a triple set of oaken stakes had been driven into the bed of the lake. Within the enclosure, which formed a kind of low mound, a number of huts were discovered very similar in character to the log-house found in Drumkelia bog, county Donegal, and thus described in the twenty-sixth volume of the *Archæologia*, by Captain W. Mudge, R.N.: "As shown in the plan, the house consisted of a square structure, twelve feet wide and nine feet high, formed of rough blocks and planks of oak timber, apparently split with wedges. The framework was composed of upright posts and horizontal sleepers, mortised at the angles, the end of each upright post being inserted into the lower sleeper of the frame, and fastened by a large block of wood or forelock. The mortices were very roughly cut, as if they had been made with a kind of blunt instrument, the wood being more bruised than cut, and it may be inferred that a stone chisel (celt), which was found lying upon the floor of the house, was the identical tool with which the mortices were cut. By comparing the chisel with the cuts and marks, I found it," adds Captain Mudge, "to correspond exactly with them, even to the slight curved surface of the chisel; but the logs have evidently been hewn with a larger instrument in the shape of an axe, which, I have no doubt, was also of stone, as the marks, though larger than those the chisel would have made, are of the same character, being rather hollow and small cuts, and not presenting the smooth flat surface produced by our common iron axe."

The house described by Captain Mudge is probably the oldest work of the kind hitherto noticed. The timbers of which it was formed had evidently been shaped by stone implements. The huts of the Lagore or Dunshaughlin crannogue may be many centuries later, as all the woodwork had been fashioned by instruments of metal, many of which were found within and around the island. The ordinary crannogue hut may be described from several at Lagore. It should be remarked that in about one hundred and sixty lake homes discovered in Ireland, only a very few tolerably perfect huts were found. The building was of a quadrangular form, constructed upon a framework, as in Captain Mudge's example, of upright posts mortised into sleepers. The posts were grooved generally to a depth of

from one and a half to two inches, and into the hollows pannels of oak of about three inches in thickness were inserted. Of the roof we have no remains; it was probably elevated, and closed in with timbers similar to those of the sides, which were most likely guarded by an overcoating of clay against fire thrown by an assailant. From the length of the upright the edifice appears to have had an elevation of about eight or nine feet internally to the spring of the roof. The floor was always of stone, and it would appear that where the surface of the crannogues was not completely covered by habitations, there were several hearths for the purpose of open-air cooking. With respect to the age of these extraordinary buildings we cannot produce any documentary evidence. Allusions to the crannogues occur for the first time in the Irish Annals in the tenth century; but as "celts" of stone, and bronze weapons have been discovered in connection with several, it is probable that a period of about two thousand years may be assigned as an approximate date of some of the earliest.

We may generally class the objects discovered in the crannogues hitherto examined as follows:

Firstly—Weapons and instruments of bronze, or of a kind of bronze often much lighter in colour than found in the weapons, tools, etc., and called Celts, and in the swords, spear-heads, and so forth, of the earliest metallic period.

Secondly—Weapons and instruments composed of iron, the nature of which is particularly soft, and which in many specimens appears to corrode into a black stringy mass. In some instances, owing probably to the nature of the soil immediately in contact with them, the antiquities of iron appear in almost perfect preservation, exhibiting only a slightly black or bluish crust, which may be rubbed off with a little pressure, leaving the metal as bright as when first forged.

Thirdly—Objects of glass and enamel work, and a few of pottery. Much of the enamel work, and some of the glass, might perhaps be described under the head of iron or bronze remains, as they are usually found encrusted upon one or other of those metals.

Fourthly—Articles of bone, of which some thousands of specimens occur.

Fifthly—Articles of stone.

Sixthly—Animal remains which have not been manufactured; and

Seventhly—Miscellaneous objects such as portions of dress, wooden drinking vessels, boats, etc.

Weapons or instruments of the true antique bronze are rarely found; but many hundreds of objects of brass or of a later kind of bronze have been collected. Pins occur in an almost incredible quantity. The greater number consist of a plain bar of bronze-like metal, ornamented chiefly about the head, but many are furnished with moveable rings at their upper extremity, and in several instances the rings are enriched by enamel, generally a combination of red and yellow, arranged in an interlaced pattern. Beads of blue glass, semi-opaque, have been found upon the ring, or have

been overlapped by the pinhead, so as to constitute a ring in themselves. Brooches of exquisite workmanship and of most chaste and elegant design are found in connection with the rudest skewer-like pins of bone and even of wood. From the latter rude substitute for buttons the magnificent enamelled brooch may be traced step by step. The head has been fashioned into the form of an ornament, often of a ring pattern; next comes the plain moveable ring. Then the ring is divided and expanded at the ends to receive ornamentation frequently of enamel, and so to the fully-developed brooch, with its exquisitely interlaced patterns, and settings of glass, enamel or amber. In one instance the brooch was discovered carefully deposited in a box of yew, evidently formed for its safe keeping.

Tweezers, richly decorated and admirably adapted for the purpose of the removal of superfluous hairs, indicate that the islanders were not unmindful of their personal appearance.

Articles as diminutive as a small needle have been found so well preserved, that they might be still available for the manufacture of woollen garments. Shears or scissors of various sizes, bodkins and beautifully formed little knives, appear to have belonged to the fairer portion of the inhabitants. A fondness for personal decoration probably amongst the ladies is further indicated by the discovery of bracelets of bronze, jet, and strange to say, of glass, usually blue, semi-opaque, and ornamented with white interlacing patterns in the same material. Nor are necklaces wanting. In most of the crannogues, beads of enamelled glass, exhibiting in various colours spiral or herringbone ornamentation of jet and of amber, have been abundantly found. The beads of glass and enamel are amongst the most beautiful specimens of ancient manufacturing art hitherto discovered in the British islands. The enamel work, as found upon many of the brooches and pins, is extremely curious. The art was not known to the classical nations of antiquity during a period corresponding with the Roman occupation of Britain. Many of the pins and smaller objects, it should be observed, are exquisitely decorated in a style called "Niello work."

Of weapons or instruments devoted to war or the chase, many specimens have been discovered amongst the timbers of the huts, or in the adjoining soil. They consist chiefly of axe-heads of iron exactly similar to those represented upon the supposed Pictish monuments remaining in Scotland; swords, spear-heads, and daggers, the veritable "*scian dubh*" of the Highlanders. The swords are rarely more than twenty-four inches in length, and are often much shorter, and may be described as of two kinds: 1st, A straight-sided, double-edged blade, terminating somewhat abruptly in a triangular point. 2ndly, A blade also double-edged, but increasing in breadth from the handle towards the point, which, as in the other kind is usually of a triangular form. The handles, which are invariably so small as to excite surprise, were formed of bone, or horn, or of wood, and in many cases are ornamented with mountings of bronze. There were no guards, unless the slight projection of

the hilt, overlapping the blade, can be so styled. The knives are of different kinds, and vary in size, from that of the modern office-knife, to about two feet. They are sharp only on one side, are finely pointed, and in the smaller examples had been socketed in little handles of wood or bone. The larger "sciaps," which may probably have been at times used as swords, have handles not differing from the true sword-hilt of bone or wood. The spear-heads are of various sizes; some are so diminutive that they might have been arrow points, while others measure nearly two feet. They are fashioned and ornamented exactly like the lance-heads usually found in Anglo-Saxon tumuli of about the sixth century. The base of the weapon seems also to have been armed with an iron point, as very frequently, where the heads have been discovered, a number of hollow, conical pieces of horn have accompanied them. The great majority of the swords, spear-heads, and axes, are curiously small. One of the axe-heads scarcely measures an inch and a half in extreme length, and was probably a child's toy. Many of the ornaments also could only have been used by children.

Amongst the iron antiquities the occurrence of a few bridle-bits of iron tempt us to picture an ancient Celtic chief armed with his spear, sword, and axe, prancing along on his little steed, probably a kind of sheltie, for the bits are so small, that a horse of moderate size for our days could almost swallow them, side rings and all.

Many other portions of horse furniture may have been turned up, but hitherto none have been identified as such. That the islanders were in the habit of preying upon their neighbours, the fish, is shewn by the finding in several of the crannogues very well manufactured eel-spears. The sickles with which they cut their corn, the little saws with which they shaped their timber, the gouges with which they hollowed their boats or smoothed their lance shafts, their pots and skillets, are all represented by specimens more or less preserved in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, or in private collections. We should far exceed our limits were we to describe at greater length the fund of iron treasures which the lake islands have yielded to modern inquiry. We must pass to the objects of bone, a material which appears to have been very generally used amongst our forefathers in the manufacture of small ornamental articles, as well as in that of warlike weapons. It would appear, from the number of combs found in the crannogues, that great attention had been paid by the islanders to the cultivation of their hair. The combs, though rather coarse for the ideas of a modern belle, are often beautifully formed, and exhibit a variety of fanciful ornamentation. That they were considered precious many hundreds of years ago is evinced by the care with which ancient cranks, in several specimens, had been mended or secured by bronze wire. The combs are identical in form and decoration with many found in Roman stations in England, and which are supposed to have been in use not later than the fourth century A.D. But by far the most numerous articles of bone are the pins, bodkins, and needles, many of which

exhibit great taste on the part of their manufacturers. Circular discs of bone, pierced in the centre and variously ornamented, are supposed to have been used in the process of spinning, and many pieces of tolerably fine woollen cloth are preserved amongst the other antiquities from Dunshaughlin and elsewhere. From the finding of a vast number of objects of metal, evidently in an unfinished state, and the occurrence of well-made crucibles in several of the more important crannogues, there can be little doubt that a manufactory of some kind anciently existed in several of the islands. At Dunshaughlin and at Strokestown large bones, such as might have belonged to the fore-leg of a cow, have been found nicely smoothed, and on the polished surface are engraved a variety of devices such as decorate the sides of many of the earliest stone crosses of Ireland. Some of the patterns are wonders of design and execution, and have evidently been finished with great care; while others have been apparently abandoned, and some are simple beginnings, consisting of mere scratches, in which, however, a regular plan can be distinctly traced. The designs are identical in character with many works known to be not later than the eighth century, and are, no doubt, "studies" made upon a small scale and in a soft material, to be afterwards enlarged and wrought out in stone or perhaps in bronze, as many of the brooches and other antiquities are decorated with similar patterns.

Strange as it may seem, when in all the crannogues a greater or less number of exquisitely-finished works in metal or other material have been found, objects of the rudest description very frequently accompany them. There may have been rich and poor among the islanders, or the articles must have been cast at times far apart; else it is strange to find savage-looking daggers, spear, and even axe heads of bone, lying within perhaps a few feet of graceful, highly-finished, and often well-steeled weapons.

The stone antiquities, though numerous, do not present any great variety. They consist chiefly of quern stones, the *lamh-bro* of the Irish, whetstones in great numbers, small perforated discs, usually called "whorls," supposed, like similar articles of bone, already described to have been used at the end of the distaff; besides a number of minor objects of less obvious character. Nearly every whetstone is pierced at one end, and some we have seen were furnished with a neat little loop or ring of bronze, as if for the purpose of suspending them.

It is not to be supposed that our islanders were without the means of visiting the main land. In the neighbourhood of every crannogue hitherto discovered a boat or boats have been found. They are invariably formed in canoe fashion, of a single piece of oak, and must be considered as very rude specimens of naval architecture. Boats of the kind, though extremely narrow and shallow, from their great length, (one we have seen measures twenty-two feet,) might safely carry a considerable number of passengers. A very fine specimen of the ancient Celtic boat was left high and dry upon the partial drainage of Strokestown crannogue, but as no-

body claimed it the country-people had it soon chopped up for firewood !

We have said that the earliest notice of a crannogue in the Irish Annals occurs in the tenth century. The *Four Masters* state that in A.D. 848, "Cinadeth, (Kennedy,) son of Conaing, lord of Cinachta-Breagh, in Meath, went with a strong force of foreigners, and plundered the Ui-Neill from the Sionainn (the river Shannon) to the sea ; and he plundered the island of Loch Gabor, and afterwards burned it, so that it was level with the ground." Loch Gabor is the Lagore or Dunshaughlin of this article ; but numerous references to crannogues, of various dates from the ninth to the sixteenth century, occur in the Annals above quoted.

With reference to the antiquities which we have little more than mentioned, and of which we could not hope to give a tolerably correct idea without the assistance of draughtsman and engraver, we may state that they have been examined by Kemble, Petrie, Wilde, Worsaae, Franks, and others, who have made the study of antiquities rank in its proper place as a science, and not as a harmless weakness peculiar to old gentlemen of the Dryasdust school. According to these authorities nine-tenths of the crannogue antiquities bear in their form, style of ornamentation, and in other respects, evidence of extreme antiquity. They are usually the work of a people who trod the lands we now call our own, at a

time when the older civilization of the period of bronze had been decaying, perhaps, for many centuries, and ere yet a new style of art and manufacture for which Ireland especially, amongst the nations of western Europe, was famous, had become fully developed. The *Opus Hibernicum* was celebrated through Europe from a period about as early as the sixth century.

How the islands became submerged may be easily accounted for without recurring to the notices of burning and plundering, with which early authorities furnish us. It is well known that anciently the greater portion of Ireland was covered with a dense forest. As in the course of ages of neglect the water courses by which the greater rivers were fed became choked up, the forests became swamps, and eventually peat bogs. In like manner the outlets of the lochs ceased to carry off the water which winter storms would cause to invade the low-lying crannogues, in several of which there is evidence to prove that they had been gradually submerged.

Thanks to the engineers of the Board of Works, and to many private individuals, we now possess in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, much more than the nucleus of a collection, which, if properly studied, will throw more light upon the state, social and intellectual, of our ancestors, during, perhaps, the darkest period of their history, than all the books that have been written upon the subject.

VOYAGERS OF VENICE.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

On the breast of the waters, superb in repose,
Twixt the moon and the sunset the rich City glows :
Half the domes are aflame in the sea-setting glare,—
Half silvered and sad in the northern air ;
But dread is the gleam of the waters that lie
In the interspace, black as the Ethiop's eye.

As the cupolas glimmered, far off in the calm,
In a burst of white moonlight the gondolas swam,
And chorussed awhile a young troubadoúr's lay—
Then parting, oared off in a tumult of spray ;
Each scattering songs to the midnight divine
Of love, *far niente*, abandon, and wine.

'Twas then on the steps of a palace that showed
Its red granite front to the eastern flood,
Two grey-bearded voyagers sate in the night ;
On their turribant's folds the thick jewels shone bright ;
But brighter than topaz or emerald's ray
Were the deep eyes they bent o'er the space of the spray.

Lampless and hushed as the halls of the dead,
Their wide palace chambers loomed dark overhead ;
Thick crowded with rich travel trophies were all,
Skin, plumage, and armour hung deep on each wall ;
Great ingots lay chested, and scents dry and rare
Made precious the draught of the dark-passing air.

In a turret remote, 'mid the wild waters' gloom,
A bell tolled the hour like a sound from the tomb;
In the wave-light their old Bacchic cups shimmered dim,
As the last broken notes of a requiem hymn
Rose and died round the altar that glimmered afar—
Like the voice of the waves round a sea-setting star.

SONG.

I.
"O for the jubilant time
Of the mariner's youthful roaming,
When our fairy pinnace flew,
Surging o'er seas of blue,
Amid waves and goblets foaming;—
Then life was a summer clime.

II.
O for the island shore,
Where the blue Pacific urges
The seas from distant lands
O'er its marble reefs and sands,
Where they burst in sunlit surges—
We shall see it—nevermore!

III.
"Lo! 'tis the signal oar
Over the night sea lifted!—
Look! through the stilly vines,
Where the pale moonlight shines,
A boat like a leaf has drifted—
Haste, haste to the shore!

IV.
Leave the grape-cup full,
The lute mid the closing flowers;
She whom the waves are winging
Music and wine is bringing—
Queen of the islands bowers,
Dream-eyed Uluul!"

V.
O for the wanderings
By shores remote, or when,
O'er the weary desert brown,
Rose the ruined columned town,
When swarthy groups of men
Stretched by the palm-tree springs.

VI.
"Approach, thou desert guest!
Bishmilla! here's thy home;
Where'er by star you steer,
May'st thou be safe as here;
Dread thou nor man nor gnome,
But take till the dawn thy rest."

VII.
O for the wreathed dances
Of sleep-eyed Eastern maids,
Draped in their blue simars,
Sprinkled with spersed stars,—
In the low evening glades
Where the Arabs rest their lances.

VIII.
O for the hours when we
In the foggy autumn hunted,

Through many a sunless day,
The tusked boar at bay,
In the reeds and boscage stunted
Of Umbria's dusky lea;—

IX.
When we bent our midnight paces
Alone o'er the desert drawn,
By the arm of starred Orion,
And heard the drooped-tailed lion
Roar in the sandy dawn
Beneath the ambry spaces.

X.
And O for the tranced twilights,
When our spirits burst their bars,
And with heart and brain of fire,
We drank with a bard's desire
To the dreaming maids of the stars—
Our wine-cups shone in their lights.

XI.
Yes, round the fresh bright world,
We have been wont to roam,
Heaving on sultry sails
To its burning sun-belt gales,
Or skirring the crushed pole,
In the flouting snow-drift furled.

XII.
Old ocean voyagers we,
Restless and sad are growing;
Our orb's already seen,
And through Time's dusky screen,
We hear the great tides flowing
On to Eternity.

XIII.
Our joys, old memories
Of varied voyages over;
Yet have we both one will,
Feeble but fiery still,—
Each longs to be a rover
On yon great midnight seas.

XIV.
Fill me of southern wine
That cup of ruby darkling,
We years ago found hid
In the wombed pyramid;—
Lo! the great worlds are sparkling
Over its depths divine.

XV.
A last cool fragrant cup,
Like the death draught that waits us,
Drink we—as hushed we ponder
O'er the soul's voyagings yonder—
What so this night elates us?
Lo! the Morn Star is up."

THE WHITE LADY OF BESSBOROUGH.

In the beautiful demesne of Bessborough, near one of its neat cottages, and on a gentle slope that rises from the clear stream which intersects it, stands an aged and hoary hawthorn, coeval, or nearly so, with the stately and venerable oaks that ornament the magnificent parks. To this hawthorn is attached a legend of no ordinary interest, once indeed generally known among the peasantry, but now almost forgotten.

In the month of October 1649, Oliver Cromwell having, with rapid success and terrible retribution, overrun the greater part of Leinster, and being prepared to inflict the same devastation on Munster, laid siege to Ross, with a design of crossing the Barrow. This town, though then considered strong, surrendered after a feeble resistance; and a bridge of boats was accordingly thrown across its river, over which numerous parties of cavalry were dispatched to scour and pillage the county of Kilkenny, and cut off the supplies of Ormond, who lay at some distance with the royalist army. All this was attended with complete success, so that finding no enemy to oppose him, Cromwell resolved to seize upon Carrick, and gain access over its bridge to the county of Waterford, and make himself master of the important town of Waterford. He accordingly dispatched Colonel Reynolds and Sir John Ponsonby, with several squadrons of horse and dragons, in order to effect that object. Their road all along, for the most part, lay through a badly-cultivated country, in many parts abounding with rocks, and rugged tracts of heath intersected with marsh or bog. But on passing through the defile which in latter days has acquired a mournful celebrity from the untimely death of a popular nobleman, (the late Marquis of Waterford,) and arriving at the brow of the chain of hills that overlook the barony of Iverk, a scene of unparalleled grandeur and beauty burst suddenly on their view. Just beneath lay the rich and thickly-wooded valley of Kildalton, and at a little distance farther on could be traced the silvery line of the "gentle Suir," winding along for miles beneath a chain of richly-wooded hills, and dividing several counties in its clear progress. The western horizon was bounded by the majestic chain of the Cummerragh mountains, whilst far to the north-west stretched what is emphatically called, for its richness and beauty, "the Golden Vale." A thrill of surprise and delight seized upon both men and officers, and they simultaneously halted for some moments to gaze on the glorious scene that lay before them; but the stern duties of war gave but little opportunity even to the most poetic for the indulgence of such feelings. The distant but clear view of the town of Carrick soon put all other reflections aside, and the hope of being in full possession of it before the already-sinking sun would set beneath the Waterford hills, engrossed all their thoughts. To effect this object a plan had been conceived by Sir John Ponsonby, and revealed to Colonel Reynolds and the principal officers of the party. It was, to order several country people, and some of the local gentry

whom they had taken prisoners, under promise of life and protection, to advance mounted on horseback before the walls of the town, and to proclaim in the Irish language to the garrison and townsmen that they were of the Irish party sent by Ormond and the confederates to strengthen the garrisons of Carrick and Cloanmel, and to prevent their falling into the hands of Cromwell. The ruse succeeded to their entire satisfaction: the garrison seeing several country people mounted, and who, as they supposed, acted as guides, and seeing in their company several of the neighbouring gentry whom they had previously known, supposed them to be what they represented themselves, readily opened their gates and admitted them into the town; but their unsuspecting generosity was here sorely mistaken. No sooner did the dragoons get inside the gates, than they dismounted, unslung their carbines, and took possession of the gates and walls, whilst the affrighted garrison, taken unawares, fled some across the bridge into the adjoining county of Waterford, whilst others, less fortunate, shut themselves up in the castle, once the princely residence of the House of Ormond. These, however, next day, on quietly surrendering, were allowed to march away unmolested to the nearest garrison town. News being brought to Cromwell, who still lay at Ross, of the success of this expedition, he made haste with his whole army to join these forces, and lay siege to Waterford, which he hoped to gain possession of, as winter-quarters for his now weary troops: his army marching over the rugged country lately traversed by his cavalry, took two full days to come up, being encumbered with artillery, ammunition and provision waggons. As a guide and escort, Sir John Ponsonby with part of the cavalry under his and Colonel Reynold's command, advanced from Carrick several miles on the way to meet him. Cromwell heartily congratulated him on the success of his plan, and warmly shaking him by the hand, offered to reward his services by a large tract of the rich land that lay beneath them in the valley which we have already alluded to. The admiration felt by Ponsonby's cavalry was as loudly and enthusiastically expressed by the whole army, on first beholding that magnificent scene. The general-in-chief himself having surveyed it over and over, exclaimed to those around him, "This is a country worth fighting for." He immediately descended into the valley, where he ordered his cavalry to dismount, and bivouac; sending the greater part of his foot, with the artillery and baggage, into the neighbouring town of Carrick, he, with some of his chief officers, took up his quarters in a fine old castellated mansion, surrounded by rich and well-cultivated lands, and studded here and there with oaks of immense size and venerable age. The proprietor of this mansion was a gentleman of old Norman extraction, named Dalton of Kildalton. He, relying on his innocence, as it was then termed, remained in his house, together with his daughter Winifred and a few faithful domestics, all of whom waited with palpitating hearts the approach of the Parliamentary general and his officers. As troop after troop of the cavalry dismounted and tethered their horses in the large

and well-sheltered parks, the foot in busy haste pitched their tents, and prepared for their evening repast and rest. In the meanwhile Cromwell, attended by officers and a large detachment of his own invincible Ironsides, drew near the entrance of the mansion where he was to take up his quarters. He was met by Dalton and his fair and half-fainting daughter, both of whom humbly, and on their knees, proffered to the weary but stern general and his staff, whatever hospitality their poor house afforded. At that time there was little safety for innocence or guilt. If any joined in the Irish rebellion, as that war was called, which was undertaken by the people in defence of their lives, religion, and king, proscription and death were sure to await them. If they remained at home in quiet neutrality, it was alleged as treason against them, that they had not taken up arms on the Parliament side against their countrymen.

"Ho sirrah! Irish traitor," said Cromwell, with scornful voice, "darest thou abide our coming? Thou shalt hang for thy treason on yonder blighted oak a fit gibbet methinks for rebellious papists. And you, wench," said he, addressing himself to old Dalton's imploring daughter, "get thee home thou daughter of Moab; were it not for thy sex, thou too wouldst dangle on the same tree as thy doomed sire."

The venerable aspect, the grey hairs and pleading posture of Dalton, together with the shrieks and entreaties of his lovely daughter, created a moment's pause, and complete silence followed this burst of angry words from the General, which was interrupted by the timely interference of Sir John Ponsonby in behalf of this unhappy old man and his daughter.

"May it please you, my Lord General," said he, in a gentle winning tone, "to hear what I have to say in behalf of this man. He it was, on promise of life and protection, that aided me, with others of his countrymen, to gain admittance into yonder town, which act of service made me, as far as lay in my power, extend to him these favours."

On hearing this Cromwell relented somewhat in his rage, and ordered Dalton and his daughter to withdraw. On entering, Cromwell and his officers found that due preparation had not been wanting on the part of the owner of the dwelling, to give suitable entertainment to his unwelcome and dreaded guests. After the viands had been disposed of, and a moderate quantity of choice wines and usquebagh had created a better feeling in the hearts of the party, it was agreed on to act with more moderation towards the disconsolate proprietor and his daughter. Cromwell ordered both to be summoned to his presence, and as they stood trembling beneath the fiery glance of his large rolling eyes, he thus addressed himself to the old man:

"Well has it been for thee, thou child of Belial, that service has been rendered by thee to the forces of the British parliament, considered by these present as sufficient cause to have thy life spared, which thou hast justly forfeited for thy resistance to the godly workings of the gospel in this heathenish land of Ireland. I have heard from my officer, Sir John Ponsonby, what thou

hast done to aid us, in the taking of this our town of Carrick, and therefore at the instance of that gallant officer spare thee thy life, with permission to abide in this portion of our Republic; or if thou wilt, thou and thy daughter may have safe conduct to France, or any other country in peace with this our Commonwealth. But sirrah, it behoves thee to give up quiet and peaceable possession of this thy house and lands, in the name of the British parliament, to this our officer, whose faithful services we are going to reward by this and other forfeitures of Irish rebellious Papists."

It has been often remarked that a man will forfeit all his earthly goods to save his life, so the proposal of yielding all was readily accepted by Dalton and his fond and loving daughter, who grew almost wild with joy at the offer of life and liberty to her beloved parent. During the few days of Cromwell's stay in the fine old feudal mansion of the Daltons of Kildalton Sir John Ponsonby, into whose hands all the property of that proscribed family fell, entertained him and the officers who formed his suite, with all possible care and attention. He also kindly bid its former proprietor and his gentle and lovely daughter to stay within the precincts of their once happy home until further arrangements might be made for them: this unexpected civility filled both their hearts with joy. All other losses were forgotten and their misfortunes were absorbed in the all-engrossing thought of the happy liberation from what was deemed inevitable and immediate death. Previous to Cromwell's departure, he appointed Sir John Ponsonby military governor of the town of Carrick, with jurisdiction over the country for several miles around. Being put in possession of this important trust, Sir John's first care was to secure the town against all attacks of the enemy. A necessary precaution it proved to be, as in a short time after it was gallantly though unsuccessfully assailed by the Lords Ormond and Inchiquin, who were repulsed from its walls with the loss of over 400 of their best men. No enemy now at hand to interrupt his views, much of his care and time were directed towards the arrangement and improvement of his newly-acquired property of Kildalton: in the out-offices of this fine old mansion he continually kept a troop of his own regiment. He moreover allowed its former owner, with his daughter, to reside there, which contributed much to the preservation of all things in and around it: his kind and gentle manners, his tender consideration for the losses and sorrows of the old proprietor and his amiable daughter, whose beautiful countenance seemed to borrow new charms from her patiently-borne sorrows, and won sympathy from every heart; all this, added to his innate gracefulness of manner, insensibly created at first a remote and subsequently a vivid hope of both being left, in course of time, in full enjoyment of a once happy home and comfortable estate. Daily would the young and handsome cavalry officer ride out from the neighbouring town of Carrick to look after his affairs in his newly-acquired possessions; dinner being usually prepared in the hall of the old mansion, Dalton and his daughter were frequently invited and always welcome guests. Often when the mind

is stricken down with sorrow, gleams of delusive hope will shine forth, and the darker our fate or destiny, the brighter will sometimes appear those visions of future happiness. Such was the case with the old proprietor of the house and lands of Kildalton and his fair and virtuous daughter. The civilities shown to the old man and the graceful attentions paid to the young lady, soon bred an expectation, which rapidly strengthened into a firm hope, that a marriage had been contemplated by Sir John Ponsonby with the heiress of the house of Kildalton. Rumours to that effect had spread abroad among the retainers and tenants, who exulted in the hope of again living in peace and prosperity beneath the mild sway of their ancient rulers. This fondly-cherished expectation had been joyfully and repeatedly whispered into the willing ears of both father and daughter, and contributed greatly to augment the hope already conceived in their minds. Things had gone on this way for several months without any great alteration taking place either in the domestic arrangements of the family, or in regard to the conjectures which had filled the minds of those around respecting future events: but alas for all these baseless visions! those of the fond father of whom we write, and his loving and gentle daughter, were soon to be dissipated by the stern realities of bitter disappointment.

On a fine April day, Sir John Ponsonby, accompanied by a lady and a gay cavalcade of gentlemen and officers, rode up the long avenue that led to the house of Kildalton. His object was to introduce his newly-married wife, who was daughter to the Lord Ffolliot of Ballyshannon, to her demesnes in the county of Kilkenny. As usual he was met with the kind welcome of the old man, and graceful curtesies and smiles of his modest and unaffected daughter. The cavalcade stopt and dismounted at the principal entrance, when Sir John Ponsonby, with unfeigned politeness, introduced the above lady as his wife, little suspecting the mournful result of what he deemed would be an agreeable if not a happy introduction. But to the horror of all, the young and lovely Winifred Dalton on a sudden lost the bloom of her cheek, which turned to death-like paleness, and with a loud shriek she fell insensible to the ground. The attention of all was turned to her. The emotion and agony of her hapless father passed unnoticed, while all eyes were turned towards his apparently lifeless daughter. Not to dwell too long on these scenes of woe, suffice it to say that the old man, her father, soon found rest from earthly sorrows beneath the old Gothic church of Kildalton; but it was not so with his woe-struck daughter: a state of complete idiotcy relieved her from all mental, and in a great measure from all bodily suffering. The only consciousness she exhibited of memories of the past, was a desire to be arrayed in the beautiful white satin dress which lay arranged with the choicest care in her own apartment, and which, in the fond yet futile expectation of using it at her expected nuptials, she had with much pains and expense provided. Dressed by an old domestic in this once-cherished garb of snow-white purity, she used to wander about the home and

haunts of her happy childhood a helpless and harmless idiot, shunning all society, and avoiding the enquiries or conversations of even her most cherished playmates. Often would she climb up among the boughs of an aged thorn (which was a frequent feat performed by her in her childish glee,) and sit there in apparent content, clipping its tender buds with a scissors which she carried with her for that sole purpose, and this seemed to be the only pleasure she enjoyed. Hence in after times, and even to this day, did the aged thorn bear the name of "The White Lady's Tree." After living some years an object of tender regard and pity, even to the most insensible, she was found, in the twilight of an autumn evening, lying lifeless in a reclining posture on the monument that covered her father's ashes in the little ivied church erected long before by the Daltons of Kildalton. The memory of that illfated lady has for more than two centuries survived her woes, but in another generation it will perhaps be totally forgotten, and for that reason it is hoped that this humble effort at preserving the name and recording the sorrows of "the White Lady of Beasborough" will be forgiven.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

CHARLES HATTON and I were "chums" at Trinity College, Dublin, where we both graduated after a creditable, if not a very distinguished, university career. Mr. Hatton, senior, was a gentleman of highly respectable family and moderate fortune in the south of Ireland, and destined Charles for the bar—a profession for which the latter had no natural predilection; his temperament and intellectual organization being of that order which unfits men for the laborious studies necessary in order to gain forensic distinction. His father's inclination in this particular, however, was not to be overcome, and accordingly Charles proceeded to London, and duly entered as a student of Gray's Inn, with the heroic determination of forswearing ballads and "love-lorn lays" (the fellow was somewhat of a poet,) and settling down quietly to the study of his future profession. But it would not do—his law books (all his determination to the contrary notwithstanding) were neglected for Shakspeare and Byron, and at the period of his admission to the bar his legal acquirements were by no means remarkable for their extent or profundity. It was about a year after he had become qualified to affix the title "barrister-at-law" to his name that we met, for the first time since our separation on leaving College. Charles had just succeeded by the death of his father to an income of some eight hundred per annum, and his prospects of success as a lawyer not being particularly brilliant, he had relinquished all thoughts of following that uncongenial pursuit, and no longer fettered by those restrictions in matters pecuniary, to which he had been subjected during the life of his father, he entered on a style of living which contrasted splendidly with his comparative obscurity as the embryo lawyer of Gray's Inn. Instead of the

gloomy chambers which he had tenanted in that sanctum of forensic enlightenment, he rented handsome apartments in a terrace at the West-end—drove “tandem” in the park, and occasionally gave dinner and supper parties to a select circle of bachelor friends. In fact, Charles had become quite the man of *ton*, or what in one of the more recent additions to the vocabulary of cant, might be fairly termed a “fast man.” But this career, dazzling and exciting as it might be for a while from its novelty, could not but ultimately prove nauseating to a man of such intellectual tendencies as Charles; very soon indeed he had conceived a thorough contempt for the artificial habits and ideas of his fashionable associates; and when, after a separation of nearly five years, chance brought us once more together, I found my friend completely sickened by the frippery, affectation, and hollow display with which his brief experience of “fast living” had made him familiar. I was at the time making arrangements for an excursion to the continent, and on my proposing to Charles, in a half-jocular half-earnest way, that he should break up his miniature establishment and accompany me, he caught eagerly at the proposal—wondered that he had not thought of some such expedient for the purpose of dispelling his *ennui* long before—and in a few days my somewhat volatile friend put a sudden termination to his career upon town—by disposing of his “trap” and all its appurtenances—giving notice of his intention to quit to his landlady, and by having it announced, through the columns of a morning journal, that Mr. C. B. Hatton was about to leave town for a tour on the continent.

Before quitting London we had obtained from influential friends, letters of introduction to the British ambassador at the Tuilleries, and to several other distinguished persons at that time residing at Paris. After our arrival in due course at that city, and after having formally inducted ourselves into the possession of certain handsomely furnished apartments in a lofty and commodious house in the Rue —, we proceeded to the English embassy to present our introductory missives to the important personage who was then—to use the quaint expression of an old writer—“lying abroad for the benefit of his country.” Our reception was of that severely polite character which seems to be considered most consistent with diplomatic dignity, but an invitation to dinner, received by us some days subsequently, served to dispel any doubts which we might have entertained as to the efficacy of our credentials with his lordship. This dinner was an important event as far as Charles was concerned, for from it originated his intimacy with the brilliant Lady Clara Vernon, who was then, as well from her wit, beauty, and intellectual superiority, as from her wealth and high social position, the bright particular star of the numerous foreign residents in the “capital of Europe.”

This lady had been the only child of an English gentleman of aristocratic family and commensurate fortune, which latter he had considerably diminished by unsuccessful speculations on the turf. An old friend

of his in the sporting world, the late Sir Humphrey Vernon having taken it into his head to fall in love with the beautiful Clara, proposed for her, giving her father to understand that he was prepared to act most liberally in the matter of settlements. He was at once accepted by the old gentleman, who, of course, never dreamed of consulting his daughter's inclinations on so trivial a subject, and at twenty-two years of age Clara became the victim of a *mariage de convenance*. Her admiring old husband survived their union but a year and a half, leaving her the unfettered control of an estate producing ten thousand a year; and in a few months after her father following his old friend, her yearly income was increased by a couple of thousand more, which circumstance, combined with her rare personal attractions, rendered her position an enviable, if in some respects a critical one. It is but natural to suppose that snipers for the hand and fortune of the beautiful young widow were numerous and zealous; but at the time of our first meeting her at Paris, several years had elapsed since the death of her husband, and she was still, as already indicated, Lady Vernon. Her hotel in the *Rue St. Honoré* was the resort of all that was elegant and fascinating in the fashionable world in which she lived and moved, and of which, to a large extent, she influenced the proceedings and regulated the modes.

The dinner at the ambassador's, I have said, was an important event, so far as Charles was concerned. He had Lady Vernon for his *vis à vis*, and the result was simply this,—that he fell in love with her, as I was not long in finding out. There was at this time, and had been for some months previously, sojourning in Paris a certain Count Perrini, a handsome dashing-looking Italian, formerly, as he gave out, an officer in a Sardinian regiment of cavalry. In addition to his advantages of person, the Count had also the education, accomplishments, and manners of a gentleman and a man of the world. He spoke French and English with fluency and polish, produced sonnets with the fecundity of Petrarch, managed his noble baritone *con espressione*, danced divinely, and in his *manège* displayed the grace and freedom of a perfect equestrian. By some means or other he had obtained the *entrée* to the very best society, and was a constant visitor and guest at Lady Vernon's. Indeed it was soon apparent to most persons with whom they came mutually in contact, that he aspired to the honor of ranking amongst her legion of avowed admirers.

This person was also at the ambassador's dinner, and for him Charles then and there conceived a violent hatred, which fact I was also not long in finding out.

Perrini sat within one of Lady Vernon—a position which enabled him to maintain occasional converse with her, while the intervention of the other guest prevented, its assuming that continuous and confidential character, which might have rendered it generally remarkable. Charles, however, heard and saw enough to make him feel that in the Count he had a rival, and on our way home that night he confessed all to me—his suddenly conceived love, hatred and jealousy. Several weeks

went by and we still remained at Paris, completely enthralled—Charles by his passion for Lady Vernon, whom he had continued to meet and converse with frequently: I by the inexhaustible sources of enjoyment which that delightful city affords, and of which I availed myself unceasingly. The attentions of the Count Perrini to her ladyship had now become so marked and continuous, that he was generally looked upon as “the favourite”—if I may be permitted to use a sporting phrase in connexion with such a subject—Charles Hatton being as yet “nowhere,” and numerous others who had formerly held the first position, having the odds dead against them. It was while affairs were at this crisis that we were honoured (Charles and myself) with an invitation to a “dance” at Lady Vernon’s, which, it is needless to say, we gladly accepted. It proved a brilliant affair in every way, but the contagious spirit of enjoyment failed to extend itself to Charles, who roamed through the crowded apartments, gloomy and dejected in appearance, and seemingly the subject of sensations very different from those which generally prevailed. I made various attempts to draw him from his abstraction, but unavailingly, and it was not until the following morning that I discovered its immediate cause. Seated at breakfast I ventured an inquiry on the subject, when he exclaimed abruptly, and with an expression of ferocity almost, depicted on his handsome thoughtful face,—

“This Count Perrini is a scoundrel—a swindler!”

“A scoundrel and a swindler,” I repeated; “those are strong words, Charles.”

“Not stronger than the person to whom I apply them merits,” he interrupted, without volunteering any explanation.

“How and when,” I inquired after a pause, “did you become possessed of the information which enables you to pronounce so decisive and bitter a condemnation of the personal character of the Count?”

“Listen to me,” said Charles; “from the first moment I set eyes upon that man I *felt* he was a villain. My passion for Lady Vernon, and the consciousness that he was my rival, will, you may say, sufficiently account for this feeling, but I tell you that it was the result of an instinct stronger than any to which mere jealousy could give origin. I did not hate the fellow only because he was my rival, but because I believed him, from the outset, a bad, unscrupulous, designing, treacherous man,—a villain as I have already said. This conviction grew upon me the more I saw and heard of him, and I determined at length to ‘set’ the fellow, with the view of satisfying myself thoroughly upon the point.”

“But,” I interposed—

“I have now satisfied myself,” he resumed; “and all my prepossessions are more than confirmed—alas! for poor Lady Vernon.”

“Why Charles, you don’t mean to say”—

“I mean to say,” he interrupted, “that the name of a beautiful and a virtuous woman is associated with that of a swindling adventurer, when the so-called Count Perrini is spoken of as the future husband of Lady Vernon.”

“But my dear Charles, you still confine yourself to mere denunciations; will you condescend to inform me of the facts you may have ascertained, so much to the detriment of this villanous count?”

“You remember,” said he, “the evening last week on which we dined at the *Palais Royal* before proceeding to the opera?”

“Yes.”

“You remember my getting into conversation at the theatre with a gentleman—a stranger to you,—who occupied a seat in the same box as ourselves, and in company with whom I left the house rather abruptly.”

“Perfectly,” I said.

“Well, that gentleman was a London policeman on a special mission in Paris. From circumstances which happened to bring us into rather close communication, some years since in London, we know each other pretty well, and this—together perhaps with the hope that I might in some way prove useful to him in his investigations—led him to make a confidant of me, and to disclose—partially at least—the nature of his business. It appears that the bank of England has lately been defrauded to the extent of several thousand pounds, by false letters of credit, professing to issue from one of the most respectable banking establishments in Paris. On the discovery of the fraud the police were immediately put in motion, but the most searching investigations failed in leading to the discovery of the London agent in the swindle, the only clue which the bank officials were able to afford, being that the money was paid to a man of foreign aspect, and that it was principally in gold and small notes. The fact of complicity on the part of some one in Paris, was however certain, and after communication with the police authorities here, it was deemed advisable to send over my friend Ferret, to give whatever assistance his great sagacity and immense experience might suggest in the matter. You recollect, as I have said, that we left the house together rather suddenly. Count Perrini had, a few minutes previously, entered a box on the opposite side to the tier, and immediately the scrutinising eye of Ferret lighted there, he nudged me and whispered, “That’s a suspicious-looking customer,” indicating the Count. “Do you know who he is?” “That,” said I, “is an Italian nobleman of fortune—Count Perrini. Nevertheless, I should like to know something more of him,” said Ferret; and the Count rising to leave his box at this point, we also went out. In the street the count entered a cabriolet, and as I did not choose to become a spy on his motions, I wished Ferret good night, requesting him, if he learned anything of importance, to communicate with me. He has since done so, and the result of his inquiries is such as leaves room for no moral doubt as to the guilty complicity of the Count. His arrest and legal conviction are matters which may be calculated on almost to a certainty. Is not this a miserable affair?”

“Truly it is,” said I, “and something must be done to save Lady Vernon from the disgrace which would inevitably attach to her from any connection with such

a scoundrel—that is, assuming the truth of the rumours about an engagement between them.”

“Do you think,” continued Charles, “she would give a tacit admission to the truth of those rumours, by receiving him as a visitor and by accepting his accursed attentions as she does, if they were not well founded?”

“I will answer your question, Charles, *comme Irlandais*, namely, by asking you another. Has it never occurred to you as possible, that these rumours touching the Count and Lady Vernon may have never reached her ladyship’s ear, and that consequently her continued intimacy with the dashing Italian does not at all possess its present seeming significance. I will admit that there is something in her manner towards the Count to afford ground for the prevalent opinion that he is her accepted lover, but it may be nothing more than one of these artful devices, by which a beautiful and spirited woman, confident in her own charms, endeavours to lead a suspected admirer (here I looked meaningly at Charles—I must admit that it was a piece of hypocrisy on my part) to a declaration of his hopes. The Lady Clara has not mingled in Parisian society without becoming imbued with something of that spirit of coquetry, which which is, I believe, a prevalent characteristic of its women.”

“I cannot but admire the ingenuity with which you have defined the possibilities of the case,” said Charles. “You do not suppose, however, that Lady Vernon has ever thought of me, or suspected my passion for her? Even if she has, her avowed pride of birth and position would deter me from approaching her with a declaration of that passion, for she is said to have asserted frequently that if she again marries, it shall only be a man who has a title to confer upon her in addition to that which she inherits from her deceased husband. What chance then—even supposing everything else favourable—would the plain esquire of eight hundred a year have under such circumstances?”

“Believe me, Charles, it is an indisputable fact, that when a contest arises between a woman’s love and her pride, in nine cases out of ten, love gains the mastery. Pluck up resolution to declare your sentiments to Lady Clara, on the first opportunity, taking care to repeat to her, if she suggests any difficulty on the score of birth or title, the lines by Tennyson—

‘Trust me Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue Heaven above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claim of long descent.’”

The climax came sooner than I expected. For some weeks all the fashionable world of Paris had been on the tip-toe of expectation in reference to a *bal costumé* on a magnificent scale, which Mr. Lalanne, a banker of immense wealth and high social standing had announced his intention of giving. This gentleman had one of the finest private establishments in Paris—a house of palatial dimensions and embellishments, surrounded by a garden beautifully planted and of considerable extent. Every one who was known in the

higher regions of society was invited, Charles and myself included, and we went there duly on the eventful occasion. I shall not trouble my readers with any description of the affair, beyond stating that Charles was attired as the Prince of Denmark, and looked excessively interesting in his “suit of woe,” and that I myself wore the dress of a “Scottish chieftain,” having conceived an admiration for the character from a recent perusal of Miss Porter’s novel. Lady Vernon was there, beautiful and fascinating as ever, and the Count also looking, as it seemed to me, with an expression of subdued defiance in his face which was not usual with him. The weather being delightful, the garden had been thrown open as a promenade, and lighted with lamps of varied hues, which produced a singularly agreeable effect, as may be easily imagined. As is the case with many houses of a similar character in Paris, the Hotel Lalanne was completely surrounded, garden and all with a high wall, and in this wall, about mid-way between the house and extremity of the garden, on the left hand, there was a doorway opening into a narrow street, which ran parallel therewith. Soon after midnight, when the spirit of festivity had reached its height within, Charles, anxious to breathe the fresh air, sauntered into the garden, which was at this time almost completely deserted by the revellers. Walking quietly along one of the side paths, he observed, in close proximity to this door, two figures apparently in earnest converse. They were those of a male and female, and on a nearer approach he was startled and almost horrified to find that the two were no other than Lady Vernon and Count Perrini. His first impulse was to retrace his steps, as he felt that his approach was not noticed, but some indefinable influence held him irresistibly to the spot where he first paused, “a nodding cypress” partially concealing his figure from the two beings on whom his gaze concentrated itself with a terrible anxiety. Before a minute had passed, words of angry expostulation, in a silvery voice, which he well knew, reached his ears indistinctly, and after a brief interval he heard the same voice exclaim, in a tone of manifest indignation, “Sir, I have already given you my answer—it is surely not your intention to persist in forcing on me a subject which I can never entertain; I beg of you not to refer to it again; I really cannot remain—” This was followed by a short, half-suppressed exclamation of terror, and Charles, dashing forward on the instant, found the Count in the act of half-carrying, half-dragging Lady Vernon towards the doorway. A mantle which he had worn in his *soi-disant* character of an Italian bandit, was thrown over her face, so as to partially stifle her cries for assistance. To grapple with the villain and release Lady Vernon was literally but the work of an instant with Charles. Such an unexpected intervention completely astounded the Count, and rendered his resistance at first much less decisive than it would doubtless otherwise have been. Indeed, he at once relinquished his hold when Charles appeared on the scene, and looked for a moment with a half-cowed half-reckless air at his opponent, as the latter stood in a

defiant and from his accidental costume, in a necessarily somewhat theatrical attitude between him and Lady Vernon, who was not yet quite recovered from the terror and confusion into which the whole occurrence had naturally thrown her. But his indecision was of short duration. Advancing to the door, he pulled it open, and giving some signal, apparently for the purpose of summoning assistance, he returned, and rushing towards Charles, aimed a treacherous blow with a poniard at his breast. Charles was fortunately too quick for him, and succeeded in averting the blow from the region for which it was destined, receiving it, however, in the lower portion of the right arm. Before this Lady Vernon had regained comparative composure, and was about yielding to the earnest entreaty of Charles that she should return to the house, but on seeing the attack renewed by the Count, she screamed loudly, and more loudly still as the two grappled, and, after a brief struggle, Charles fell heavily to the earth, to all appearance a dead man. At this juncture several persons came upon the scene; amongst them two men who entered the garden from the street, just as the Count was about making his exit, and who intimated to him rather unceremoniously, after a brief scrutiny of his person, that he should consider himself their prisoner. The removal of Charles to the house was quickly accomplished, and professional assistance being at once obtained, it was found that he had received several wounds, amongst them one which, although of an aggravated, was not of a fatal character. The news of the occurrence created intense excitement and consternation amongst the company, who in consequence broke up abruptly, the feeling of indignation at the outrage on Lady Vernon being only equalled by the admiration and sympathy expressed on all hands for Charles.

It appeared that the Count, who had planned the forcible abduction of Lady Vernon, decided on carrying his plan into execution on the night of the ball. The situation of the Hotel Lalanne afforded peculiar facilities for the execution of the design, Perrini having contrived to obtain possession of the key which opened the garden door, by a bribe to the porter. A travelling carriage, in charge of two trusty accomplices, was in waiting in the narrow street outside, and the nefarious project might doubtless have been successfully accomplished after Charles had been disposed of, were it not for the timely interposition of a party of police, of whom the Englishman Ferret formed one. The fact of Perrini's preparation for a flight from Paris had been some days known to the authorities, and a close attention to his slightest movement, together with occasional information derived from those sources which the Parisian police have such a peculiar facility for opening up, led to the frustration of his grand scheme, and ultimately to his trial and conviction as a forger and swindler.

Charles recovered rapidly from the effects of his wounds, and the half-bantering anticipations which I had formed with regard to Lady Vernon and himself proved correct. In less than six months afterwards I read in the *Morning Post* an announcement of their nuptials by the chaplain of the British embassy at Hamburg.

THE GORILLA.

BEYOND mere geographical outline and a little half-conjectural topography, we had, until recently, a very limited acquaintance with the interior of Equatorial Africa. The popular fancy pictured it to itself as a vast region covered with interminable sands and rocks, traversed by chains of arid mountains, the sole habitation of the lion and leopard. The activity of commerce had fringed the seacoast with ports, stations, and factories; but it had scarcely penetrated beyond the seaboard; the climate was supposed to be fatal to northern constitutions; and the ferocity of the savage tribes who people the intermediate belt of country which, *ex hypothesi*, separated the desert basin of the interior from the strip of explored coast, was sufficiently exaggerated to deter even the most enterprising pioneers from pushing far inland. Indeed, to the present day, with the notable exception of one or two daring travellers, no European has ventured a hundred miles from west to east in that perilous territory. We knew but little of its faunal or vegetable organisms; the knowledge we had being founded chiefly on the meagre evidences which reached us through the peculiar channels of African trade. The natives procured ivory from the interior, and hence we believed in the existence of elephants; they brought down bar wood, and, probably for the first time, it was conceded that, notwithstanding the reasonableness of preconceived theories, forests might possibly flourish in the interior. Under circumstances involving remoteness of locality, the accumulation of proof is a slow and irritating process; but it is perfected, notwithstanding, in its own season, and with its own positive results; the nightmares of centuries die out, and we are better and wiser for our patience and labour.

Within the last few years, thanks to the courageous earnestness of three or four really great minds, the interior of almost all Central Africa has been laid bare to us. The discoveries of Livingstone in the south have prodigiously increased the stock of human knowledge, whilst those of Du Chaillu in the strictly equatorial region, have sufficed to dissipate a thousand climatic and geological traditions long treasured up in the archives of inductive science. With this region, as the peculiar habitat of the gorilla, we are chiefly concerned.

If the reader will take a map of Africa, and draw east a line almost parallel with the equator, from the island of Alobi, in the bay of Corisco, until it strikes the Osheba country, it will furnish him with a fair guide through the region through which we propose to conduct him. The coast line, indented by the bay, is highly picturesque, and might, under more favourable conditions of climate and population, be the home of a flourishing commerce. The Muni, a sluggish river, empties its waters into the bay, forming a lovely estuary dotted with islands, covered with mangroves and palm trees. The country through which the Muni flows is inhabited by several tribes of blacks remarkable

for their good temper and friendly dispositions. They live in cheerful villages, built of bamboo; they practise polygamy, are hospitable to a fault, and studiously encourage the advances of the few Europeans who venture amongst them. Plantains and boiled fish form their principal article of diet; but this remote and primitive people are no strangers to the vices of more civilized communities; they cherish an usage which, in many respects, resembles the Corsican *Vendetta*, and drink to intoxication a species of wine distilled from the soft tops of the palm tree. The tribes dwelling near the coast have a keen appreciation of the advantages of trade; they drive bargains with an acuteness scarcely exceeded on the Stock Exchange, and notwithstanding, their simplicity and isolation from the great centres of traffic, cheat and pilfer the Europeans whenever opportunity offers. Superstition, the twin-sister of ignorance, holds those tribes in terrible and demoralizing subjection, but the popular faith in witchcraft, charms, and incantations, is occasionally applied to a purpose of the highest social policy. When they wish to get rid of the old people they charge them with sorcery, and dispatch them with clubs, knives, and war hatchets. The kings who govern these people are surrounded with few of the conventional appurtenances of royalty, and their incomes are so limited that the presentation of a coat or a few leaves of tobacco on the part of a stranger, elicits from them the warmest expressions of gratitude.

The traveller ascending the Muni arrives, generally on the third day, at a village known on the maps as Shekiana. Here he alters his course, and entering the Noonday—one of the great tributary rivers which feeds the Muni—pushes on in a north-easterly direction. As he sails along, the surrounding country reveals at every moment some new phase of surpassing loveliness. The high grasses on the banks are aflame with brilliant damask blossoms; huge lilies loll their heads on the calm river surface. The scenery far inland is bounded by virgin forests of palm, above which curls the smoke of African villages, hidden in the wilderness. Herds of red deer are seen grazing in the untrodden pastures; the kingfisher darts across the boat as it passes on; whilst troops of monkeys cluster on the overhanging trees and pelt the voyagers with fruits and branches. The horizon is filled up by the chain of the Sierra del Crystal, a vast mountain range of which little is known. In this region also flourish the ebony tree, and the curious vine which produces india rubber. The leopard makes his lair in the great aloe thickets, where serpents innumerable of breed and dye also find shelter and subsistence.

The sides and summits of the Sierra del Crystal are covered with venerable forests, and in the heart of these dwells the wonderful gorilla. M. Du Chaillu, to whom we are principally indebted for an intimate knowledge of this wonderful animal, describes him as being solitary in his habits and ferocious in his hatred of man, for whom he exhibits an unconquerable aversion. He loves to hide in dense woods, but he is occasionally to be seen

disporting himself on open plains, strewn with immense boulders, which afford him a defence in case of attack. In diet he is a vegetarian; and his haunts are generally to be found near a plentiful supply of water. His favourite food is a species of wild sugar cane, the leaf of the pine apple, nuts, and berries. Of these he consumes immense quantities at a single meal, always shifting his locality, when that which he haunts no longer affords him the necessary supplies of provisions. At night, the adult gorilla sleeps with his back to a tree, whilst the young climb up the trunk and perch on the branches. The story that the full-grown beast was in the habit of hanging from trees and clutching up travellers in his toes, as they passed, for the purpose of strangling them, has turned out to be pure fiction; unless in quest of food the adult gorilla never climbs.

The full-developed brute, as he stands erect in his native wilds, is a truly horrible and terrifying monster. His height is six feet; his body is covered with a profusion of iron-gray hair to the depth, in some places, of two inches. In every part of his huge frame the evidences of tremendous muscular power are obvious. With those long arms and massive hands, which resemble fragments of a titanic statue, he can disembowel a man or brain a leopard at a single blow. The lion never attacks him; and it is no uncommon sight to see the gorilla plucking leaves from a palm tree, whilst the traditional king of the forest is stretched, warily and apprehensively, at its root. The gorilla's legs are short, calfless, ill-proportioned, (we speak of them structurally as compared with those of man,) and do not appear intended to support, unassisted, the brute's gigantic body. The foot in its anatomical bearings resembles an exaggerated hand, and "presents," says Du Chaillu, "a great likeness to the foot of man; in no other animal is the foot so well adapted for an erect position." The toes are divided into two groups, connected by thin webs; the great toe of one specimen measured six and a half inches in circumference. The fingers are proportionably thick, and are defended with nails which differ from human nails only in their colour. The skin is a dead black, especially in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet; the abdomen is prominent and the breast has nipples.

The head of the gorilla approaches nearer to the spherical than any other shape. It is not attached to the body by a neck, but appears as if it were forcibly crushed down between the shoulders. In the female it is covered with black hair; in the male the hair of the scalp is of a dull red colour, which adds fearfully to his hideous appearance. The forehead—or to speak more properly, the bone above the eyes—projects like a sharp ridge, which reminds one of a hood closely drawn over the animal's head. Underneath this ridge, the eyes, full of an expression which cannot be described otherwise than devilish, are deeply set. The nose is much flatter than one would be led to expect from the animal's general structural approximations to the human skeleton; and it is pierced with broad nostrils, which dilate and contract rapidly when the gorilla is enraged.

As for the mouth, it is broad and sinuous, with thin lips that are perfectly black at the edges, and which, when parted, display rows of grinning teeth of such immense force that they are capable of crunching a musket barrel as easily as a biscuit. The jaws are colossal, and of such density that they can be scarcely broken with a hatchet.

Such are the general physical outlines of this latest addition to the animal kingdom. Of his pluck and bravery we shall now say something. When a family of gorillas is attacked by the hunter, the young grasps the neck of the female, which runs away with loud shrieks, in a half-erect posture. At the sight of the enemy, the male, who is generally found in a sitting posture, rises slowly, and drawing himself up to his full height, goes forth to meet his assailant. His walk is tortuous and apparently painful, as he rolls from side to side and steadies himself like a drunken man. Occasionally he stands; his eyes flash out a diabolical light; the hairs on his temples grow stiff and erect; he beats his huge breast with his hands, until the bones produce a sound like an enormous drum; and at every third or fourth step he emits a half-human yell, to which the roar of the lion is but a feeble utterance. In the mean time the hunter, with all his nerves braced up, waits until the gorilla is within eight yards of him, when he fires, and generally succeeds in laying the monster. Should he miss his aim he is a doomed man; for the gorilla is instantly down on him, and with one blow of his mighty hand leaves his enemy a corpse. He generally contents himself with a single stroke, but he has been known to repeat it, and immediately rush off into the forest. M. Du Chailu says that he never examined a dead gorilla whose life he had taken without a strong feeling approaching to remorse. The savage features, relaxed in the grim repose of death, are horribly half-brute half-human; and the triumph of the hunter is damped by a sensation like that which is said to be experienced after the commission of homicide.

There seems to be but little hope that the gorilla, unlike other members of the ape family, can be tamed, much less domesticated. Whilst travelling through the "Comma Country," a region lying to the south of Cape Lopez, the French naturalist had the good fortune to be presented with a live gorilla between two and three years old, and about two feet six inches in height. The manner in which he was captured is worth relating. The native hunters heard the animal's cry in the forest, and, directed by the sound, came to a tree, at the foot of which the baby was seated eating berries, whilst his mother stood by his side. They fired at the latter, which fell mortally wounded; the baby, on hearing the noise, ran to his mother, and covered her dead body with caresses. The hunters now endeavoured to capture the little fellow, who readily appreciating their intentions, climbed a small tree, from which he roared savage defiance at his pursuers. As their object was to take him alive, the natives cut down the tree, threw a cloth over the animal's head, and secured him, not, however, until he had wounded one man in the hand,

and taken a bite out of the leg of another. His neck was next placed in a sort of stocks, and in this condition he was borne in triumph to the village. He struggled and roared with all his might, but the poor brute had to contend with overpowering odds, and was obliged to succumb. A bamboo cage was provided for his reception. In the corner of his prison, Joe, as he was named, would sit in a half-contemplative posture until some one dared to approach, when he instantly rushed at the intruder, and shook the cage with his efforts to liberate himself. His moroseness, instead of being diminished, was only increased by his captivity; he ate freely of wild berries and drank great supplies of water. One night he contrived to force the bamboo rails apart, and slipped his jailors. A search was instituted, and poor Joe was found hidden beneath a bedstead. For the second time the struggling savage was dragged into day, and again placed in confinement. On this occasion he gave some frightful proofs of the badness of his temper. He flew from side to side of the cage, gnawed the bamboos with his teeth, and yelled aloud for several hours. Left without food for twenty-four hours, he became so far subdued as to eat berries from the hands of a keeper. Again he managed to escape, was once more recaptured, and placed *en domicile*. Ten days afterwards he died without any visible cause. If Joe may be taken as a fair representative of his brethren, we fear the prospect of "improving the breed" are short of encouraging.

It is scarcely to the credit of human speculation that a book should have been published, only a month since, in London, projecting a new theory of the principle of life, and placing Moses amongst the great fabulists of antiquity. The author conceals himself under the veil of a skilful anonymity, but it is well known in literary circles that he is a clergyman of the Established Church. According to this enlightened theorist, human faith has been at fault up to May, 1861. It is wrong, it is opposed to reason, it is contradictory to common sense to believe that God made man as he now is. Man is a progressive animal, developed at first from a simple cell, and subsequently transformed through all the stages of reptile and animal life, until perfection was reached in his present frame and constitution. But where did the primeval egg which it was the cell's office to hatch, come from? Can anything be plainer—why "from the disintegrated granite acted upon by currents of moisture, light and heat." For instance, take a cell and surround it with proper conditions of food and warmth, and by an inevitable process it must blossom into a star-fish, which in course of time becomes a shell-fish, which subsequently crawls, and is transformed into a land animal. There is no mystery in all this; nor is there in the process by which a lion developed from a shell-fish, becomes in its turn a man. Is there traditional authority for this belief? Listen and you shall hear:—"In the days of Ceres and Bacchus, there were semi-men living together with more perfectly developed human beings;" the existence of the centaurs and satyrs is well authenticated; Juno, was ox-eyed, Europa loved a bull. Then the Egyptians worshipped animals as

gods, as they had been the origin of man; and we know that the Hindoo system of universe rests upon the backs of elephants and tortoisea. Therefore it is pretty clear that man had a bestial origin; that he is but an improved type of a degraded animal, and that the story of his creation in the garden is no better than a fiction. Between his originator and man there must always remain some obvious relations—some typical link referring both to a common stock. Thus the Mexicans, because they are descended from birds, build lofty houses and dwell in the top of them; the Englishman loves beef, and is stirred by the scent of spilt blood, because he is descended from the lion. We can't help fighting and tearing each other's hearts out in Ireland, because the Celts are but an improved form of the wolf. Again, the Hindoo is deeply indebted for his existence to the monkey, and for the same reasons, the negro to the gorilla. This is the sum and substance of the positive philosophy propounded by a Church of England minister. Observe how rapidly he has caught at the gorilla, and elects him to the dignity of race-father of the negro. Surely any one possessed of real respect for rational truth could not arrive at so absurd a conclusion on a comparison of the ape and the human being? But men will invent theories, and it is not by ridiculing but by conquering them with their own weapons, that truth and reason will be vindicated.

The bases of our anonymous friend's *novum organon*, as he styles it, is a belief in a never-ending progression of species from its first origin in the cell up to its consummation in man. Life will go forward in spite of all resistance, and its forms will change and aspire, and grow greater. The Mexican bird, we shall say, loses its wings, and descends to the earth; in due time the head enlarges, and the brain becomes human in might and symmetry. Arms, hands, and feet succeed each other rapidly, until the bird is no longer a bird, but a man. Look at the gorilla. The Negro calls him, "his old man"—that is one link in the chain of inductive evidence; comparative anatomy supplies the rest. We deny it; there is a fundamental objection opposed to this theory, which is, that the gorilla is *not* a progressive animal. He does not *advance*; the growth of his brain does not keep pace with the growth of his body. In fact, as the latter increases the former retrogrades, and descends lower and lower in the scale of sensuality. It has been admitted that the skeleton of the gorilla comes nearer to that of man than that of any other animal. The numbers of pairs of ribs, of cervical, dorsal, lumbar, and sacral vertebrae, are nearly equal, but there the resemblance ceases. The greatest ascertained cranial capacity of the animal is 84.5 cubic inches. When young the head of the gorilla is strikingly human in its balance and development; but as the animal grows to maturity this parallelism diminishes day after day. The head increases in size and density, but the difference of amount of brain in a young and old gorilla is so slight as to be almost imperceptible. The cranial bones grow *inward*; the ridges which phrenologists point to as the seat of the

moral and intelligent powers, are not brain coverings, but projections of solid bone, resting on a basis of the same material. But the brutal or beastly capacity increases in the cerebellum, the preponderance of which over the finer parts of the brain is something enormous. From these facts, it is perfectly clear the notion entertained by the enlightened author of the new *Novum organon*, that the gorilla, in course of time, may arrive at human capacity, is sufficiently absurd to raise a smile, were not our mirth embittered by the knowledge that, in these days, speculative falsehood, with nothing besides novelty to recommend it, may count on obtaining numbers of ardent disciples.

Meanwhile we may rest assured that discovery after discovery, however much they may tend at first to disturb the old foundations of faith, and disquiet patient and satisfied believers, must inevitably result in a broader vindication of Christianity, and in the establishment of firmer grounds for our common hopes. Humanly speaking, the spirit of modern discovery has done great things for us. It has peopled the deserts with life and vegetation, and extended our knowledge of that infinite variety which the Divine Master has distributed throughout the creation.

J. F. O'D.

ROPE-WALKERS, ACROBATS, AND JUGGLERS.

How truly has it been said that "there is nothing new under the sun," and how seldom does it occur to us that the spectacles which excite our wonder, creating terror or amusement, according to circumstances, far from being novelties, are duly recorded in the books of the antients, as having formed part of the pastimes which were almost daily witnessed by the thousands who frequented *their* circuses and amphitheatres in Rome and elsewhere. The marvellous feats which Blondin has performed on the rope over the Falls of Niagara, and his no less astonishing performances in the Crystal Palace, have supplied the newspapers with descriptive narratives which lead the general public to suppose that feats like his have been unparalleled, and that exhibitions of the sort, so terrific as to shake even strong nerves, were seldom or never witnessed till our times. Nevertheless there is nothing, strictly speaking, novel in such spectacles; for, as we may suppose that men existed in times far remote from our own with nerve and muscle as strong and pliable as Blondin's, so also may we suppose that their feats have not been excelled by his.

There is no doubt that the art of rope-dancing or rope-walking was well known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and that they held the professors of it in great esteem; for fond as both Greeks and Romans were of manslaying and beast-slaying in their theatres, we may easily imagine that they sought variety, if not relief, in other spectacles; and we have various proofs of this in the pages of their most celebrated writers, who make

special mention of rope-dancers and jugglers that astonished the vulgar as much in their day as Houdin or Blondin have perplexed or astonished the gobbemouches in ours. Very ancient indeed is the rope-walker's profession, for Terence, the comic Latin poet, who flourished 192 years before the birth of Christ, alludes more than once to their perilous performances, and designates them "funambuli." By the Greeks they were called "*schaenobata*" and "*petaurista*," both words having nearly the same meaning; and we find the latter designation given them in an epistle addressed to Cicero, the writer of which, playing on the word, hints that the great orator "was acting the rope-walker"—"*schaenobaticum faciens*." Juvenal, the greatest of all satirists, lashing the money-maker of his time for risking life itself in the pursuit of wealth, likens the latter to the rope-walker, who for a meal perils his very existence. Let Juvenal himself speak—

"Quit then the plays! The farce of life supplies
A scene more comic in the sage's eyes,
For who amuses most? the man who springs,
Light, through the hoop, and on the tight rope swings,
Or he who, to a fragile bark confined,
Dwells on the deep, the sport of wave and wind?
That skips along the rope, with wavering tread,
Dangerous dexterity, that brings him bread;
This ventures life, for wealth too vast to spend,
Farm joined to farm, and villas without end."

Satire xiv., GIFFORD'S Translation.

The poet Martial, alluding to similar performances, makes distinct mention of the tight rope-walkers, when speaking of a certain Ladas, a runner far-famed for his fleetness, who, he tells us, could not be induced to perform on the rope, not indeed from any want of ability, but because he looked on such feats as too common, and, so to say, *infra dignitatem*—

"What hire would make
Ladas, for swiftmess famed, so meanly stoop
To leave the race, and tumble through the hoop?"

Manilius, a celebrated poet and mathematician, who is supposed to have flourished in the Augustan age, must have often witnessed the performances of the "funambulists," for he describes them very minutely, and states that the birth of such celebrities being influenced by the constellation "Pisces," they adopted a profession which required strong nerve and steady heads—

"Or, if to arts he should incline the breed,
Such, where the danger doth the skill exceed,
They chiefly follow; 'tis their only scope
To mount a precipice, or dance a rope,
Tread airy steps, and, whilst thro' crowds they reel,
Draw up the crowd, and hang them at their heel!"

But, of all the writers of the classic ages who have incidentally or otherwise treated of the feats with which the playgoers of Rome were amused, none has given us a more graphic account of the "funambulist" than that which we meet among the epigrams of Petronius. We have not been able to find a metrical version of the epigram which this poet addresses to some Blondin of his day, but our prose, though far short of the vivacity and

conciseness of the original, will prove that the celebrity of our times had his prototype many centuries ago. "The hempen rope," says Petronius, "is extended over wooden supports, and on it the aerial voyager strides, balancing himself with outstretched arms over the abyss, lest his foot might slip from the taut cable. Thus doth man's life depend on a rope and a breath of air!"

The passages we have quoted clearly show that the rope-walker's profession is not one of yesterday, but as old as any of the sports witnessed by applauding crowds in the Greek and Roman theatres. We do not presume to state, however, for we have no authority for it, that any of the "funambulists" of the classic ages ever surpassed the feats of Blondin; but, at the same time, it is not at all improbable that he may have been equalled by some one who, daring as himself, may have walked on a tight rope across the vast area of the Coliseum, hundreds of feet above the heads of the spectators. Certain it is that in the days of St. John Chrysostom* the theatre-going folk of Constantinople were treated to performances such as Mr. Blondin has not yet essayed, and perhaps may never attempt, unless, indeed, he possesses the secret of that wonderful power which enabled those "funambulists" to use their arms and legs *like wings*. That they did so is indubitable, for Chrysostom, in one of his Homilies, alludes to the fact thus: "Who is there that can behold without amazement those performers ("funambuli") making their limbs do the office of *wings* in our theatres? Who is there that is not astonished at seeing them running rapidly on the tight rope, over the bodies of a number of boys stretched supine upon it?" Strangest of all strange things is the fact that Mr. Blondin has, so to say, eclipsed all modern rivals by the performance of a feat which was frequently witnessed in Constantinople in the days of Chrysostom—we mean that of dressing and undressing himself on the rope; for the inhabitants of Byzantium were so familiar with this feat that Chrysostom, in his sixteenth Homily on the Epistle to the Hebrews, alludes to it as an example that should stimulate his people to the practice of virtue. Constant practice enabled the rope-walker to astound the spectators by this greatest of all feats, and nothing but constant practice could enable the Christian to accustom himself to the arduous requirements of virtue. Let us hear the Saint—"If," says he, "we so easily learn those arts which surpass the comprehension of the vulgar and illiterate, surely it is our duty to learn those which do not demand so much labour or exertion. Now tell me, I pray you, what is more difficult or dangerous than to walk on a tight rope as though it were solid earth, and, whilst climbing to its highest point, *to dress and undress oneself, just as if seated on a couch*? The feat appears so terrific that, far from wishing to behold it, we rather turn away our eyes, trembling all over from head to foot!" From the same authority we learn that the feats of our mo-

* He died in A.D. 407.

dern acrobats,* have nothing of originality in them, since it appears that similar ones were constantly witnessed in the theatres of Constantinople, in the times of which we have already spoken. St. Chrysostom, in fact, looked on them as being so well known to his people, that he over and over again alludes to them in his sermons. "What," asks he, "is more difficult than to balance a heavy beam of wood on one's forehead and to move about under such a weight, supporting a child on top of it, without the appliance of one's hands?" Nay, he further tells us, that it was no uncommon thing to see two of those acrobats balancing beams on their foreheads, with two children on top of them, and brought so close together that they were able to go through a mimic battle to the great amusement of the spectators. Bellonio the Jesuit, describing the Turkish acrobats and rope-walkers, tells us that he often saw some of the former balancing a heavy beam upright on one shoulder, and shifting it without the aid of his hands to the shoulder of another, who shifted it in the same manner to the shoulder of his neighbour, thus keeping up the sport till it rested on the last of the performers. Wonderful, indeed, as the sights were which afforded such gratification to the frequenters of the Roman theatres, none perhaps were more remarkable than those which the elephant was taught to perform on the tight-rope. Suetonius tells us that the emperor Galba was the first to introduce this spectacle for the amusement of the people; and indeed if we had it not on such a veracious authority, it would be hard to believe that so unwieldy a brute as the elephant could be trained to go through such feats. Nevertheless Pliny, who doubtless witnessed the performance, asserts "that the elephants were taught not only to walk on a rope, but also to ascend it *on the incline*, though the beasts evinced greater agility in descending backwards." Seneca corroborates this statement when he informs us, in one of his Epistles, that "a mere stripling Ethiop can make an elephant go down on its knees, and in this posture walk on the rope." Dion Cassius, who flourished about the 230th year of our era, records a still more singular feat performed by this enormous beast, for he assures us that in the time of the emperor Nero, "a distinguished Roman knight descended on the stage by a rope, mounted on an elephant." We need hardly remind our readers that in the same reign, a man (by some thought to have been Simon the Magician) undertook to fly through the air, and came down with a crash, bespattering the emperor's pavilion with blood, as we are informed by the historian Suetonius. As for the elephant, Pliny and Plutarch relate stories of its teachableness and agility in rope-walking which are truly astounding; and we have no reason to question the assertions of either of those celebrated writers, when they tell us that "these animals were so constantly exercised at rope-walking, that they have been often known to go of their own accord to rehearse, by moonlight, the lessons which they had received from their trainers in the day-time."

* A word of Greek etymology, signifying to walk on the toes

Before we dismiss this part of our subject, the aim of which is to show that M. Blondin has as yet done nothing that has not been performed by others in times far removed from ours, we take occasion to state that the ancients—we mean the Greeks and Romans—performed certain feats which, far from being equalled by modern "funambulists" and acrobats, have not been even imitated. Who, for example, in our days has ever seen in theatre or circus a performer, projected by centrifugal force from a machine called the *petaurum*, which, as we learn from indubitable authority, by some arrangement of its mechanism, sent the actor to a prodigious height, just as an arrow is sped from the bow? Nor was this the only marvellous thing connected with this particular achievement, for the performer was not deemed worthy of his salary, or what he valued just as much, the plaudits of the people, unless he landed on his feet without fracture of limb! Manilius, to whom we have already referred, is our authority for this feat, for he speaks of the performers of it as a distinguished class among the "funambulists"—

"To these join those, who from an engine tost,
Pierce through the air, and in the clouds are lost;
Or poise on timber, where by turns they rise
And sink, and mount each other to the skies."

Another spectacle, mentioned by the same author, consisted in rushing through the flames of a strong fire and coming out unscorched: and, what may surprise us more is, that some of those performers, by what contrivance we know not, were enabled to ascend into mid air, where they imitated the motion of a dolphin—

"Or leap through fire, and fall on hardest ground
As on soft seas, unhurt and safe from wound:
Tho' void of wings, their bodies boldly rear,
And imitate the dolphin in the air."

To these we might add other feats, such as playing ball (a game of which the Romans were very fond) *with the feet*,* as expertly as any of our modern players do with their hands; but as we are anxious to show that the performances which excite the wonder of the masses in our modern circuses, theatres, and fairs, are *no novelties*, we must be content with a passing allusion to them.

Let us now turn to the achievements of ordinary jugglers (a designation which is evidently derived from the Italian *giuocolari*), and see how respectable is the antiquity of their craft. This class of practitioners on the credulity of the vulgar is made special mention of by Athenæus, who flourished towards the close of the second century, and left us, among others, a celebrated work called "Deipnosophistæ, or the Banquet of the Learned," which abounds in anecdotes of famous conjurers and jugglers. Little did we think, in the days of our simplicity, when standing in front of an improvised theatre in a country town, that the sleight-of-hand which caused rustics to look on the performer as being leagued with the prince of darkness, was prac-

* "Ille pilam celeri fugientem reddere planta."
MANILIUS.

tised centuries ago, in Italy and Greece, precisely for the same ends, namely, to bewilder the vulgar, and earn a precarious living. The march of science and the aid of electricity have enabled Houdin, the greatest wizard of our times, to perform feats which helped, even more than swords and muskets, to bring the Arabs of Algeria under French rule; but if we view his feats unaided by the wonderful agencies to which we have alluded, we may reasonably assert that even he has done nothing in the marvellous line that was not performed by men of his profession in the days of Mithridates and Jugurtha. Nay, we might assert that, in many instances, he has fallen far short of their achievements. We never, for example, have heard of him performing the feat called the "*mortal jump*," that is, leaping, with naked feet, on the points of swords, without sustaining as much as a simple abrasion, though Athenæus tells us that it was very common in his time. This feat was performed by women as well as by men, and the authority we have quoted makes special mention of the former as wonderful proficient in such a hazardous sleight of foot. Doubtless we have seen some very clever acrobats clearing, at a bound from a spring-board, some half dozen bayonets held at the present, but though somewhat familiar with many of most daring feats performed in our stationary and itinerant circuses, we have never witnessed anything like that which Athenæus describes when speaking of "*mulieres in enses desilientes*." Who is there that can behold, without astonishment, some clever mountebank evolving whole yards of ribbon from his mouth, nay, and vivid flames from the same organ? But to how very few has it occurred, whilst witnessing such tricks, that they were identically the same as those by which the wise and unwise were duped centuries ago! And yet such has been the case, for Athenæus and many other writers of the early periods have recorded them in their works, but none more gravely than the former, while treating of "*mulieres ignem ex ore emittentes*." Quintilian, the great rhetorician, who flourished in the first century, has thought it worth while to celebrate the jugglers of his period, and with all his learning he was unable to detect the secret of the wonderful manipulation by which they deluded the senses of the astonished spectators. "*Quo constant*," asks he, "*miracula illa in scenis pilariorum, et ventilatorum, ut ea quæ emiscrint, ultro in manus venire credas, et quæ jubentur decurrere?*" But, centuries before Quintilian's age, we find Xenophon,* in his "*Symposium*," describing a feat still more marvellous, such a one, in fact, as has not been attempted in our times—we mean that of a man getting into a box made fast to a wheel, and reading and writing while it was revolving. "*Scribere et legere*," says he, "*in rota, quæ simul versatur monstri loco est*." As for the feat of tossing a number of brazen balls into the air, and keeping them in motion till the spectators were tired out, it was quite common in the third century, as we learn from one of St. Cyp-

rian's epistles. *Swallowing a sword* is mentioned by Plutarch, and more circumstantially by Apuleius, who treats us to the following account of that feat in his "*Golden Ass*:" "One day lately at Athens, in front of the variegated portico, I beheld with those two eyes a juggler swallow a horseman's two-edged sword, sharp in the extreme, blade foremost; and afterwards, for a trifling inducement, bury deep in his entrails a huntsman's spear, with that part of it downwards." A trick similar to this has been performed in our times, but, doubtless, with an instrument not so broad or ponderous as the two-edged sword mentioned by Apuleius. Another phase of jugglery which prevailed in the days of Plato, as he himself tells us, was performed by quack doctors, who, standing in the centre of a circle formed by their servants and accomplices, gave a cup of pretended poison to a boy or girl, having previously so bandaged their fore-arms that no pulsation could be felt in the wrists. When the potion was swallowed the party (always in collusion with the principal) retained his breath, feigned violent convulsions, and all the symptoms of approaching death. At this crisis the doctor invited the bystanders to enter the circle and feel the pulseless wrists of the patient, at the same time proclaiming aloud that he had an *infallible* antidote to counteract the effects of the poison. As soon as the people were satisfied that the patient was dying, the quack, affecting to manipulate the arms of the moribund, dexterously slipped off the bandages, and administered his antidote, which instantly removed all fatal symptoms. The populace, as a matter of course, applauded, the fame of the doctor was noised abroad, he got rapid sale for his nostrum, and within a brief period was rich enough to ride in a chariot.† That jugglery of this sort has not wholly died out is quite apparent, for we have only to look to the advertisements in newspapers, and the puffs of "*biologists*," and such like, for proofs that it still exists to a considerable extent, doing many a poor dupe to death. But to return to the jugglers or mountebanks, strictly so called. We learn from Claudian the poet, who flourished in the fifth century, that a feat which had "*a great run of success*" in the Roman theatres, was performed by acrobats who, mustering in great numbers, and mounting on each other's heads, formed themselves into a sort of edifice, on the top of which a boy went through a variety of dances and tricks, hanging occasionally from the legs and arms of the living mass, and cutting other capers, which were duly applauded by the spectators. Not having a metrical version of Claudian's graceful lines, we give the original:—

"Vel qui more avium sese ejaculantur in auras,
Corporaque ædificant celeri crescentia nexu.
Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in artem
Emicet, et vinctus plantæ, vel cruribus hærens
Pendula librato figat vestigia saltu."

Justin, the martyr, who flourished in the second century, gives us an account of another means to which

† This jugglery is described by Aristides, the Greek Christian philosopher.

* Died 359 years B. C.

the mountebanks resorted in order to earn a living, for he informs us that they were in the habit of personating Orestes pursued by the Furies, thus striking such terror into those whose houses they visited, that they were paid to take themselves off, lest children and weak-minded persons might be frightened out of their wits. This mock Orestes was mounted on high stilts, wore a hideous mask, an outlandish garb, and an abdomen exceeding the dimensions of that which has helped to immortalise Falstaff. St. Justin's description is very graphic:—"Qui clamore ingentis Orestis personam agens, terribilis et maximus, ab insipientibus esse putatur, ob pedes ligneos, et ventrem factitium, et vestem peregrinam, et faciem monstruosam."

Now let us pass from the great to the small, nor forget to convince our readers that, humble as the professors of the science are in our days, the thimble-riggers are of most respectable antiquity. Who ever thinks that Seneca would have condescended to notice them? And yet such is the fact, for that great philosopher not only describes the dexterity of manipulation by which they deluded clowns as well as clever people, but he also likens the fallacious arguments of the sophists to the thimble-rigger's game: "Sic ista," quoth he, "sine noxia decipiunt, quomodo præstigiatorum acetabula, et calculi, in quibus fallacia ipsa delectat." It would appear, however, that instead of a pea, the thimble-riggers of the classic ages used a pebble. Sextus Empiricus removes all doubt on this head, for, alluding to the same class of jugglers, he draws the following parallel:—"As the thimble-riggers, by the adroitness of their manipulation, deceive the eyes of the spectators, so do the rhetoricians by their sophistries, blind the judgment of the magistrates, and deprive the law of its *pebbles*." By the latter word we are to understand the rebutting evidence which, if the dexterous advocate had not succeeded in bewildering the judge, would have been sufficient to floor him.

Along with the jugglers of whom we have just been speaking, may be classed the mechanists mentioned by Aulus Gellius, "who made wooden birds that were able to fly, but which could not rise from the ground after they had fallen." This class of practitioners were called by the Greeks *neurospastas* or "*cord-pullers*," and they are mentioned in Xenophon's "*Banquet*," where he tells us that one of them being asked how he made out a living, replied "by foolish men, who feed me after witnessing the performance of my automations." Horace mentions them in the same satirical vein:—

"So art thou, insolent, by me obey'd;
Thou thing of wood and wires, by others play'd."

If we had not exceeded the limits which we prescribed to ourselves when projecting this paper, we might perhaps heighten its interest with a description of those wonderful self-acting machines several storeys high, representing cities, towns and fortresses, which Seneca tells us were exhibited to the people of Rome when some triumphant general, followed by his victorious

legions, swept in proud array along the Via Sacra to the Capitol. Suffice it to say, that they are mentioned by Martial * as a necessary constituent of the pageant, and that Seneca regarded them in the same light. "Wonderful," says the latter, "are the contrivances which have been invented to delight our eyes and ears; but none more so than those scaffoldings, rising and falling as it were by their own action, and towering to the skies." Most assuredly the ancients excelled us in all things connected with such pageants. As for the modern circus we need hardly say that it has been eclipsed by those of the Greeks and Romans, whose feats of horsemanship have been barely imitated by our modern equestrians. Many and many a one who for the first time sees an expert rider in our hippodromes, (if we may dignify them with such an appellation) managing four or more horses, thinks that such a feat was never performed till our times, wholly ignorant, no doubt, that it was a very common achievement in the days of Homer, as he himself tells us:—

"So when a horseman from the wat'ry mead,
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed,)
Drives four fair coursers practis'd to obey,
To some great city thro' the public way;
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one,
And now to this and now to that he flies,
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes."

Iliad, xv. (POPE'S Translation.)

Enough has been said to show the truth of the aphorism with which we set out; and we trust this essay will prove that Mr. Blondin, and all performers of his class, be they acrobats, jugglers, conjurors, or thimble-riggers, have had their prototypes, and let us add, that do what they will, they are not likely to excel those who have preceded them in the same line, centuries and centuries ago. How true the saw that there is nothing new under the sun!

THE TUILERIES: AN ADVENTURE.

To make up one's mind to run over to Paris; to secure one's traps cosily, with some careful and zealous assistance from wife, mother, daughter, or sister, in a tidy portmanteau; to start by the quarter to seven P.M. express from Westland Row; to step on board the Munster; to reach Holyhead and Euston Square; to suffer for a few days the exactions of a London hotel, the torturing noises of London thoroughfares, and the sickening nuisance of the Thames, in consideration of the very few objects of interest to be seen in and around that filthiest of capitals; to start from Waterloo Road Station with commendable impatience for Folkestone or Dover; to reach Boulogne or Calais, and arrive in Paris with some anxiety and a large stock of curiosity; are nothing very extraordinary in the career of young attorneys; but for one of them, or even of a class somewhat above them in the social scale, to

* "Et crescunt media pegmata celsa via."

find himself, in the course of running the regular round of a fortnight's tour, in the Tuileries, the most highly-honoured, if not the most distinguished, guest of the Emperor, and standing before all others in the esteem and regard of the Empress; besides being the first foreign favourite of the Prince Imperial, and, as a regular consequence of all this, the envy of a vast number of courtiers, not to say how high his position in the estimation of that most charming bevy of beauties that, even in Winterhalter's picture, have made many sober hearts palpitate audibly—for one of them to enjoy, or endure, all this, is, I should say, a novelty in a holiday continental trip, of which I alone of the entire fraternity can boast—and I do boast of it, my acquaintance with the interior of palaces having been made, not after the boy Jones fashion, by a descent through a chimney, and a peep from under a sofa; but by a simple train of circumstances of which princes would give half a year's revenue to be the hero; and with many German ones I would not exchange that distinction for a whole year's of theirs.

How it all happened was in this way:—

I had been so sickened by the din, dust, and smoke of London that I resolved to shake off the impression which they had made upon me, and the feeling of sickness or loathing that lingered after having endured them, not with the best patience, for a week; and thinking a stroll in the green avenues and clear air that surround the glorious capital, to see which was the principal object of my trip, would best restore good spirits, and with them good humour, I wandered one morning—inquiring the way as I went, which in Paris (how unlike London!) is easily found, and not easily lost—towards the Bois de Boulogne. Here I strolled about for some time contrasing, with what result it is needless to say, the Park in which I promenaded with that in which I hoped to promenade a week hence—our own fair Phoenix; admiring almost everything and everybody, and being myself, I hoped, the object of some not unpleasing attention with some brother, if not sister, Celts; when, on turning one of the few sharp angles in the avenues of that well-arranged garden, my attention was arrested by a very pretty, but by no means very pretentious, pony-phæton and pair, driven by a lady, beside whom sat a little boy, some five years old, or so. At the distance at which I first saw this modest little equipage and its engaging occupants, there was nothing peculiar or striking about them; and if I had not been in the vein to observe everything, and that there had been nothing else to observe at the time, I might, and in all probability would, have taken no notice of the phæton or its freight, before the occurrence of the incident that made me acquainted—I may say intimately acquainted—with the latter. On the vehicle rolled, the fair charioteer gracefully wielding, without using, her tiny whip, the child laying the foundation of future knowledge by plying his companion with questions, the subject of which changed with rapidity proportioned to the progress of the carriage; and said companion replying with evident attention, and desire

to instruct and amuse her interesting little charge. The group had approached to within the distance of a few yards of where I stood, when a small paper kite, which a boy had been trying to fly, was blown by a sudden whiff of the light breeze that was insufficient to support it in the air, body, wings, tail and all, into the eyes of the ponies; upon which, gentle, docile, and well trained though they were, they sprang obliquely forward, dragging the right-hand wheels of the phæton upon the slope of the avenue, and causing the vehicle to incline to an angle that would have thrown the lady and child into the middle of the road, which would inevitably have happened if I had not interposed with sufficient celerity and address to prevent that catastrophe. Having sprung to the side of the phæton I contrived, with some difficulty, to prevent its overturning, and to arrest the speed of the animals, till the lady and her charge had descended in safety, when I turned the carriage into the avenue uninjured; and by the time that all this had been effected, three or four persons on horseback had come up, and appeared specially concerned in the safety of those whom I had just rescued from some peril; upon observing which I resumed my saunter through the park, having first received the thanks of the lady, quietly but gracefully, and even warmly tendered—the more vehement acknowledgment—not without the hint from his companion—of the boy, and the confused congratulations of the others, who I thought were rather more nervous, and much less at ease than those who had just had a narrow escape of some, perhaps serious, injury.

Here was an adventure, but after all, how exceedingly matter-of-fact! How devoid of romance! how characteristic of a practical, unromantic age! The lady to whom I had rendered a service that would figure respectably in even a modern novel, was youthful, if not young, and faultlessly beautiful. She might be the mother, though I hoped not; or the sister, which would not be amiss; or the governess—I felt satisfied of her qualifications for an accomplished governess—of her fine, cheerful, happy-looking little charge. Her emotions at his danger would have suited any of those relations, but I could not bring myself to believe that she had demeaned herself exactly as a mother would have done under the circumstances, simply because I wished her a sister or governess, or favourite maiden aunt, or some other unmarried and unengaged relative. But what, after all, could her condition be to me? Whatever her relation to the boy, she was probably removed some degrees aloft from me in the social scale, which she evidently felt, and intended to show, by confining her interest in me to the mere polite acknowledgment of a service which any active clown who had happened to be in my place might have rendered with equal effect. And here it occurred to me that I had seen a crest upon the harness of the ponies, and arms on the panel of the phæton, the neglect of having noticed which added to my chagrin at the prosaic conclusion of my adventure. Had I taken proper notice of these I might possess a clue to the inte-

resting governess—for I could hardly think of her in any other character—and in the indulgence of these selfish reflections I lost all sense of satisfaction in the rescue from danger of a very beautiful woman and a very fine little boy.

Returning from my stroll to my lodgings, not in the happiest of moods, I turned into the Boulevard Madeleine to drop a card, with my address in Rue Richelieu, close to Robespierre's old quarters; but on reaching my friend's rooms, I found that the card which I had prepared and placed carefully in my waistcoat pocket, was lost. This, however, was of little consequence; I had but to go a short distance to procure another, and I proceeded to Rue Richelieu for that purpose. I was seated at my travelling-desk, and tracing the name of the historical thoroughfare, with the number of the house in it honoured by my sojourn, under my own upon a card, when I was somewhat startled by the announcement of an imperial messenger desiring to see me! An imperial message for me before I had been twenty hours in Paris! I looked at my landlady, who came to announce the visitor, to read in her countenance whether she did not mean "police" when she spoke "imperial." The French police are polite, and my description in my passport might have entitled me, on some account or other, to a civil visit from some functionary of the force. But my landlady's smiling countenance reflected the courtier, not the constable; she looked, I thought, much more gracious than she had at any of our previous interviews, which of course were few. So I felt at ease, and did receive the messenger from court; but I must confess to some misgivings of a practical joke, if of nothing worse, when that functionary conveyed the imperial regards, in very fair English—he was so very considerate as not to tax my knowledge of the spoken language of civilization—and the wish of his Majesty that I would repair to court at four o'clock that afternoon, if that hour suited my convenience—(my convenience to wait upon the Emperor of the French!)—in order that his Majesty might have the pleasure of personally thanking me for the risk I had voluntarily incurred, wholly regardless of personal danger, in preserving her Majesty and the Prince Imperial from injury in the accident at the Bois de Boulogne! Before I had time to do more than look a world of amazement, the imperial messenger had bowed himself from my important presence.

Invited to the Tuileries, to receive from the lips of the sovereign-elect of eight millions, and the hero of Solferino, his grateful thanks, from his own lips, for saving his Empress and his heir! Surely it could not be real, and yet second thoughts reasoned that it was all right—actual reality—"a fact, and no poetic fable." The governess, to discover whom I was to encounter all sorts of adventures, turned into a princess, might have gratified the most craving appetite for the romantic; but I confess that for the moment my feeling was one of disappointment. It was, to be sure, something to have risked a broken limb in the service of an empress and her only son, without being influenced by a knowledge

of their rank. Raleigh's cloak in the mire was a piece of affected devotion of doubtful sincerity, and of little merit of any sort; but to bear the weight of an upsetting phaeton, and restrain the impulse for flight of a pair of startled horses, whilst handing a lady and child in safety from the vehicle, is what is not done every day, and perhaps what every man—Irishmen excepted—would not do; and it would be something for one's posterity to boast of, that an ancestor had done all this for an empress and an embryo emperor. It would be a glorious family tradition; but I confess that I was sufficiently ungrateful not to think of posterity in connection with the affair. But the time was drawing near for receiving the reward of my gallantry, and I did not feel at all quite at ease at the approach of four o'clock, P.M., which did approach, I felt, much more rapidly than usual. Having satisfied myself, after weighing all the *pros* and *cons* hundreds of times, of the genuine character of the invitation, of which the extreme attention of my landlady, who had a marriageable daughter, and a son in the Guides, left no sort of doubt; I next decided with myself that I should accept the invitation—that to decline was out of the question—and then came the next point in the dilemma, how should I go? whether a court suit was not indispensable? This question, however, I readily decided in the negative, mine not being a visit of ceremony, nor a formal, but a friendly call. I endeavoured to form as strong an impression as possible of Louis Napoleon, as the prince of precarious means, in Leicester Square lodgings, cut by the English nobility, proud of their long purses and longer pedigrees; and to forget the Cæsar, who holds in his hands the destinies of Europe; whose nod is sufficient to shake a continent; but in this I failed most signally. The Emperor would come uppermost, do what I would; and I had, accordingly, nothing for it but to rely upon tolerably firm nerves, a slight dash of native self-confidence, and the occasion of the audience, which was not of my seeking, to make me feel at ease upon my first introduction to the presence of royalty.

Having run over all this rapidly and not very coherently in my mind, it occurred to me to ask myself how the Emperor could have learned that he was under obligation to me. The parties of the morning adventure had not asked me any questions, and could have known nothing of a stranger newly arrived in Paris. Had any of them followed me unobserved to my lodgings, and thus discovered my name? I asked at once, and was at once convinced that my name and place of abode were not discovered in this way; and I could not for the life of me guess at any other probable manner in which both had reached the Emperor. This, however, was of no great importance, and I was about to defer speculation upon the subject for the present, when my eye fell upon the card which I had prepared to replace that which I had lost. I remembered then, what I had hitherto overlooked, that I fancied I had seen the little boy in the phaeton hand the lady something that might be a card—that looked more like one than any-

thing else—which she had hastily slipped into her glove. And here was the solution of the mystery, I felt satisfied.

On reaching the Tuileries at four o'clock, I found the bearer of the invitation awaiting my arrival to conduct me to the imperial presence; and from the cordial and friendly manner in which he proffered his services, I began to feel that the ordeal of the interview would prove less severe than I had imagined. And so it did. The Emperor, who was surrounded by two or three of his household, each of whom appeared very much at his ease, received me, I thought, and think still, as any kindhearted gentleman would or should receive the man who had rendered a service held to be of importance. "I thank you, sir, most sincerely," he said, "for having saved my wife and child from the peril in which they were placed this morning. I will present you to them, that they may express to you personally the gratitude with which your gallantry has inspired them," and, leading the way to the apartments of the Empress, he ushered me into the presence of that august lady, saying, "Here, Eugenie, I have brought hither your deliverer, that you may thank him more suitably than you could have done in your confusion this morning!" and the Empress having graciously and warmly made her acknowledgments, held out her hand, which, bending on my knee, I carried to my lips with as much readiness and address—my nervousness had completely vanished—as if I had been all my life a courtier. The Prince Imperial scarcely waited for the conclusion of this formality to fly to my side, and, grasping my hand in both of his, he gave it a hearty shake, prattled something about a boy, a kite, frightened ponies, and my part in the morning's adventure; then flying back as rapidly to adjust the machinery of a kite of his own, upon which he had been industriously employed when my entrance interrupted him, he looked as if frightening a pair of ponies, and upsetting a phaeton, by means of a kite, would not, after all, be a very contemptible achievement. These ceremonies ended, we—the Emperor and myself—retired to the first reception room, where his Majesty deigned to put a few commonplace questions to me; and, saying that I should on the day following but one take a quiet, friendly dinner with him at six o'clock, suffered me to withdraw, accompanied by the gentlemanly usher, who seemed disposed to court my acquaintance and confidence, as he walked with me through the gardens of the Tuileries to the Place de la Concorde; and, having adroitly led me to talk of the invitation to dinner at court, put me completely at my ease before parting with me as to the provision to be made for, and the etiquette to be observed at, that important episode in my not very eventful career; and all this in the easiest and most natural manner that could be possibly imagined.

The day but one after next was Sunday, and on the evening of that day I found myself not the least honoured of a small and select group of guests at the table of the Emperor Napoleon. The host was in good humour, and played his part on the occasion to the

satisfaction of us all. He deigned to afford me more than a fair proportion of his attention; and before the cloth had been removed, I found myself very freely discussing many political questions with the so-deemed inscrutable ruler of the French empire. He seemed disposed to draw me out, or in other words, to elicit my opinion upon many points of his own policy, which I gave without much reserve; and, finding him inclined to be, as I thought, very communicative, I sought to sound him as to the probability of an attempt at avenging Waterloo in some more appropriate way than by the advantages France derived from the commercial treaty, at the expense of her neighbour. No, there was none. He admired the fine character and great qualities of the English people. The empire is peace, and peace with England above all. It would be bad policy and worse morality to attack a great, just, and generous nation—and so on. He did not say all this at once, but by degrees, and at intervals, as fitting occasion offered in the course of the conversation; but, deep and impenetrable though he may be, I thought I could detect occasionally in his tone and manner a spice of satire, and a passive hint that we might take his laudations of England and the English for what they were worth, which was not much; but it was evident that two English noblemen of the party swallowed all the blarney with great zest, and in good faith; and they looked as if they had not had half enough of it. They relished less some warm and evidently sincere eulogies which the Emperor passed upon the Irish people, whose many good qualities he knew thoroughly, and fully appreciated. He deplored the prospect of civil war in America; commended the reforms of the Emperor of Austria; the amelioration of the Russian serfs by the Emperor Alexander, and hinted at a further relaxation of the shackles upon the French press; but he said not a word about Italy, at which the Englishmen were evidently disappointed and chagrined. It would be so delightful to hear our august ally decry the effete absolutism of Lower and Central Italy, but in this they were not gratified.

Nothing had been said during all this time of the cause of my presence on the occasion; but when the decanter had ceased to circulate, and coffee was being served round, it was intimated to me that I was to approach the Emperor, upon doing which his Majesty took from about his neck a massive gold chain, at the end of which depended a valuable watch, the case of which contained a medallion with portraits of the Imperial family, and, having formally presented me to the company as the preserver of his wife and son, hung upon my neck the chain, as an inadequate token of his regard, and a slight evidence of his sense of the service I had rendered! All present appeared pleased at this proceeding, with the exception of the Englishmen, who looked rather glum on hearing the name of an O'Finerty connected with such deeds, and such substantial and flattering rewards. The Emperor appeared to notice and not to dislike the ill-concealed chagrin of his Saxon guests; but the more they sought to divert atten-

tion from me, and the honour which the Emperor conferred upon me, the more did his Majesty enlarge upon the merits of the part I had played on the occasion of the accident; and I left the court that night, at a seasonable hour, perhaps the happiest man within the wide circuit of the fortifications of Paris.

Arrived at my lodgings my first care was to secure my splendid prize, the Imperial gift, which was no sooner stowed safely away, than I found further imperial presents claiming my solicitude. One from the Empress was a magnificent dressing-case, furnished with the most costly articles; and the Prince Imperial contributed a beautiful opera-glass of great worth. The money value of the combined gifts was very considerable; and I, who had risen from my humble couch that morning well nigh penniless, hastened now to press it an opulent man, the honoured protégé of crowned heads!

I had not been long in bed, and had scarcely dozed into slumber, when I fancied that I heard a footfall on the floor of my room; and the thought of robbers at once flashed through my mind. I had now something of which to be robbed, and I got seriously alarmed; but, strange enough, and to my harassing annoyance, though scarcely asleep, I could not arouse myself. Could I be suffering from nightmare? I did not believe it, but there I lay, unable to move or open my eyes; though I was painfully conscious of the presence in my room of a stranger, with no legitimate object. I endured an age of torture in a few seconds of this terrible inertness; but, making a desperate effort at starting from bed, I did start—not from bed, but from the arm-chair in which I had fallen, after dining, into an uneasy slumber; and where I had dreamed in an hour the travels and romantic adventures of ten days! I have made a resolution against XX, even with a corn-beef dinner; and one, less rational, to run over to Paris soon, in the hope that my dream would come true. My mother's footstep, moving about the room, was that which fell upon my ear as the footfall of a thief, come to rob me of the imperial gift. She had been too much amused at the manner in which I discoursed with "majesty" in my sleep, to think of disturbing me, especially as my monologue was of a pleasing character; and I left her in the dark regarding the cause of my raving, which she will learn, for the first time, in the pages of the *HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE*.

ODD PHASES IN SOME POPULAR PHRASES.

BY EDWARD M'MAHON.

[SECOND PAPER.]

IN extending our researches into the archæology and explication of our popular sayings, it is primarily noteworthy how many of them are verbatim copies or paraphrases of Scripture texts. *Par exemples*: "A little bird told me." This is undoubtedly derived from the

saying of King Solomon in the tenth chapter of Ecclesiastes, "Curse not the king, no not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." In the first chapter of the same book we find the origin of "Nothing new under the sun;" "There is no new thing under the sun." The source of "Riches certainly take to themselves wings" may be found in the Proverbs: "Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle towards heaven." The phrase to be "at sixes and sevens" may have arisen from the passage in Eliphaz's discourse to Job: "He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee;" six and seven besides make the proverbially unlucky number thirteen. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" is not improbably an abbreviation of a passage in St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews: "Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." "Charity begins at home" is perhaps a perversion of "Let them learn first to show piety at home," etc., in Timothy. To "kick against the pricks" is from the Acts, and "A still small voice" from the Book of Kings. These illustrations of the Biblical source of popular phrases might be multiplied.

The proverb that "Good wine needs no bush" is of great antiquity, and originated in the custom of hanging out a bush as a sign for a tavern,

"Outward folkys ffor to telle
That within was wyne to selle."

Roadside ale-houses were likewise indicated in the middle ages by a stake projecting from the front of the house, from which some object was suspended, a besom frequently typifying the stake. Thus in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," when the "Pardoner" is called upon to divert the pilgrims with his story—

"'It schal be doon,' quod he, 'and that anon;
But first,' quod he, 'here at this ale-stake
I will both drynke and byten on a cake.'"

A garland was sometimes hung upon the stake: illustrating this the same writer, describing his "Sompnour," or collector of abbey dues, says:—

"A garland had he set upon his heed,
As great as it were for an ale-stake."

The ale-bush was, however, much more common than the stake, and was often composed of ivy, in which there appears a trace of classical allusion, that plant being always regarded as sacred to Bacchus. The custom of fastening a broom to the mast-head of vessels for sale, originated from the old device of placing a bough or dried bush upon anything that was intended for mercantile purposes. Few, we opine, would object to "go snacks" with the possessor of 'a brimming beaker of good wine. For this phrase, implying an agreement to share in any venture, we are indebted to Alexander Pope; it occurs in the following distich from the prologue to his "Satires":

"All my demurs but double his attacks :
At last he whispers, 'Do, and we go *maeka* !'"

And we venture to think, further, that ultimately there would be but "a Flemish account" of the beverage. This idiom is due to the circumstance that in Antwerp accounts were formerly kept in *livres, sols, and deniers*. The livre, although nominally representing a pound, was in reality only equivalent to twelve shillings sterling, so that while the Antwerp currency was £1 13s. 4d., that of London was but £1. In the settlement with the English mercenaries who served during the campaigns in the Low Countries, moreover, eight days were regarded as a week, a fact thus noted in "Hudibras :—"

"The soldier does it every day,
Eight to the week, for sixpence pay."

So frequent and sanguinary were the quarrels of the Saxons over their festive cups, that Dunstan, Abbot of Canterbury, towards the latter part of the tenth century, suggested the introduction of wassail bowls "pegged" at regular intervals in the interior, from peg to peg to be considered a legal bumper, and Tom Nash (1595) informs us, that "King Edgar, because his subjects should not offend in swilling and bibbing as they did, caused certain iron cups to be chained to every fountain and well side, and at every vintner's door, with iron pins in them, to stint every man how much he should drink, and he who went beyond one of those pins forfeited a penny for every draught;" to this custom we owe the expression of a person being "a peg too low." Some of these tankards may still be seen in the cabinets of antiquaries, and it may be added that in one of Anselm's "Canons" of the beginning of the twelfth century (1102), clerics were expressly directed to abstain from such pegged vessels; the words are, "Ut Presbyteri non erant ad potationes, nec ad pinnas bibant." The convivial phrase, "I pledge you," used when one person solicits another to drink first, is said to have originated from the assassination of Edward II., in the monkish chronicles surnamed the Martyr, at the instigation of his step-mother Elfrida, as he was quaffing a stirrup-cup at the gate of Corfe Castle, in the Isle of Purbeck. The distrust occasioned by the treachery of this crime was so universal, that no one would drink with another without a guarantee of immunity from personal danger while the cup was at his lips. To "hob-nob" with a friend, that is to drink or not drink, is a corruption of the old "hab-nab," from the Saxon *habban*, to have, and *nabbas*, not to have. Shakespeare, in his "Twelfth Night," employs the phrase, however, to mark an alternative of another kind: "And his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: *hob-nob* is his word; giv't or tak't." According to Dr. Johnson the expression "to knock under," originated from the submission expressed among good fellows by knocking under the table. Amongst convivial phrases we must not forget the familiar cry of "Hip! hip! hurrah!" The etymology of this has

never been satisfactorily elucidated, and in the absence of any more credible derivation we are fain to accept that generally received but rather fanciful one which ascribes it to the initial letters of a war-cry said to have been originally adopted by the stormers of a German town, wherein a number of Jews had sought refuge. The place being sacked, no quarter was shown, the victors pursuing their work of slaughter amid shouts of "*Hierosolyma est perdita!*" (repetition of the initial letters giving, *Hep! Hep!*) Hurrah!

The classical allusions conveyed in popular phrases are very frequent. Thus, not to "care a jot," literally means not to care an "iota," that being the most diminutive letter in the Greek alphabet, and hence applied to signify an infinitesimal proportion of anything. To "meander," or wander here and there, comes from the river of that name in Phrygia, which was remarkable for its serpentine course. When anyone declaims with a more powerful voice than ordinary, we say he possesses "stentorian lungs," the expression being derived from Stentor, a Grecian, who, according to Homer, had as loud a voice as fifty men. "Ne sutor ultra crepidam"—"a shoemaker should not go beyond his last"—owes its origin to an anecdote related of Apelles, the painter, *par excellence*, of the time of Alexander the Great. A shoemaker while visiting his studio took exception to some solecism in his delineation of a slipper. The artist perceiving the justice of the criticism at once rectified his error, upon which the shoemaker ventured to cavil at the *pose* of the figure, when he was immediately silenced by the indignant Apelles, who desired him to "stick to his last." So attentive was this great master to his profession that he never spent a day without exercising his pencil, whence the proverb, "Nulla dies sine linea." The epithet "myrmidons," applied to followers or hangers on, may be traced to a people of that name who inhabited the southern portion of Thessaly, and attended Achilles to the siege of Troy, and who were so called from the Greek word signifying ants, *murmekes*, owing to their indefatigable industry in agricultural pursuits. The term "mausoleum," used to distinguish the sepulchres of the great, is derived from Mausolus, King of Caria, whose wife, Artemisia, was so inconsolable at his death, B.C. 353, that she drank up his ashes, and erected such a grand and noble monument to his memory, that it ranked amongst the seven wonders of the world. So enormous was its expense, that when the philosopher Anaxagoras saw it, he exclaimed, "How much money converted into stones!" The epithet "tantalizing" comes from Tantalus I., King of Lydia, who, for some offence against the gods is fabled to have been punished in Hades with an insatiable thirst, which he was unable to quench, although immersed up to his chin in water, which, however, subsided when he attempted to taste it, while clusters of the most delicious grapes suspended above him were wafted away by sudden blasts of wind, whenever he essayed to reach them.

In Pagan times roses were of religious importance, and were used in the service of Venus, and in the pro-

cessions of the Corybantes, but in the transition to Christianity they became consecrated to the Virgin. In the year 1510, Pope Julius II. sent a consecrated golden rose, dipped in chrism and perfumed with musk, to Archbishop Warham, to be presented to Henry VIII. at high mass, with the apostolic benediction. After this roses were generally placed above the entrance to confessionals, as the symbols of secrecy, and this was the origin of the phrase "sub rosa," or under the rose. "When the steed's stolen shut the stable door," is another version of the ancient Cheshire proverb, "when the daughter is stolen shut the pepper-gate." The story is told of a worthy mayor of Chester, whose heiress—"sole daughter of his house and heart,"—levanted one fine morning in May with a spruce cavalier, through a portal of that quaint old city known as the "Pepper Gate," whereupon the bereaved chief magistrate ordered it, when too late, to be closed. "Before you could say Jack Robinson," a phrase employed to express a very brief time, arose, according to Grose, from a volatile gentleman of that appellation, who would call on his friends and be gone before his name could be announced. Eccentric as Mr. Robinson must have been, it will be admitted that he contrasts favourably with the ubiquitous Mr. Paul Pry, who, umbrella in hand, and with his stereotyped hope of non-intrusion, would be in an apartment before his advent could be heralded. The construction of Mr. Poole's well-known comedy of "Paul Pry," is said to have been suggested to the author by the following incident. An elderly lady living in a narrow street, passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbours that she could unerringly distinguish the sound of every knocker within hearing. Upon one occasion, being incapacitated through illness from observing in person what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window for that purpose. "Betty, what are you thinking about? Don't you hear a double knock at No. 9? who is it?" "The first-floor lodger, ma'am." "Betty, Betty! Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?" "Why, Lord, ma'am, it is only the baker with pies!" "Pies, Betty, what can they want with pies at 54? they had pies yesterday!"

In appropriate relation to the idiosyncrasy of Mr. Pry, may be mentioned the phrase, "pumping a person," implying an attempt to extract information, which, inelegant as it unquestionably is, first cropped up in Otway's tragedy of 'Venice Preserved.' The term "John Bull" has not been traced beyond the reign of Queen Anne, when a political satire entitled, "The History of John Bull" was written by Dr. Arbuthnot, in which the Englishman is called "John Bull," and Louis XIV. of France "Louis Baboon." The epithet "bull," applied to a word which expresses something in ludicrous opposition to what is intended or felt, became a proverb from the repeated blunders of one Obadiah Bull, a lawyer of London, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII. The phrase "turn-coat" originated in the conduct of a certain Duke of Savoy, who indifferently tendered military aid to France or Spain,

as he conceived either cause most identified with his own interests, for which purpose he had a *juste au corps*, white on one side and scarlet on the other, the former being worn outside when he adopted the *fleur de lis* as an emblem, and the latter when he declared in favour of the olive. In connection with this phrase may be noted that of "Vicar of Bray," which is derived from Bray in Berkshire, whose vicar changed his religious creed four times, and when taken to task for his conduct, and branded as a turn-coat, replied "Not so neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure to keep true to my principle, which is to live and die Vicar of Bray!"

To "save one's bacon," originated from the ancient custom of Dunmow, in Essex, of presenting a flitch of bacon to any married couple residing in that parish, who lived in harmony for a year and a day. A man and his wife who hesitated when on the verge of any difference, might be said to have just "saved their bacon," and in course of time the phrase acquired a more general acceptance. In Lord Clarendon's "History of the Civil Wars," Birmingham is noted under the name of Bromicham (whence our Brumagem), as a singularly disaffected and puritanical village, the people of which frequently waylaid and reduced small detachments of royalists, whom they forwarded, under the plea of a regard for their safety, to Coventry as prisoners. This was the origin of the phrase, "sending to Coventry." A reference to this locality naturally suggests the ribband manufacture, and hence leads us to a consideration of the phrase "true blue," as applied to the Presbyterians. In the seventeenth century the Scottish Covenanters assumed blue ribbands as their colours, and wore them as scarves, or in bunches fastened to their blue bonnets, forcibly recalling the sumptuary precept given in the law of Moses to the Israelites, that they should "make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue." This colour was, moreover, very anciently associated with truth. Thus Chaucer in the "Canterbury Tales":—

"And by hire beddes hed she made a niew
And covered it with velouettes blew,
In signe of trouthe."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is an adage of the time of Henry VIII. Will Sommers, the celebrated court-jester, happening to visit the aviary of the Earl of Surrey, expressed a fancy for a parrot of rare plumage, which, in memory of many services rendered, was unwittingly presented to him by the Earl, who had previously promised it to Lord Northampton. Being reminded of his error, he offered the jester two birds at some future time if he would restore the parrot; but Will, while expressing his sense of the Earl's liberality, drily remarked that he preferred one bird in the hand to two in the bush. James the First, who to the qualifications of a pedant united those of a *bon vivant*, upon one occasion dining with the Duke of Buckingham, heard his host warmly descanting

upon the merits of a particular *entremet*, as being amongst all the costly and delicious viands upon the table, the most superior. "It may be so, Stenie," interrupted the King, addressing the duke by a familiar name, "but the prufe of a gude thing is in the eating on't, so here's at it!" Hence arose the saying that "the proof of a pudding is in the eating." Not to be "worth a tester" is literally not to be of the value of sixpence. It was not until the latter part of the fifteenth century that any attempt was made at portraiture on money. A duke of Milan, who reigned from 1466 to 1476, made the first successful effort, and the characteristic feature of these coins being the head (*teste* or *tête*) of the ruler from whose mint they were issued, they at once received the generic title of *testone*, and were soon imitated in France and England, the original name being Anglicised into *testoon* or *testern*. Queen Elizabeth, amongst other pieces of silver coinage, issued one of the value of sixpence, "usuallie named the testone," and impressed with "hir owne image and emphaticall superscription." The value of this coin, it may be remarked, was subject to fluctuation, but in Shakspeare's time, and for long afterwards, it was merely the name of the sixpence. The Romans were wont to nullify testaments as being "inofficiosa," that is, deficient in natural duty, if they disinherited, without assigning sufficient reason, any of the children of the testator. On the other hand, however, if a child had any express legacy, be it ever so insignificant, it evidenced that the testator had not lost his memory or his reason, which otherwise the law presumed, and that he had acted thus for some substantial motive. Hence has arisen the phrase to "cut off with a shilling;" but it is a popular error to suppose that this procedure could effectually disinherit a person, for the British law recognises no "querula inofficiosi" as valid to set aside a testament which omits the heir or next of kin. To catch a person "on the hip," that is, at an advantage, is a phrase taken from wrestling, and in its metaphorical sense is common to most of the old dramatists and poets. Thus Shakspeare makes Shylock observe, in the 'Merchant of Venice':—

"If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him."

Sir John Harrington, a writer of the same age, has fully illustrated the phrase in the following excerpt from his translation of "Orlando Furioso":—

"Full oft the valiant knight his hold doth shift,
And with much prettie sleight the same doth slippe;
In fine he doth applie one special drift,
Which was to get the pagan on the hippe;
And having caught him right he doth him lift,
By nimble sleight, and in such wise doth trippe,
That down he threw him, and his fall was such,
His head-piece was the first that ground did touch."

The term "wild-geese chase," employed to denote

any enterprise undertaken with little probability of a successful issue, was originally used to express a species of equestrian exercise, formerly practised, somewhat after the follow-my-leader flight of wild geese. The conditions of a race of this kind were, that the two competing horses, after running a specified number of yards, were permitted, which horse soever could obtain the lead, to take what ground the rider pleased, the second horse being bound to follow him within a certain distance agreed on by the articles. Whichever horse possessed the most endurance won the race, but where both were of tried mettle and equally matched, the result frequently proved fatal to either or both, and the practice was in consequence discontinued.

We do not think that we could better conclude these discursive, but we trust not uninteresting or un instructive papers, than by a random-strung chain of minor yet not less familiar phrases than those we have noticed, since "to be in the daily habit," as Locke observes, "of speaking of matters of which we know not the derivation or origin, is to be in a state of ignorance."

To "make a virtue of necessity" is from Shakspeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" "very like a whale" from his "Hamlet;" to "make assurance doubly sure" from "Macbeth;" and "all is not gold that glitters" from "the Merchant of Venice," the correct reading, however, being—

"All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told."

"It's an ill wind blows nobody good" should be, "It is an ill wind turns none to good," and is from the writings of Thomas Tasser, A.D. 1580. Sam Butler, in "Hudibras," amongst hundreds of other well-known saws, furnishes us with "look before you ere you leap," "all cry and no wool," and "count your chickens before they're hatched," in the original—

"Count their chickens ere they're hatched."

"Of two evils choose the least," is a version of Prior's line, "Of two evils I have chose the least;" "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs," is from Goldsmith; "Not much the worse for wear," from Cowper, and "Through thick and thin," from Dryden. "As good as a play," is a saying of Charles II., Lord Brooke wrote "Out of mind as soon as out of sight," and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, "Hell is paved with good intentions;" "when Greek meets Greek," &c., is from the banquet scene in Nathaniel Lee's play of "The Rival Queens;" or, the death of Alexander the Great," and should read thus:—

"When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war."

To be "in the wrong box," first occurs in Fox's "Book of Martyrs." Lord Byron first introduced the phrase, "as clear as a whistle," and it will, perhaps, be needless to remark that to "pay dear for one's whistle," was a coinage of Benjamin Franklin.

JOHN FITZGERALD AND ROSALEEN WESTON.

BY ROBERT. D. JOYCE.

"A strange case," said the doctor, as he came upon a certain page of his manuscript.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Captain John Fitzgerald and Rosaleen his wife, aged eighty-four and eighty-two respectively," pursued the doctor, heedless of my question, and reading from the closely-written page—"June 30, 1858," continued he aloud once more, after a few moments' silent perusal—"10 o'clock, P. M.; respiration weak, pulse forty-five and forty respectively," and then followed a long and minute catalogue of appearances and symptoms, on coming to the end of which, the doctor, who was in one of his fits of abstraction, sat up straight before his desk, and gazed vacantly into my face as I sat opposite. "11 o'clock, P. M.," he resumed at length, half remembering my question, "cheerfully and without pain they both died—died on the same instant!"

"Who were they, Doctor James?" inquired I again. "They must have been a strange pair when they fasten on your memory so firmly."

"They were my best friends," answered the doctor, now fully awake, "and had their troubles like other mortals—or rather I should say unlike other people, as you will see by reading that," and he handed me over his manuscript, in the perusal of which I was soon eagerly engaged, leaving him to pore with critical eye over some recent numbers of the "Lancet."

The doctor's manuscript was beautifully and closely written, and if printed, and denuded of the quaint technical phrases with which it was so frequently interspersed, would make a handsome novelette. An abridgment of the tale, however, will better suit our purposes at the present:—

Towards the end of the eighteenth century there dwelt at the foot of a certain high mountain, in the south of Ireland, a gentleman named Weston, whose wife had died a few years after their marriage, leaving behind her to deplore her loss a son and a daughter. The demesne adjoining that of Westonwood belonged to an old gentleman who had served for a long time as an officer in the French army, and whose name was Fitzgerald. His only son, John, was about the same age as that of young Weston. The two old gentlemen lived on terms of very close intimacy with one another, and the youngsters were consequently very often companions in their sports. Young Weston was, while yet a boy, of a dark and violent disposition, subject to frequent fits of morose moodiness or passion, during which he was often known to vent his anger with strange vindictiveness on his father's domestics, and in fact on anyone who interfered with him even in the slightest degree. His sister, on the other hand, was a bright handsome little creature, full of joyous spirits, and beloved by the whole neighbourhood. In the frequent rambles of these three young

people together, John Fitzgerald, who was a bold and light-hearted boy, was, during the gloomy fits of her brother, thrown into the exclusive company of little Rosaleen Weston, helping her over thicket and brook, gathering wild berries and nuts for her in the autumn, and bringing her many a blooming nosegay of flowers in the summer, from the leafy dells and fairy hollows and romantic crags that lay around their homes.

It was the old story. As years rolled on, their childish fondness ripened into love, and they were happy for a time as human hearts could be. The old gentlemen met frequently, and talked jovially over their wine, of the prospects of their children, and even of the day when John Fitzgerald and the fair Rosaleen were to be united heart and hand in marriage. They were happy, that young pair, but they little knew that in a certain dark heart there was a plot fast maturing to put a period to their joy, and blight their future lives. Their enemy, strange to say, was young Weston. Since his early boyhood, from some unknown cause, he hated young Fitzgerald, but with the consummate tact peculiar to a vindictive and treacherous mind, he continued to conceal his hatred beneath the mask of a friendly countenance. This was the more dangerous, as young Fitzgerald was of an open and impetuous temper, simple and confiding, and never restrained himself in telling to the brother of his affianced bride every secret of his heart—everything that arose to his mind at the impulse of the moment.

Young Weston secretly and skilfully continued to work at his dark plans, as time wore on, and unfortunately the political disturbances of the time, aided him surely in his treacherous intents. In an unguarded hour John Fitzgerald disclosed to him his connection with a band of United Irishmen that were at the time maturing their plans for raising the South on the breaking out of the war. This band of United Men was at the time under the command of several young gentlemen, who held a high place in society, and among whom John Fitzgerald was held in high esteem, on account of his daring courage, and the knowledge of military tactics he displayed at their secret meetings. The disclosure of his fatal secret to young Weston filled that worthy with an infamous delight, knowing as he did that his base plot was coming speedily to its consummation, and yet he hesitated to inform his father, who was a magistrate, because he was well aware of the strong friendship that existed between the two old gentlemen, and suspected that his disclosure would not have the desired effect. But he adopted another plan. One morning his father walked out to the kennel to see how some of his favorite fox-hounds were getting on, and met Ter Kelly, the whipper-in, before him, most industriously attending to the morning meal of the noisy dogs.

"Well Ter," asked the old gentleman, "how is Miss Biddy to-day?" (Miss Biddy, by the way, was the favourite of the pack, and had been sick for a few days previous.)

"Begor, your honour," answered the slippery Ter, "she's gittin' on most beautifully. Look at her how

she aits. May I never sin if she's not able this mortal minit to swally a fox, body an' sowl, an' all bekaise o' the dhrop o' potheen I gave her this mornin' to warm her heart, the brathur!"

"She looks better certainly," rejoined his master, turning away satisfied; but this did not suit Ter Kelly.

"I hope your honor is better o' the rheumatics this mornin', sir," he said, "an' that you heard the mort'ial an' awful news that's runnin' about like wildfire through the country!"

"What news, you scoundrel!" answered his master, whose joints began to be afflicted at the moment with some twinges of the unpleasant malady Ter had just named.

"The news about the ruction that's to be, your honour," answered Ter, "an' about the way the United men are meeting every night, an' preparin' to massacr' every livin' sojer in the country. They say, also, that the young masther over the way," and he pointed his thumb knowingly in the direction of Fitzgerald's home, "that he is to be g'neral over them, an' that his name is mentioned in the prophecy of St. Columkille, an' that he's to walk knee-deep in the blood o' the —"

"Is that all?" said the old foxhunter, turning away suddenly, and thus cutting short Ter's sanguinary communication.

That was all that morning. But day by day the news came in from every side, confirming Ter's statement, till at last old Weston began to think seriously on the matter. It is enough to say that, ere a week was over, so artfully had young Weston worked out his plans, the two old gentlemen were estranged, and all intercourse forbidden between Rosaleen and her faithful lover, John Fitzgerald. But prohibitions like this are rarely obeyed. The lovers still met frequently, and vowed eternal constancy to one another at each parting.

It was the summer of '98, and the insurrection had at length broken out, bringing consternation and sorrow to many a household throughout the length and breadth of the land. John Fitzgerald at length received a secret summons that should be obeyed. It was an intimation from the insurgent commander, that his services were required at head-quarters, and notwithstanding his love for Rosaleen and other circumstances, he began his preparations for setting out for Wexford, where the war was then raging furiously. The disclosure of his intention fell heavily on the heart of poor Rosaleen Weston. After the first burst of her grief was over, they agreed to have one other interview before his departure, and when the hour came they met at the usual trysting-place, a deep and woody dell that extended up the breast of the high mountain.

They sat beside the tiny stream that tinkled downward through the quiet glen, and with all they had to say did not perceive the time passing, till the approach of sunset. The spot on which they were sitting, afforded a splendid view over the broad and varied plain that extended far away from the foot of the mountains, and that was bounded on the south by a steep and pic-

turesque range of hills, the green slopes and summits of which the setting sun was now gilding with his expiring glories.

"It is a hard thing to part, dearest," said John Fitzgerald, looking fondly into the tearful eyes of Rosaleen, "but it is harder still to stay inactive here, branding my name with dishonour, breaking my plighted oath, and perhaps, hiding my head in shame while my countrymen are bravely fighting for their liberties!"

"It is hard, John," said Rosaleen, "but does it not seem harder to leave me. Alas! why did you take that fatal oath of the United men? Have you not liberty enough?"

"I have, perhaps, liberty enough, Rosaleen," answered her lover, "but there are thousands of my countrymen ground down to the dust, and it is my duty to give my humble aid in assisting them to arise. But I shall not be long away, dearest," continued he. "The war cannot last long, and then, when we are victorious, as I trust we surely shall be—when I have gained by my deeds preferment in the new army of my country—then, darling, I will return and claim you as my brightest reward!"

"Alas!" answered Rosaleen, as she burst into tears, "it will be a perilous time for you, John, and for my part, I cannot look on the matter in any other light. You are going wilfully into danger, and the day you mention may never come."

"But it will come, Rosaleen!" exclaimed her lover vehemently. "Our plans are laid well, and trust me that, with God's blessing, I shall come back soon, and claim you for my wife. And now we must part. Good-bye, and may heaven bless and guard you!" and the brave young enthusiast clasped her in his arms, kissed her wet cheeks fondly, and in a moment was gone. That night the united men met on the summit of the mountain. John Fitzgerald was elected their commander, and putting himself at their head, he marched gallantly down into the plain, and by many a wild and unfrequented path shaped his course for Wexford.

A deep melancholy fell upon the spirits of Rosaleen Weston, after the departure of her lover. She that was so joyous and happy while she knew the chosen of her heart was near, now that he was gone—gone to encounter hardship and privation, and perhaps to meet death upon the field of battle—was almost mad with grief, and knew not a moment's interval of enjoyment. There are some who, when parting from those they love, feel a sudden and violent burst of sorrow, which, like the mountain torrent when the storm is over, soon subsides; but the grief of Rosaleen Weston was not of this kind; though deep and strong, it was as enduring as her very life itself. Her friends, her father, and all tried to comfort her, but in vain.

The country was now in a state of dreadful commotion. The insurgents had at length met the royal army face to face upon a fair field, and had conquered. Day after day news came of the progress of the war. Three successive engagements had again been fought, and in each of them the royal party had been worsted,

It was indeed surprising to witness the celerity with which the intelligence of a battle spread throughout the country at this time. Fugitives endeavouring to return secretly to their homes from some skirmish in which they had been badly wounded, carmen driving downward after being pressed into the service of royalists or insurgents to convey baggage to Wexford; disbanded or deserting yeomen hurrying with terror in their countenances to some place of protection, spread, as they brought information of the success or discomfiture of the insurgent armies, joy or sorrow throughout the southern province. But still no news came of John Fitzgerald.

Matters at last came to a crisis. The battle of Vinegar Hill was fought and lost by the insurgents, chiefly, indeed, through their own misconduct, and the irresolution and disagreement of their generals. Home was now their signal word, and as they passed in detached parties through the southern counties, they spread sorrow and consternation on their way. A few days after the battle, as Rosaleen was sitting on a shady seat out on the lawn, thinking with sorrowful heart upon the probable fate of her lover, she saw her brother riding quickly towards her up a narrow walk that led to the public road. He dismounted, and as he took a seat near her, appeared much excited, and in a far lighter and more jovial mood than was usual to his dark temperament. From this, however, she could augur nothing favourable, and with a sad presentiment at her heart, begged of him if he had, as he seemed, any intelligence to communicate, to do so at once.

"I was riding a few hours," he said, with an expression of mock sorrow in his dark face, "at the foot of the hill, and came upon a party of the broken-down rebels returning from the thrashing they got at Vinegar Hill. I inquired about my old comrade, John Fitzgerald"—

"My God, Harry!" exclaimed Rosaleen, "tell me, I beg of you, what about him, at once—at once, I tell you; for no matter what's past, he is still my betrothed husband?"

"I am going to do so," answered her brother coolly. "They told me that on the evening of the battle, while leading—like a general of course—the small detachment under his command into the final charge, they said that he was struck by a cannon shot, and left for dead upon the field! That's the fate of your general that, according to his calculations, was to be!"

Poor Rosaleen could hear no more. With a wild shriek of despair and grief, she fell insensible from her seat. This was a result which her cruel brother very little expected, and feeling now a real apprehension, he alarmed the servants, and Rosaleen was conveyed to her chamber. But there all their efforts to restore her to consciousness proved unavailing. A doctor was sent for immediately to the nearest town, but when he arrived and learned the circumstances he shook his head, and told her father that he had very serious fears regarding her recovery. His fears were but too well founded, for at the dawn of the next morning she

awoke in the delirium of a brain fever. For many days the wild delirium continued. At length it subsided somewhat. For some hours she spoke to those around her with a strange and unnatural calmness, but the wandering fits again returned—again subsided, and returned, and she finally relapsed into a state of mental derangement. Poor Rosaleen, the accomplished, the guileless the beautiful, the fair fabric of her mind was sapped to its foundation, and the bright hopes she had built up seemed shattered for evermore.

After some time she began to gain a little strength, and was permitted by her father to take a short walk occasionally into the garden and round the lawn, but at first always attended by her nurse. On these occasions, with that affecting simplicity peculiar to persons in her state, she usually employed herself in searching round the shrubberies and underneath the old beech trees that studded the lawn, for something which she appeared desirous of keeping secret. On returning one evening from one of these rambles, she appeared more dejected than usual, and when her nurse inquired the cause of her sadness, she burst into a violent fit of weeping, saying that she was ever searching round the lawn for John Fitzgerald's grave, but that she could never find it! Time wore on; the vigilance with which she was watched began to be relaxed, and she was frequently permitted to walk alone round the lawn, and farther into the demesne. She had not indeed abandoned the idea that her lover's grave was somewhere near, and between searching for it and plucking garlands of wild flowers to deck it should her search prove successful; she spent most of her time in the open air during the beautiful evenings of declining summer, but at the same time always returned punctually before nightfall.

One evening, Rosaleen Weston did not appear in her father's parlour at her usual hour. The old gentleman, after waiting some time, sent out a couple of the servants to see what caused her delay. They came hastily back, saying, that they had searched round all her haunts but could not find her. A general search was now made, but it was unsuccessful. The tenantry around were by this time made acquainted with what had happened, and a sharp search was made round the villages near, round the base of the mountain, and into the wild dells where she loved so much to ramble when John Fitzgerald was by her side, but still no Rosaleen could be found. In the darkness, still the search was continued, but it was unavailing. Morning dawned upon the heart-broken father and the remorseful brother, and another and more vigorous search was made, but with the same success as on the preceding day and night.

Years before, ere dissension had arisen between their fathers, young Rosaleen and her lover frequently ascended to the summit of the mountain, on the side of which lay their last trysting-place. There they were wont to sit for hours and talk of the wild legends told by the peasantry in connection with that stately mountain. Often, too, John Fitzgerald would tell her stories of the battered old castles that lay beneath, of the

bravery of the sturdy chiefs that held them in the olden time, and the way they fought against the enemy of their native land on many a well-contested field. There was one feature of the scene, however, on which the lovers, particularly at sunset, looked with more delight than on all the others. It was the beautiful range of hills that formed the far southern boundary of the broad plain beneath. One of these hills towered high above its neighbours, in the shape of a smooth green cone with scattered woods running up its sides, and a solitary rock upon its summit. On a certain evening they were sitting on their usual seat on the summit of the mountain near their home. A gorgeous scene lay before them. The silent plain, the broad river that ran along its northern verge, glittering like a stream of gold in the descending sun, and the far circle of surrounding mountains brought a holy and strange calmness into their young hearts.

"How red and clear," exclaimed John Fitzgerald, turning towards their favourite point of the prospect—"how bright the sunset falls upon that lonely group of hills!"

"And look," answered Rosaleen, "at the little rock on the point of the highest hill. It is like one of those ancient altars you tell me of where the ancient inhabitants worshipped the sun!"

"Yes," rejoined her lover; "and beneath, how bright it is. Ah! Rosaleen, when in after times death shall steal upon us, how I long that we could sleep side by side in one of those peaceful and lonely gorges. There the birds would sing day after day their sweet songs, the wild flowers would bloom undisturbed over our grave, and the mountain streams murmur around it joyously for ever!"

On the evening previous to Rosaleen's disappearance, she had paid a stolen visit to the summit of the mountain from which they viewed that loved scene so often. Casting her eyes to the south, she beheld again that beautiful chain of hills in all their sunset glory. Suddenly it struck her mind that the wish of her lover might have been fulfilled, and that his grave lay in the sunlit gorge he had pointed out on the evening alluded to above.

"It must be so!" she exclaimed, as she now quickly descended the mountain. "His grave must be there, and I will go and seek it!"

She hurried homeward, and it was noticed by those who attended on her that she appeared on that night in a happier state of mind than usual. Next day at her usual time of walking, wrapping herself in a large mantle which she occasionally wore, she stole out and proceeded by an unfrequented path in the direction of the southern chain of hills. And thus it was that she had disappeared from her home.

At the foot of the highest of these hills, there was, at that time, a small village called Barna. It was completely surrounded by woods, the remains of the ancient forest that once clothed the whole of that wild and romantic district. At the upper end of this village there was a green glade in the wood, sloping up the foot of

the mountain; and in a level hollow of this glade, beneath a huge sycamore tree, the villagers were accustomed to sit on holiday evenings listening to the strain of some wandering musician, or the tale of some ancient shanachie or storyteller. One evening, they were all not a little astounded at the sight of a young and beautiful lady, richly dressed, and sitting on the verge of the glade, smiling at them, and watching their merriment. It was poor Rosaleen Weston. How she had reached the place, and how she continued to subsist during her sore and toilsome journey, she was unable during the whole of her after life, and it was a long one, to remember. But there, however, she was, to the no small wonderment of the villagers. First they thought her a spirit, and were inclined to scatter in consternation to their homes. By degrees, however, their curiosity got the better of their fear. They waited, gazing silently upon her, until at length she rose, came down to the tree, and spoke to them. Then they soon guessed what she was, and the sad mental malady into which she had fallen. In that quiet hamlet she lived for nearly a month, and was treated kindly and tenderly by the poor villagers, who soon grew to love her for her simple ways, her beauty, and her artless talk, and more than all, because, as they said, her mind was gone, and that it was their duty to tend her and guard her well. She had found a green spot amid the wood, which she said was her lover's grave, and day by day she visited it, decked it with flowers, and sang sad songs over it.

One day, about a month after her arrival, she was sitting on the green spot in the wood, weaving a garland of flowers. Suddenly she heard a step behind her, and on turning round, beheld her lover. She started to her feet, flew to him, clung fondly around him for a moment, and then dropped down into a long but quiet swoon. When she awoke, John Fitzgerald was bending over her and sprinkling her brow with water. Strange to say, her mental malady was quite gone, and she now remembered everything distinctly that had happened previous to that terrible moment her brother had given his fatal and treacherous news on the lawn.

John Fitzgerald had been only slightly wounded at Vinegar Hill. He had, some time after the battle, returned to his native place, where he contrived to evade the officers of the government. Hearing of the disappearance of Rosaleen, he had made search for her during many a weary day, and was now rewarded well for his trouble.

"How can we go home?" said Rosaleen. "Ah, John, it was a weary time for me, but I hope we will be parted no more. And yet I fear my father and brother!"

"We will not go home," answered her lover. "The priest of this parish is my father's cousin. He will marry us, and then we can easily reach France, where I trust to be able to advance myself in the profession I have chosen—as a soldier!"

They were married, they contrived to reach France also, and there John Fitzgerald prospered in his profession. About eighteen years afterwards a carriage

drove by the village of Barna, where they still remembered the White Lady. It stopped at the little inn by the wayside. In it were a dark, military-looking gentleman and a lady, who desired that the heads of the different families in the village should come to them. To each they gave a present of money, for the sake, they said, of the poor young lady that had received such kindly shelter there many years before. Away again rolled the carriage over the great plain, and stopping only to change horses at an occasional town, at length arrived at the foot of the mountain, and before the gate of old Fitzgerald, who was still living. It was Captain John Fitzgerald and his lady, the still fair Rosaleen.

At this part of his manuscript the doctor goes so deeply and profoundly into the analysis of human feelings that it is impossible to follow him in his lucubrations. The reader will easily conceive the joy of old Fitzgerald and his son and daughter-in-law at their meeting after so many years' separation. Rosaleen's father was dead, and her brother married and flourishing, as if he had never done wrong, upon his ancestral estate. Probably he had repented of his bad deeds, else, I am sure, the erudite and somewhat irascible doctor would have done him poetic justice in his manuscript. After some time old Fitzgerald also died, and Captain John succeeded to the estate.

On finishing my notes from this part of the manuscript, the doctor guessing to what I had arrived, raised his head somewhat, and put back his white hair from his forehead. Still gazing on a page of *The Lancet*, however, he said half to himself and half to me—

"June 30, 1858, eleven o'clock, P.M., Captain John Fitzgerald and Rosaleen, his wife, cheerfully and without pain, and surrounded by their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, both died—died on the same instant!"

OUR THEATRE.

BY CAVIARE.

WHEN I say "Our Theatre," let nobody contract the delusion that I am the manager, leader, prompter, call-boy, candle-snuffer, or any other functionary connected with a *corps dramatique*. I should repel the suspicion with scorn. I am a quiet, cheerful-headed, long-headed old gentleman, given to third floors, top-coats and weighty umbrellas; lucky in the possession of an independent income, and graciously disposed towards the Legitimate Drama. My proclivity to the sock and buskin is of date almost immemorial. When only ten years of age, I played the part of the subordinate grave-digger in Hamlet with such fidelity to nature that many of my friends suggested that I should be apprenticed to the parish sexton; and the local paper, the *Brownchurch Gimcrack*, declared, in a double-headed paragraph, that from the graceful manner in which I handled my mattock and shouldered my pickaxe, I was evidently destined by nature to ornament the science of agriculture.

The publication of those details may appear egotistical on my part; but I assure the world that they are worthy of the most unreserved credit.

For the last thirty years I have withdrawn to a great extent from public life, spending the greater part of my existence in the genteel retirement of a third storey, in the most secluded corner of Brownchurch. I know little of the exterior world, as I don't subscribe to the newspapers, and all my correspondents have dropped off with the exception of one, who invariably writes on blue paper and an official envelope, the latter embellished on the margin with the title of Her Majesty's Office of Income Tax. Into my circumscribed sphere, however, I manage occasionally to introduce a little variety. My benevolence has passed into a proverb amongst the associated organ-grinders. They honour me with frequent visits, and I confess I like them. To me they supply the want of concert and opera. Owing to the attention I pay them I flatter myself I can whistle with unquestionable correctness the most florid passages of the *Casta Diva*, which I could never pick up at the Opera; and it would do one good to hear me as I accompany myself with my knuckles on the chess-board through the exciting harmonies of the *Rataplan*. Have I not taught—is it not the current topic of local conversation—my landlady's blackbird the four introductory bars of the grand march in *Pietro L'Eremita*, and inoculated Miss Prettyman's parrot with peculiar appreciation of that divine melody, "We met—'twas in a crowd, and I thought," etc.? With such instalments of artistic success, what future triumphs may I not hope for?

At certain seasons my retirement is enlivened by the exhibition of *Punch and Judy*, which affords me and my landlady a source of unequalled gratification. When *Punch* last visited us I remarked that his inexpressibles were shabby and exhibiting a tendency to disintegration. His frills, too, were inclining to ruggedness and that state of constitutional attenuation which of necessity imposes a permanent abstinence from the washing tub. My sympathies were touched at this manifestation of professional destitution. I presented the proprietor of this worthy and good-natured individual with a half yard of yellow bed-curtain, and I was seconded by my landlady, who enriched the theatrical wardrobe with the codicil of a lace night-cap. Let no one grumble at the publication of these details. They are stern facts, and worthy of imitation.

These, however, are trivial happinesses compared to the profound delight I experience when "*our theatre*" arrives in town. "*Our theatre*," I must premise, is a species of periodic phenomenon,—a meteoric visitation which dazzles for a moment and suddenly vanishes, amid a chaos of undischarged obligations, and the wild convulsions of lodging-houses. It is generally preceded by a profuse display of cream-coloured bills, which break out like an eruption of yellow fever on the dead walls and gables of Brownchurch. The shop windows are generally embellished with lithograph portraits of the star of the company, sitting in an arm-chair at a

drawing-room window draped with figured hangings; his vest decorated with a (fancy) watch guard; a delicate glove in one hand and a riding-whip in the other. I can always prophesy the advent of the company by the visible commotion which disturbs the lodging-houses, which all of a sudden appear to become impressed with the necessity of airing their bed-clothes and despatching their sheets to the mangle-woman. I detect other indications of the future in the smell of stale feathers which blows up from Wing-alley, and the luminous discharge of white-wash which occurs in Pit avenue. The grocers, too, ornament their windows at this season with a variety of pickled ham and red herrings; and the local bill-sticker assumes a wholly foreign air of respectability.

"Our Theatre," by the way, invariably arrives nocturnally. "We fly by night," is an assertion practically adopted by the company. How they do come I have never been able to ascertain, and there is always a sort of dramatic indistinctness about their latest location. To-day you pass the market-square, the broad area of which is in the sole possession of a half dozen hens, gallanted by a cock, mendicant in comb and muscle, who has defeated the evil intentions of the domestic larder for the past three years by his persistent abstinence. To-morrow evening you will be astonished to find the place populous, full of life and bustle,—wooden walls, canvass roofs, banners and streamers; a stage blazing with gold-lace, slashed velvets; immaculate muslins, feathered hats, daggers and rapiers; whilst the voice of the manager, pledging his honour that the performance is about to commence, and beseeching the crowd to remember that the charge is but "one penny," contends with the thunders of the drum and fife, which constitute the orchestra. Occasionally the company entertain the exterior public with a dance, in which, I state it with considerable reluctance, they violate every recognized law of dramatic propriety. Thus I have seen Hamlet, plumed and spangled, lead off a minuet with his mother, Queen Gertrude, and Ophelia perform a slip-jig with the King of Denmark. At other times the members of the corps united in a song; and I have often felt considerably mortified to hear Desdemona, Iago, and Michael Cassio execute: "Come let us be happy together!" whilst Othello handled the violin, and appeared to rejoice at this strange unanimity of sentiment. Those are sights deeply calculated to make the judicious grieve, though I confess they amuse the crowd amazingly; and only such entertainments are open and gratis, I have no doubt that the public would honour them with *encores*.

Of the prose, or common-place life of the company, I happen to know something. Though I have never frequented the stage-door in order to observe Catherine of Arragon abdicate her royalty and step out of her titles and velvets, into the battered bonnet and draggled-tailed calico of Mary Dawson; or, to see Richard III. renounce his gilded mail and false calves, and resolve himself into the lean shanks and shabby respectability of Fred. Higgins, and have abundant opportunities for

noticing the transformations through which the corps passes from the ideal to the actual.

Mr. Bunbury, whom the bills modestly announce as the "leading tragedian of the day," always occupies the top-room in the public-house, the gable of which is in a direct line with my residence. On the stage no one can be grander than the said Mr. Bunbury; off the stage no one can be more contemptible. He is a strange man, gifted with a remarkable fluency of speech, and adorned with a very unique description of nose. The peculiarity of this organ consists in the fact that it is only visible in profile. At some remote stage of his existence Mr. Bunbury's nose must have been subjected to a slap of a mallet on its upper section, which reduced that particular part to a dead level with the plane of his countenance. Mr. Bunbury's nose makes its first perceptible projection precisely an inch and a half below the junction of his eyebrows, where it shoots out suddenly like a fragment of cornice, the upper surface of which forms a right angle with the vertical depression. In private life Mr. Bunbury appears to incline to conviviality. He ornaments the gable windows day after day with his nose, a long pipe, a pot of porter, and a shirt profusely spotted with purple tomahawks. I fear from the multitudinous phases of feeling which rapidly depict themselves on his face, that he is a victim to strong emotions. He has established an intimacy with the perrinckle women at the corner; and I believe that cockles form a considerable element of his gastronomy. Only this morning I observed the "leading tragedian" darting across from the baker's with a hot roll in one hand, and a bunch of radishes in the other. My landlady tells me that he is given to sheep's kidneys and sausages.

All the town is acquainted with that singular fragment of ancient virginity, "Miss Mary Dawson," who always plays the part of sentimental heroines, and is butchered by remorseless tyrants, thrice every night, on a conscientious average. Miss Dawson—her name is Mrs. Kilcock, being married for the last sixteen years to Mr. Kilcock, the drummer of the establishment—is a marvellously fat, cherry-nosed individual. She walks about Brownchurch daily in a bonnet of the last century, embellished with a collection of flowers which reminds one of the dry specimens in a botanical museum. She has a very impressive countenance, one that would last your recollection for fifty years, perhaps, being distinguished for a month, permanently curled up into that agonising twist which the world recognised as the traditional inheritance of superannuated cornopian players. Miss Dawson's history is romantic, encouraging, and suggestive. At the age of thirteen she eloped from behind the counter of the Bull and Calf tavern with a rope-dancer, who captured her heart whilst exercising his muscular morality before the bar window. They fell out and separated at the end of three months, he departing, with the approbation of his countrymen, to a penal settlement in the South Seas, in consideration of his talents for lock-picking; she to tread the stage, and dwindle through a series of vicissitudes.

tudes into the wonderful phenomenon which appals the inhabitants of Brownchurch.

One evening, three years ago, I invited my landlady to accompany me to "our theatre." She readily accepted the invitation, and three hours before we were prepared to start, the amazing fact was the public property of the neighbourhood. The entire population of the street turned out to see us off; and we left amidst a tempest of congratulations. Having reached the theatre, we shouldered our way with considerable difficulty through a number of women and boys noisily congregated around the platform. My venerable companion and I ascended the ladder, and were about depositing the entrance money, when the manager informed me, in a whisper, that by going round to the pit we should make ourselves more comfortable than in the gallery. As we descended the ladder, the boys raised a cheer, and some of them had the consummate impudence to assert aloud, that "the old coves"—the profane epithet applied to us—"were turned out because they wanted to get in for nothing." I smothered my indignation, and went round to the pit. Outside the door a placard, which reminded me of a coloured photograph of a display of fire-works, and, which evidently owed its existence to a combination of brick dust and washing blue, with the fortuitous interposition of a paste-brush, informed us that "the sublime tragedy of Macbeth, with new scenery, dresses and appointments, would be produced that evening." The manager's wife admitted us. She was a stout woman in half mourning, or more correctly, one of her eyes was black and the other white. We had scarcely seated ourselves when I had the supreme satisfaction of ascertaining that we were the only respectable persons in the house. A young woman, with a strong resemblance to a barrack laundress, sat close to us. Some ugly-looking fellows, who chewed tobacco and enjoyed unfeigned gratification in squirting the juice at the foot-lights, sat in front. The seat to the rear was tenanted by a butcher's boy, who had surreptitiously introduced his master's bull-dog, the porter of the local workhouse, three applewomen, and a peace constable. The gallery was a chaos of heads enveloped in tobacco smoke, out of which there came occasionally peremptory orders to "up with the rag," and demands for "Garryowen." "The rag," I subsequently understood, was the term applied to the drop scene, a quiet piece of painting, which represented an Italian landscape with a campanile in the foreground, a Chinese pagoda in the background, and a backwood settlement in the middle distance. I soon became unpleasantly aware that I had attracted the attention of the gods on the upper benches. Amid a perfect storm of laughter, a great gruff voice, which I could only attribute to an engine-driver, congratulated me publicly on the fact of my possessing "a clean shirt;" and immediately afterwards another voice suggested, amid increased merriment, that I had settled that ten-penny debt with my washerwoman. With the traditional inconsistency of mobs, the attention of the gallery was now directed to my landlady. That quiet-minded individual was rather loudly

interrogated on the condition of her bonnet, an article which, I am not ashamed to admit, belonged to a very remote fashionable epoch. It was insinuated that she slept in it; and, further, and most provoking of all, that it occasionally acted in the capacity of hostage for a half-crown at the local pawn-office. Deeply agonised at those virulent attacks, I turned to my landlady for the purpose of affording her a little seasonable consolation, when the slap of an orange peel, which I received on the nose, peremptorily terminated the conversation.

As we patiently sat on our pit bench, a cry of "In, in," resounded from the exterior stage; the drum suddenly ceased, the boys cheered, the doors banged open, and in tumbled precipitately Macbeth, followed by Lady Macbeth, Duncan, Banquo, and the rest of the company. They swept in like a flight of Janissaries, rushed down the gallery steps, cleared the pit division at a bound, and darted behind the *coulisse* with the agility of a caravan of monkeys. The cries to "hoist the rag," from the gallery, now became clamorous and deafening. A faint tinkle of a bell, which sounded like a spoon rattled in an egg-cup, gusts of conversation at the wings, evident perturbation behind the scenes, and the curtain went up.

It became readily evident that no ordinary familiarity existed between the actors and the audience, for when the first witch, a gaunt, lean-boned man, attired in a cotton shawl and a night-cap, inquired of his mysterious associate, "When shall we three meet again?" a gentleman in the gallery promptly replied—"To-night, of coorse, at The Cat and Gridiron,"—a pot-house of rather equivocal reputation in one of the worst districts of Brownchurch. When the first witch took the liberty of enquiring, once more, "Where the place?" the same gentleman, probably annoyed at the diabolical stupidity of the spirit, roared, "Didn't I tell you before?" Loud laughter followed this incident; and the witches vanished amid the cordial applause of the gallery. I think I have a fair recollection of the costumes which graced the second scene of the drama. King Duncan was imposingly splendid. A fillet of tin scoloped at the edges "rounded his kingly brows;" his legs were ornamented with mocassins, and a faded opera-cloak, brilliant with innumerable spangles, hung gracefully from his shoulders. Malcolm rejoiced in the complete uniform of a private of Flying Artillery. Donalbain was glorious in a kilt of green calico, in addition to a constable's tunic, the tails of which admiringly overlapped his skirt. Lennox's attire was provokingly miscellaneous; he wore pink tights under a trunk hose; his skull was compressed into a cavalry forage-cap; and the belt at his waist was so profusely enriched with forks and white-handled dinner knives, that it might be mistaken for the domestic section of an archaeological armoury. At the entrance of Macbeth and Banquo in the third scene, the occupants of the gallery simultaneously rose and cheered. The approbation was exclusively intended for Mr. Bunbury, who, as Macbeth, strode leisurely across the stage, as if he were going to disappear, but suddenly changing

his mind, wheeled sharply at the opposite wing, and in a voice of such terrific compass, that it seemed to proceed from the soles of his sandals, informed his companion that so foul and fair a day he had not seen. When I had time to study Mr. Bunbury's countenance, I observed that the ordinary characteristics of his nose had totally disappeared. It had suddenly developed itself into a perfectly symmetrical organ. I was wholly unable to account for this rapid reformation in the structure of Mr. Bunbury's physiognomy; and I proceeded to take a synopsis of his attire. The latter was singularly comprehensive. It consisted of a pair of white stockings; do. of purple knee-breeches; a tunic of chain mail, and a Glengarry towering with turkey feathers. His left arm was shielded by a capacious pot-lid, smelling of a recent visitation of flannel and bathbrick, whilst his right hand valorously grasped a basket-handled sword. Mr. Bunbury^o did, no doubt, appreciate his own importance. Every word was dropped with premeditated grace; his stalk was majestic enough for a Bengal tiger, and every gesture was as expressive as the mandate—"Away with him to the lowest dungeon of the castle!" In delivering the soliloquies he knitted his brows, distended his chest, and rushed frantically from one side of the stage to the other. But throughout the evening, I could not dispossess myself of the notion that he entertained a certain anxiety touching the integrity of his nose.

I was profoundly anxious to see Lady Macbeth, that is to say, Miss Mary Dawson. She came at last, and didn't she create a sensation? A tremendous rustling at the wings announced her approach; and in she marched with a superb *hauteur*, robed in what appeared to me to be a suit of flowered bed curtains. Lady Macbeth advanced to the centre of the stage, slowly raised her left hand in order to exhibit an arm lustrously white with chalk powder, and gathering up a parody on a smile from the nineteen angles of her mouth, gave, in a voice which reminded me of the tone of a cracked piano sharp, the reply to Duncan,

"All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double," &c.

We had now got as far as "Scene VII." and had been introduced to "a room in the castle." The room by the way was a curiosity; the side walls were represented by a variety of fir and larch trees, whilst the flat, or back scene, pictured a fisherman's cottage, adorned with dead ling and mackerel. High above the roar of trumpets and hautboys, the rush of servants, bearing pasteboard joints on fictitious dishes, and the grandiloquent tones of Mr. Bunbury, a voice at this moment roared out, from the top steps of the gallery, "Snuff the candles!" The ukase of the manager was addressed to a half-dozen ragged-backed youths who sat huddled in a group below the proscenium, and who had been admitted gratis on condition of their undertaking to snuff the candles. As the boys showed evident reluctance to discharge their functions, the manager re-

peated his order in a voice tremendously thrilling, accompanying the mandate with a few metaphorical flourishes of a horse-whip. The boys readily comprehended the managerial allegory, and cries of "Snuff the candles, Jack!"

"No, I won't; 'tis your turn."

"Snuff 'em, or I'll smash your ——."

"Would you be able?"

"I would."

"You wouldn't," immediately arose from the guardians of the footlights.

At last one red-headed boy struck a big-mouthed boy on the mouth, and received at the same time a blow on the neck from a brown-headed boy behind him. The fight immediately became general, and the butcher's boy, followed by the smuggled bull-dog, jumped into the *mêlée*. The former pummelled away vigorously, whilst the dog drove his teeth, as was evidenced by the gentleman's screams, deeper than the corduroy, into a long-eared boy's inexpressibles. The delight of the gallery was unbounded. Cries of "Bravo!" "hit him!" "well done!" succeeded each other, and every one appeared to enjoy the scene, until Mr. Bunbury, seeing the fruitlessness of verbal remonstrances to pacify the belligerents, stepped to the foot-lights, and knocked down the butcher's boy with a stroke of the pot-lid. He had scarcely performed this heroic feat, when upwards of forty fellows scrambled into the pit, and amid shouts of "fair play!" and "ha, ha, Bunbury!" jumped upon the stage. Mr. Bunbury determined to die like an ancient Roman, and was actually about to pink one of his assailants, when he received a blow on the nose which sent a deposit of painted putty flying into his eyes, and reduced the nasal organ to its normal condition. All now became confusion, screams for the police, and requests for mercy resounded from every quarter. Finally, the pit door was forced from within, and giving my arm to my venerable companion, we escaped with safety from the theatrical tumult.

SNEEZING.

It is a curious fact that in every corner of the world, civilized or barbarous, sneezing, a very natural result of obvious causes, is almost everywhere *greeted*, if we may be allowed the use of such a word in the present instance, with a salutation. In Italy, no matter how often you sneeze, it is customary for the bystanders to exclaim "prosit!" or in plain English, "May it do you good!" The Spaniards and the French employ similar invocations, and however the usage may have found its way into this country, the Irish, whether speaking the old language or the modern vernacular, invariably accompany the sternutation with a "God bless you!" We do not mean to insinuate that this custom prevails among what is called the "genteel class," which regards it in the light of a vulgarism, though perhaps without any good or solid reason, but we need hardly say to those who are

familiar with the customs of the peasantry and working classes of Ireland, that the latter seldom omit the "God bless you!" when you happen to sneeze.

It might be worth the while of some zealous antiquary to enlighten us on the origin of a custom which has prevailed so universally and at all periods, and show us why we *Christians* have adopted a mode of salutation which, in this particular instance, was looked upon by the Pagans as an indispensable formula of politeness. Sigonio, in his *Lives of the Roman Pontiffs*, tells us that this custom originated in the times of Pope St. Gregory (A.D. 590), "When," says he, "during the prevalence of the great plague that almost depopulated Rome, thousands died either in the act of sneezing or of yawning, which induced the formula observed even in our days, of saying 'God bless you!' when one sneezes, and making the sign of the cross on the mouth when we yawn." The latter action, doubtless, may have found its origin in the circumstances alluded to by Sigonio; but as for the *salutation* with which sneezing was accompanied, it can be traced to a period long anterior to the promulgation of Christianity. We have already observed that it was a polite formula among the idolatrous Romans, and, indeed we have only to turn to the pages of their literature for proofs of the assertion. Petronius Arbiter, for example, an elegant and licentious writer during the reign of Nero, tells us that—

"When Giton sneezed three times one after the other, so that the bed shook, Eumolpus faced about at the sound, and cried, 'Jove keep you, Giton!'"

Pliny, in the 28th book of his history, relates of Tiberius Cæsar, that "he not only saluted the person who sneezed, but peremptorily insisted, even when riding in his chariot, on being saluted whenever he himself sneezed." Nor was the custom less in vogue among the Greeks, as we learn from a collection of epigrams by an anonymous author, one of which humourously narrates how a certain Proclus had such a long nose that he never said, "Help me, Jove!" because the length of the organ and its distance from the ears prevented him from hearing the sound! Translated into Latin, the epigram runs thus—

"Non potis est Proclus digitis emungere nasum
Namque est pro nasi mole pusilla manus.
Nec vocat ille Jovem sternutans: quippe nec audit
Sternutamentum, tam procul aure sonat."

From this it appears that it was not only customary to salute others when they sneezed, but likewise that the sneezers were in the habit of saluting *themselves*, using some such invocation, as "aid me, Jove!" So absurdly superstitious were the pagans about this most insignificant action, that if a guest on rising from table happened to sneeze, the whole company were wont to resume their seats, and although filled to repletion, eat something more, in order that the feast should not terminate with a sinister omen. Strange as it may appear

to us, the fate of an army, or the success of a great enterprise, was often marred by a sneeze! Herodotus, for example, gives us the following proof of what we have stated. "When Hippia, son of Pisistratus," says the father of history, "was at the head of the army, he was suddenly seized with such a violent fit of sneezing that one of his teeth fell out, and could not be found after a diligent search. This being observed by the general, he remarked, 'We cannot conquer this country, or occupy more of it than my tooth covers.'" Be it said to their credit, however, that there were some few exceptions to this wide-spread superstition, for we read of an Athenian captain who laughed at his soldiers for being intimidated when a man in the ranks sneezed, and addressed them thus, to revive their courage:—"What wonder if among so many thousands there should be one having a cold in his head; and why should not the man sneeze?" In fact, the Greeks regarded sneezing as an omen of good or ill luck, and this superstition was not only prevalent but very ancient, even in the days of Homer, as appears from the seventeenth book of the *Odyssey*, where we find Penelope exclaiming that her prayers were heard because her son Telemachus had sneezed.

"She spoke. Telemachus then sneezed aloud;
Constrain'd, his nostril echo'd through the crowd.
The smiling queen the happy omen blest:
So may these impious fall by fate oppress!"

Nor was it less prevalent among the Romans, for they believed that to sneeze before dinner hour (which was in the morning), was an unlucky omen, foretelling a calamitous day: and they also held, that to sneeze from the right nostril was a presage of good luck. St. Augustin, in his first book *de Doctrina Christiana*, mentions that folly of this sort prevailed such to an extent in his time, that it was usual for a person who sneezed when rising in the morning or while in the act of dressing, to return to bed in order to avert the evil omen; and the Jesuit Godinga, in his *life of Silveria*, a celebrated missionary, who spent a long time in southern Africa, relates that when the king of Menomotapa sneezes his courtiers not only cry out lustily, invoking blessings on his majesty, but speed the salutation from mouth to mouth till the whole region resounds with prayers to avert all sorts of ills from their monarch. The reasons assigned for this custom by Aristotle and others may be reduced to three. First, the pagans regarded the human head as something holy, and the seat of intellect, not only because it is immediately connected with the organs of vision and hearing, but also because Pallas sprang from the brain of Jove; therefore as sternutation proceeds from the organ more immediately connected with the head, so, in their opinion, did the one partake of the divinity of the other.

Secondly, they held that sneezing was a sign of good health; for although the material cause of this effect is not good, nevertheless the effect itself is good, and

* Pope's Translation.

an evidence of health and vigour which enables one to get rid of a peccant or vitious obstruction.

Thirdly, they regarded it as ominous of prosperous or adverse contingencies. Need we say that if the augurs and aruspices, and Aristotle himself, had the good fortune to be familiar with the use of tobacco, a single pinch of snuff would have overturned some of their profoundest theories?

THE DUBLIN ART EXHIBITION.

TRIENNIALY for the past five and thirty years the Irish metropolis has been enlivened by the expositions held in connection with the Royal Dublin Society, with the intent to develop the chief natural vegetable and mineral productions of Ireland, in their advance from the crudity of the raw material to the perfect finish of the manufactured article, the machinery which aids these processes, as well as the apparatus of agricultural enterprise, and so to foster the industrial spirit of her people. With the yet vivid memory of that splendid event which, eight years since, made Dublin a universal cynosure, and in anticipation of the London International Exhibition of 1862, the Society this year proposed to vary the field of their action by the formation of departments for the display of all available illustrations of the genius of Art and the mechanism of Science. After many months of solicitous hope and anxious endeavour, their designs were successfully and seasonably accomplished, and the chaos of the treasures which they have enshrined within their walls has gradually subsided before the adjusting hands of taste. The scope of this Exhibition is so much smaller than that of its precursor, that it would manifestly be derogatory to the designs of its promoters, as well as unfair to the zealous efforts of those entrusted with their execution, to institute a comparison of the present with the recollection of the past—of the *fait accompli* of May 1861 with the achievement of May 1853. However, expositions such as this, whether their site be on the banks of the Liffey or of the Thames, of the Seine or of the Neva, of the Hudson or of the Ganges, whether they be metropolitan or provincial, of a magnitude requiring acres, or of a parvity for which roods suffice, whether structures as crystal and fairy-like as that prototype of the Hyde Park Industrial Palace of 1851 limned in the previsions of pleasant old Geoffrey Chaucer nearly five hundred years ago, or edifices less frail and transparent in their material, and imposing in their coup d'œil, are too cosmopolitan in character to admit of comparisons which might lead to conclusions as erroneous as premature. In any and every clime they serve as progression-gauges to mark the intellectual and industrial advance of the human race—the Ariels that put the golden cestus of Trade around the earth, and we know that

Spreads foreign wonders in his country's sight;
Imparts what others have invented well,
And stirs his own to match them or excel.
'Tis thus reciprocating, each with each,
Alternately the nations learn and teach."

To what country is to be attributed the merit of originating exhibitions designed to encourage the application of Art to Industry, it would be difficult to determine. So far back as the year 1754, the Society of Arts in London projected displays for the promotion of this object with such gratifying results, that the example was followed not long after by the Royal Dublin Society. In France, in 1797, an exposition of Gobelin tapestries, carpets of the Savonnerie, and manufactures in Sévres china, was held in the then unoccupied palace of St. Cloud, and this was succeeded in the ensuing year by another of a more artistic character in the Champ de Mars. These may be regarded as the first national institutions of the kind, and the advantages which accrued from them in the popularisation of art-industry was at once recognised. The present century is '*par excellence*' the age of these treasure-houses of whatever thought and labour contribute towards the world's civilization and luxury, but far from having arrived at their culmination, they are receiving daily the addition of some more comprehensive element. They are the object-instructors of the millions, in which whatever is novel in art or science, in utility or fashion, find a place, and as the eye is more apt in receiving educational impressions than the ear, blind indeed must they be who cannot study their inculcations to advantage.

For its dimensions there is a positive *embarras de richesses* in the Fine Arts Exhibition of 1861. With many *chefs d'œuvres* of the atelier and the studio, we find pictures which are the result of the application of scientific discovery, and examples of every *matériel* capable of being wrought into forms of beauty and utility by the tool of the sculptor or the cunning of the chemist. Here the precious metals glister in all the exquisite and graceful shapes that highly-cultivated taste and skilled manipulation can elaborate in jewellery and bijouterie, while the utilitarian and decorative adaptability of the coarser metals is evidenced in the admirably-conceived and deftly-wrought articles that minister to the everyday necessities and luxuries of society. There the eye is relieved by specimens of ceramic manufacture, remarkable for their grace of outline and aptness of ornament. The products of the loom and of the mill, too, are worthily represented. Textile fabrics in all their varieties, from filmy muslin to costliest silks, and tabinets and poplins, carpets of the most intricate woofs and richest dyes, and laces that rival gossamer, attract attention, and testify to the delicate taste and dexterous handicraft of the designers and manufacturers. If deficient in that stupendous sort of beauty necessary to produce great effects, and to awe the mind of the visitor, this parterre of art charms by its elegance and lightness, and compactness. Upon the occasion of the inaugural ceremony in particular, the *tout ensemble* was singularly

"Art thrives most
Where Commerce has enriched the busy coast;
He catches all improvements in his flight,

picturesque and impressive. The sun brimming the building with an atmosphere of gold, the silver columns of the fountains raining into their tazzas with an unceasing musical cadence, the brilliant hues of the summer dresses of the ladies, the hum of conversation, the tread of a thousand feet, the solemn strains of Handel and Mozart magnificently thundered forth from Bevington's superb organ,

"While fifty voices in one strand did twist
Their vari-coloured tones, and left no want
To the delighted soul, which sank abyssed
In the warm music-cloud ;"

and at intervals the exhilarating symphonies of an efficient orchestra, materially enhanced the aspect of a scene of surpassing animation and splendour, and affected one with a pleasure altogether independent of the imposing vision around them.

So far we believe this exhibition has commanded a financial success adequate to its noble aim, and to the enthusiasm and patriotism of its projectors. Certainly the denizens of the metropolis and its environs have not been tardy in availing themselves of its advantages, and when the facilities of access are greater as regards cheap railway and steam-boat excursions, the influx of visitors from the provinces, the sister kingdoms, and the Continent, will, doubtless, be found commensurate with its attractions and deserts.

E. M.M.

LITERARY NOTICE.

"THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER."*

If the large amount of unlimited praise which may happen to be bestowed upon a work is to be taken as a fair criterion of its success, we think that the author of "The Rector's Daughter" has every reason to be satisfied with the success of his new work. It has, in fact, received so much praise from the press, and that under every point of view—its style, plot, language, and delineation of character—that little more is left to us than to endorse the favourable sentiments of our contemporaries, and cordially recommend the book before us to the notice of such of our readers as may not yet have seen it. We can confidently say of it that it is a book which they may safely put into the hands of their children, for, coming as it does from the pen of a clergyman, as might be expected, it does not contain a word or sentiment which can offend the most fastidious mind. At the same time we can say for it (and this is more than we can affirm of all books that may be pronounced merely *safe*), that it will *interest* and amuse, and, more than all, edify. In a review of the work before us from the pen of a contemporary of established ability and

talent, he refers with as much truth as discrimination to the force and vigour with which the Rev. Mr. Potter has seized upon the vast debateable ground which lies open to the writer of Catholic fiction, between the sensual and the ethical. As an ordinary rule, religious novels are about the most stupid things under the sun, and there are very few of us who are gifted with perseverance enough to wade our weary way through them. On the other hand, we certainly tremble to place most of the current literature of the day in the hands of our children, beginning and ending, as it does, with the mere animal passions; having the excitement of these passions for its one sole scope. Between these two extremes lies open a broad path to the Catholic fictionist. It is one upon which comparatively few venture; but when one who is duly qualified to do so, does make the venture and comes out of it successfully, we rejoice, not only for the success of the enterprising author, but for the boon which has been conferred upon our body. The work before us is pre-eminently of this character. Recognizing God and His connection with the events of every-day life, and speaking of His action upon the lives of men as an ordinary thing, there is, nevertheless, in "The Rector's Daughter" no parade of religion, no forcing of moral sentiments and devout sayings down our throats, like a pill, a *gilded* pill, perhaps, but still a pill. Founded upon fact, blent with only so much of fiction as was necessary to form, polish, and give enchantment to the links of the narrative, we are certain that few of our readers who have once taken it up, will be able to lay down this charming volume until they have reached the end. The narrative is wonderfully true and vigorous in its delineation of character: and describes with terrible accuracy the remorse springing from a conscience wounded with the worst of all evils—the abandonment of faith. When we say that it is a model of easy, graceful, and classical composition, we are saying no more than was to be expected, holding, as its author does, the chair of literature in our great Missionary College of All Hallows. We have seen an exception taken to one part of the work, where the author interrupts his story in some degree, and introduces an imaginary critic. This may be a matter of taste, but, at all events, our author follows the example of no less an authority in the matter than Thackeray, whose writings are full of episodes of the same kind.

"The Rector's Daughter" is brought out in Mr. Duffy's best style, and forms a valuable and elegant addition to every Catholic family circle, or library. We trust that its success will be such as to compel its author soon to issue a second edition of his work, and encourage him to continue his labours in the cause of Catholic literature, where we shall be delighted to meet him again, if circumstances allow him to persevere in the path on which he has entered.

* "The Rector's Daughter," a Tale; by Rev. THOMAS POTTER, Author of "The Two Victories," etc. - James Duffy, Dublin and London. 1861.

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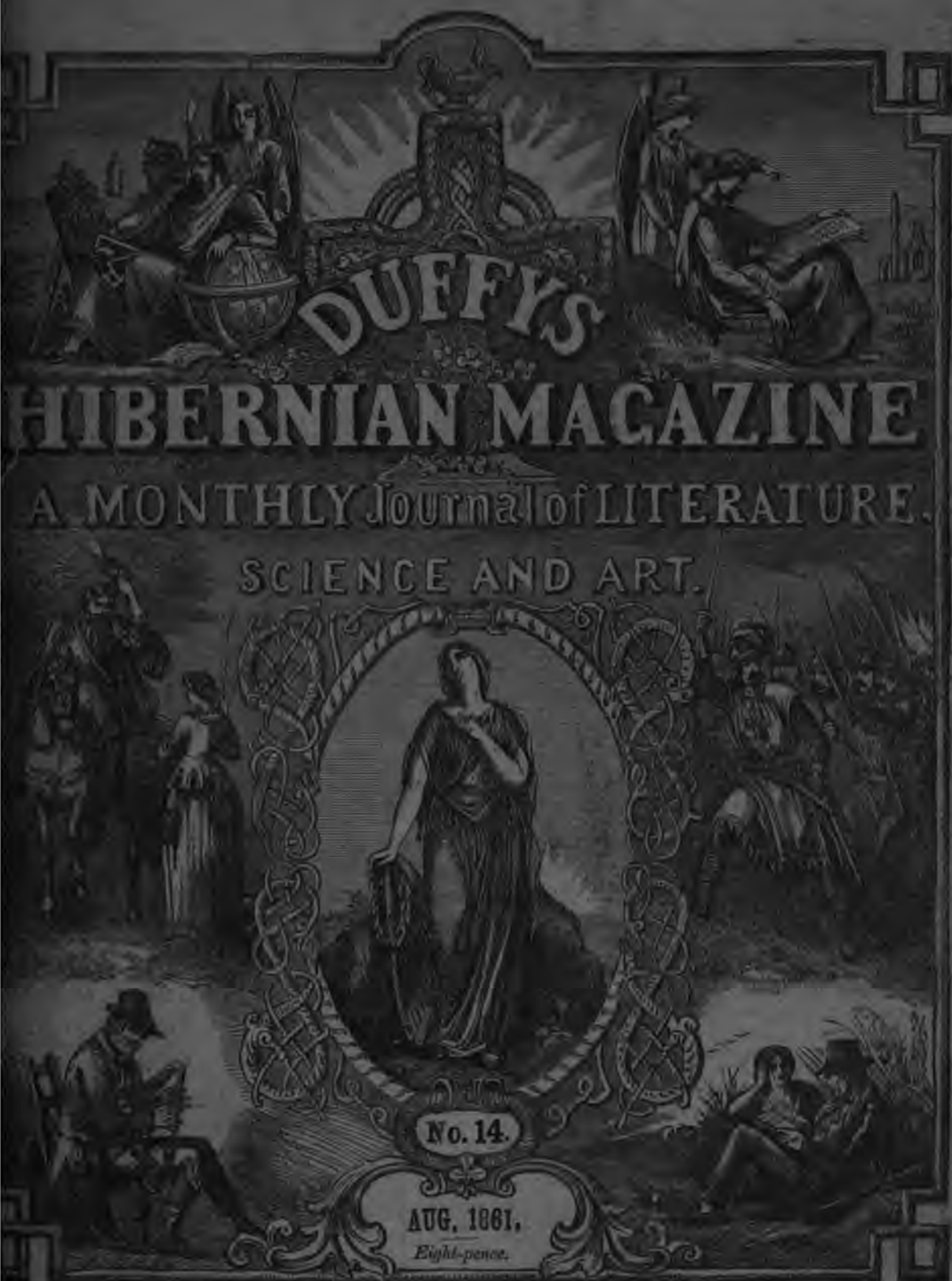
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No. 14.

AUGUST,

1861.

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THE DOUBLE PROPHECY;

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BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MINISTER PLEADS FOR HIMSELF—MARIA WEIGHED IN THE
BALANCE, AND NOT FOUND WANTING—THE PROJECT ACCOM-
PLISHED.

THE next day the minister dressed himself with more than usual care. On surveying his face in the glass, he could not avoid remarking that his features, as well as his whole person, had become gradually more attenuated, notwithstanding the extreme care which he had taken, especially at the request of his family, of his declining health. The deep lustre of his eyes was startling, but on this occasion he attributed it to the hopeful and consolatory intelligence which his father had brought him the day before. His temperament, at once timid and enthusiastic, was not such as qualified him to wrestle successfully with the cares and disappointments of life. His organization was too refined and delicate for that. As it was, it would be difficult to see a more striking or interesting figure than his; the predominant expression of his features was that of benignity and thought, saddened a good deal into a character of care that sometimes seemed mournful. Indeed, we might almost say that ever since his rejection by Maria, his manner, appearance, and whole figure, had become the ideal of deep and profound sorrow.

Another point for observation in connexion with him, was the extreme whiteness and delicacy of his hands. They had, indeed, been always beautiful, but of late they became more soft,—far whiter than usual, and of a burning heat, and sometimes his pale-complexion became so flushed, that he appeared the very picture of health.

On approaching Mrs. Brindsley's cottage, he felt his moral strength gradually abandoning him; his heart palpitated with excitement, and his very limbs grew feeble under him. He paused several times, and was about to return home and ask his father or brother to accompany him, at least to the house. He would have given any thing for some adventitious assistance. But although his resolution was weak, his reason was strong, and on reverting to the confidence in his success expressed by his father, he felt ashamed of his timidity, and

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resolved to advance. On getting within a few perches of the house, however, he paused again, and would probably have returned, were it not that Mrs. Brindsley happened to come out for the purpose of driving away some young calves, that had come in among the flowers which she cultivated in the front garden. Having seen him standing as it were irresolute, she spoke to him, and with much kindness asked him would he not come in and rest himself? This encouraged him, and on approaching her she shook hands with him, and brought him into the house. It would seem as if preparation had been made for this visit. The workwomen were not within, and Mrs. Brindsley herself, as she told him, was going into the town to make some purchases.

"Maria, however," said she, "is at home, and will entertain you, Mr. Wallace."

Now all this corroborated what his father had intimated, and we need not say that whilst it gave him courage, it also agitated his heart with still greater tenderness for the object of his melancholy passion. After having introduced him and Maria to each other—for although near neighbours, they had never yet spoken—Mrs. Brindsley put on her shawl and bonnet, and left them together. Many a description has been given of such situations, and of the mutual embarrassment under which the lovers labour for want of knowing what to say, or how to break the ice of ceremony on such trying occasions. As it was, Wallace became the hue of death, and Maria, from pure compassion, commenced the conversation.

"Mr. Wallace," said she, "I hope you have not been unwell since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, now a good many months ago. I think you look somewhat paler and thinner than you did then."

Wallace's voice betrayed his emotion as he spoke—"Yes," he replied, "I have not been well; that is, I can complain of nothing in the shape of sickness or of any positive complaint, but I have not been happy; I have had much care pressing upon me—here—" he added, placing his white but sickly-looking hand upon his heart. "I have contracted a great disrelish for society; I take a melancholy pleasure in leading a lonely life; perhaps it is wrong, but it is not without its pleasure, although that pleasure is indeed a mournful one."

Maria perfectly well understood him, but she felt that the shadow of the unfortunate young man's melancholy was, in spite of her, falling upon her spirit.

"But you have your sacred profession and its duties, Mr. Wallace; ought they not to cheer you, and to engage you in such a way, as to occupy your mind, and

D

prevent it from dwelling upon anything that might cause you pain?"

"Do not allude to that, Miss Brindsley," he replied, "oh, do not. There is when as a minister of God I feel how unworthy I have become of the office."

"You!" she replied, "why, sir, I cannot plead ignorance of your well-known character, nor of the hidden benevolence and charity for which your name is proverbial. You may consider it hidden, but I assure you it is not. If you have any private care, surely it cannot be such, I should hope, as to affect your happiness. You who make so many others happy, ought certainly to be happy yourself."

"It might be so, Miss Brindsley, if my heart were in my office, but indeed, I can scarcely speak upon this subject; I am like a house divided against itself. I often think I have never been designed for the ministry, and that I have, without due consideration of my own disposition and character, only intruded myself into it. If I had known as much of my own heart at an earlier period as I do now, I don't think I would ever have undertaken duties which at present I feel myself incapable of performing with an undivided spirit."

Maria could not help admiring the strange candour with which he exaggerated the morbid and ideal shortcomings of his public duty—shortcomings which she knew existed only in his own distempered imagination. Her interest and her sympathy with the unfortunate gentleman increased every moment, especially when she saw the timidity with which he avoided as long, it would seem, as he could, the very object of his visit there.

"But could you not seek spiritual support from some of your brother clergymen by consulting with them as to the care that oppresses you, or rather could you not seek support from the Author of all comfort? It must be a serious thing that so deeply oppresses your spirit."

"It is a serious thing, Miss Brindsley, because the happiness of my whole life is involved in it. I know not what I would say, nor how to say it. I am inexperienced in the proper manner of approaching a subject on which I feel depends either my life or death. Miss Brindsley—Mias Brindsley, have compassion on me! Do you not understand me?"

This sudden appeal to her compassion, uttered in such a voice of profound sorrow and wretchedness, completely overcame her. His earnest enthusiasm, joined to a spirit of such touching and melancholy pathos, moistened her eyes in spite of every effort to the contrary; she could not speak.

"Alas, do you not understand me? Do you not know—can you not guess, that the secret source of all my sorrow—of all my care—of all my despair—is my love for you? You know not how I have struggled with it ever since you left me hopeless. You know not what the silent agony of the heart is when wasting away under the influence of a despairing passion—a passion which even despair itself cannot anni-

hilate. You owe me some reparation, for you have, I fear, although unconsciously, withdrawn me from God. I cannot banish you either from my heart or imagination. You possess a double hold upon me; yet what efforts have I not made to forget you. This is not a subject for reason, because it is a subject of the heart, which never reasons. If I have erred in loving you, oh forgive and pardon me, for you see by those tears what I have been made to suffer, what I *am* suffering for it; say you will only forgive me, for, I think, of all men, I am the most unhappy."

Maria could not hear this agony of her unfortunate lover without emotion; her tears flowed copiously, but she knew not, in fact, how to reply to him.

"I know not what to say," she returned; "it is a dreadful task to me to deprive you of hope, or to weigh such a gentle and affectionate heart as yours down with sorrow; but alas, Mr. Wallace, I can give you no consolation."

"Oh, do not say so!" he replied, deeply agitated; "consider that the happiness, perhaps here and hereafter, of a fellow-creature, depends upon your word. Look at my wasting figure, and you may easily conjecture what I have suffered. Despair will kill me—kill me slowly, and so much the worse. Indeed, it is not so much for your love I plead as for my life, for I feel that the one is bound up with the other. Oh, could you but only love me!"

"My dear friend," she replied—"for I will call you so—let me assure you that you have my respect, my esteem, my affection as a sister; but, alas, I cannot give you my love, although, as you see, I can give you my tears and my sympathy for this unhappy attachment, by which I feel so much honoured. Now, hear me, and collect yourself; where is your fortitude?"

"Alas, I feel that I have none; under the influence of this passion I am like a reed shaken by the wind."

"Well, even so, but you must endeavour to regain some moral strength."

"How can I do so if you refuse me your love? Think of what I have lost by it, and of the desolation of heart which will shatter and prostrate me if you withhold it. I am pleading for the welfare of my soul now as well as for my life and happiness. Think I say of what I have lost by it; my spirit has been withdrawn from the sacred mission which I entered into with perfect sincerity; my heart, as a minister of God, has been alienated from the fold that has been entrusted to me; it is elsewhere—it is with you. I am, as it were, an apostate from the faith, for your sake, and in what a dark position is this for a man who has undertaken the discharge of such high and holy duties to stand. Reflect, then, that this dreadful struggle is wasting my life, sapping the very powers of my existence, and all because my unhappy heart is fixed upon you. But oh! only give me your love, and I will return to the fold which I am neglecting, to those duties in which my spirit is not; yes, I will return to them with an ardour which will compensate for all I have omitted. Restore me to my mission, restore me to my health, pour the

light of gladness upon my heart ; I beg, I entreat you, have compassion upon me and save me !”

“ I have—I have compassion upon you,” she replied, seizing both his hands, “ but my compassion is all I can bestow. Now, hear *me*,” she continued ; “ you imagine that your unhappiness is great, perhaps mine is greater still. You know not what I may even now suffer on my own account, neither can I disclose it to you, although if I did, it would reflect no dishonour on myself. I am not only unhappy, but wretched. My love I cannot give you, because it has been bestowed upon another, who would return it a thousandfold, if I accepted his. This, from the best motives, I have refused to do, and by this sacrifice to a sense of what is right, I have sealed my own misery for life. You, my dear friend, have not, then, all the sorrow to yourself.”

The poor young man placed his hands upon his temples. “ I care not,” said he, “ I have not heard you, I have not understood you, but I feel that I am desolate. Ichabod, the glory of my mission and of my life is departed, and my place shall soon know me no more.”

He rose to depart, and as he was about to go, she seized his hand and said : “ Farewell, my dear friend, farewell—you may yet be happy ; as for me I never can.”

He shook his head mournfully, and repeated the words, “ Ichabod, the glory of my mission and of my life has departed ; I am desolate ;” but he added, looking upon her with such a look of sorrow as smote her again to the heart ; “ Might I ask, before I leave you, one last favour ?”

“ What is it, Mr. Wallace ? if I can with propriety comply with it, most assuredly I will.”

“ It is not for the sake of memory,” he added ; “ you are *there* for ever, but some slight token that I might look upon as coming from you. You gave me your tears this day—I will often give you mine. You would not refuse me what I ask ?”

In an instant she started up, and getting a pair of scissors which lay on a little side-table, she went to a looking-glass, and dishevelled her luxuriant head of hair, she cut off a tress, and tying it into a knot, said : “ Keep this for my sake, Mr. Wallace, and remember me as one who respects, esteems, and admires you, and who would love you if she could, and who now says, that you are worthy of a better love than hers.”

He took her hand whilst his tears fell fast,—and he looked upon her. “ Might I kiss your hand ?” said he.

“ Here is my cheek,” she replied, “ for the first and the last time ;” and he kissed her not without tears, with a delicacy which showed that he understood the chaste and compassionate spirit in which the favour was offered.

After he had gone Maria sat down and wept, but her tears were not *all* for him.

When poor Wallace returned home, his face had the shadow of death on it. His father and brother approached to hear the result of his visit ; but he waved them away with his hand, and sitting down, placed the other over his eyes, exclaiming as before,

“ Ichabod, the glory of my mission and my life has departed ; I am desolate !”

His father and brother felt that it was no time to disturb or intrude on him. They consequently retired to another room, where his affectionate brother said to the old man, “ Father, my brother’s heart is broken ; I read it in his face,” and he burst into tears.

This episode of sorrow we may as well close here. He never recovered the shock of his disappointment. Decline, which was hereditary in the family, had been secretly at work before the occurrence of this melancholy interview. He wasted away, week by week, gradually and slowly, until, at the expiration of about seven months afterwards, this melancholy young man, so full of promise, so accomplished, so learned, and so eloquent, laid his head down in the bloom of youth, but in a spirit of calmness and resignation, and was freed from those cares and sorrows of heart which laid him low. The tress he had received from Maria was, at his own request, placed upon his heart, where he had always worn it, and buried with him.

Some weeks had now elapsed, and Maria’s damask cheek began to exhibit evidences that the “ worm” was “ feeding” on it. True it is that the fair but sorrowful girl “ pined in thought,” but with her usual firmness and energy, she devoted herself with assiduity to the labour of life allotted to her, and by this means—the best-known preservative against care—she grappled with the deep anguish which was consuming her. One day she was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Clinton, who called, as she said, to have some private conversation with her. This intimation made the colour to come and go on her cheek, and her heart to palpitate so violently, that she thought her powers of respiration were about to be suspended. Mrs. Clinton at once observed her confusion, and said :

“ Don’t be alarmed Maria ; I am about to speak to you as a friend.”

“ You have always been so to me, madam,” replied Maria.

“ Well then,” proceeded that lady, “ I am about to ask you some questions, which I trust you will answer me candidly and fully.”

“ I shall certainly do so, madam,” replied Maria, “ if the questions regard only myself.”

“ You became acquainted with my son in A——h ?”

“ It is due to myself to say, that I did not become willingly acquainted with him ; I did everything that the circumstances under which I was placed enabled me, to decline any acquaintance with him. It was forced upon me altogether against my will ; and it was to avoid the acquaintance you allude to that I am here to-day.”

“ My son offered you marriage ?”

“ He did, madam ; but I declined that also.”

“ This I think strange,” observed Mrs. Clinton ; “ upon what principle did you reject a proposal which most young persons in your condition of life would have seized on with eagerness ?”

“ Simply, madam, because I *was* in that condition

of life, and that I knew my acceptance of such an offer, although it might elevate me, must degrade him. I felt that I was not a fit companion for him; that he could neither introduce me to his family and connexions, nor to the world at large, because I was not qualified to move as his wife ought to move in that station of life to which he would raise me."

"Had you any other motives?"

"I felt, madam, that it would have been making an ungrateful return to you who proved yourself my friend and protectress."

"Then you have, upon the grounds you mention, finally and irrevocably declined to marry my son?"

"It is perfectly true, madam," returned Maria; "and what is more, I have not the slightest intention of changing my purpose, a fact of which your son is finally aware; for I mentioned it to him as my last unalterable resolution."

"Strange girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Clinton; "why would you thus throw away fortune?"

"Because, madam, I am not qualified to accept it, nor willing to do so, when the penalty your son must pay, would be his own shame and degradation. Indeed I don't think that either of us could be long happy; he might soon become tired of the taunts and insults offered to both of us, and as a natural consequence, he would find his low-born wife nothing but a drag and an incumbrance upon him. We should have the whole world against us, especially that part of it in which we should live. Your son, it is true, offered to retire from the world on my account; but do you think, madam, that I could suffer him to bury his brilliant talents in obscurity, or to withdraw on my account from the fame and distinction which may be before him? Sooner than he should sacrifice himself for me I would sacrifice my ——" She paused, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Speak on, Maria," said Mrs. Clinton; "what would you sacrifice?"

"I would sacrifice the happiness of my life for him," she added, still weeping, for the poor girl was fairly overcome.

"Maria," said Mrs. Clinton, "you love my son?"

Maria was silent, but her tears still flowed.

"Maria, the truth!—conceal nothing from me—I expect the truth, and nothing else from you."

"But I do not wish to incur your anger, madam."

"You have not incurred my anger so far;—but as I said—and if you be the girl I believe you to be—you will conceal nothing from me."

"Then, madam," replied the high-minded girl, "it is because of my love for him that I act as I do. I forget myself, and can only think of him, and what he can and will be by forgetting me. I trust madam you will not be angry with me for this confession. I am lowly born, and not qualified by education and the accomplishments which every well-bred girl possesses to pass through the world as his wife."

"But, Maria, listen! If I should give my consent to your marriage with him, would you urge any further objection?"

"I would, madam—the same objections which I have urged already. I am not qualified to discharge the high duties of his wife, nor to mingle in polished society, and sustain both my own character there, and his, as *his wife ought to do*."

"That will do, Maria—pardon me a moment. There is a gentleman—an old friend of yours—waiting without in the carriage, who is anxious to see you; and what is more," she added, "he has a proposal to make to you."

Mrs. Clinton went to the cottage door, and holding up her hand, beckoned to some one who was evidently awaiting the signal within. The servant immediately let down the steps, and our old acquaintance, the historian, came out and approached the cottage. Mrs. Clinton, who had gone out as far as the garden-gate to meet him, said:

"She is wonderful, doctor; it is almost incredible, and I could not have believed it, had I not heard it from her own lips. The wealth of Europe is beneath her value; come in now and mention our project; her mother is out with her workwomen in the back garden, where they retired, until Maria and I should have finished our conversation, but we must call her in."

We need not dwell at any length upon the project for her education, because the reader is already acquainted with it, but we may simply say, that sanctioned as it was by Mrs. Clinton herself, and the eminent divine and historian, both Maria and her mother at length consented, and every arrangement was made.

"Now Maria," said Mrs. Clinton, "you say you are lowly born, and in one sense so you are, but on the other hand you are *not* of a lowly family. The good doctor here, who is not only a great historian, but consequently a deep genealogist, tells me that your family were once both wealthy and respectable, and that of one thing you may feel proud—I mean next to the possession of your own exalted character and virtues—that Brinsley Sheridan, the eminent statesman, orator, and dramatist, derived a portion of his blood from your family. He was an Irishman; and what Irishman or Irishwoman either lives with a love of freedom in their hearts, who has not a right to feel proud of *him*? The light of such a name is enough to throw back lustre upon the obscurity of the humblest family for generations."

CHAPTER XIII.

MARIA AT SCHOOL—HER FAITHFULNESS TO CLINTON—
STRANGE DISCOVERY—JOY AND SORROW.

THE reader sees, that however slowly the fate of our heroine is progressing, yet what that fate is to be, we cannot in justice to ourselves attempt in this state of the narrative to disclose. This would be raising the curtain too soon, so that the gentle reader, if he or she feel impatience, as we hope they do, must check that impatience until the proper *dénouement* or *dénouement*—for there are two of them—shall be arrived at in due course.

We said at the close of the last chapter, that the ar-

rangements for Maria's education and accomplishments were made, and this was true. The prudent but generous and affectionate mother, however, acted in the matter more from the tenderness which she felt for her son, than from free and spontaneous inclination. She would rather, considering all things that ought to be considered, that this union should not take place. Dr. Spillar, however, having represented to her the determination of the son to sell out of the army, and become an unsettled and unhappy wanderer beyond the bounds of Europe itself; and knowing, as she did, the natural vehemence and determination of his character, she became alarmed, and was finally prevailed upon to consent, which she did, as the reader has seen, with a very good grace. Still the character of the high-born and prudent mother peeped out in the shape of the following condition: If, at the expiration, or any time before it, of the term necessary for Maria's complete acquirement of all that a liberal and accomplished education could bestow, her son should, during his intercourse with the world, happen to meet a lady in his own rank of life, whom he might prefer, it was to be understood that Maria should rest satisfied with this change; but that in the meantime Mrs. Clinton would, under these circumstances, support Maria at school until her education should be finished; after which she was to present her with a sum of five hundred pounds, that she might be enabled to settle herself respectably in life. With a feeling of womanly delicacy, however, which certainly did her honour, she told Maria that no person should defray the expenses of her education but herself (Mrs. Clinton) alone. And so she did, from first to last.

Under those circumstances, and on those conditions, Dr. Spillar, herself, and Maria proceeded as privately as possible to Dublin, where her outfit—and an elegant one it was—under the care and management of Mrs. Clinton, was daily provided; after which the good old doctor and she set sail for London.

Poor Maria felt as in a dream. She could scarcely believe that the incidents of the last few days were real. What was her fate to be? She loved Clinton with a rare and noble affection, but might not his mother's foresight prove correct? and in that case, where was her dream of happiness? Would a young man like him, ardent and susceptible, and mingling with the high-born beauties of aristocratic life, endowed with fortune, education, accomplishments, and honourable connexions, could he, under circumstances of such temptation, possibly stand out against them, and prove himself not only faithful to the obscure object of his first affection, but capable of setting the scorn and censure of the world at defiance? She trembled when she thought of all this, and it required all the kindness and benevolent eloquence of the good old doctor to console and sustain her.

In this state of doubt and uncertainty, she and the doctor arrived in London, where, by the direction of Mrs. Clinton, who had given the doctor letters of introduction, the worthy gentleman was enabled, without loss of time, to place Maria in one of the first establish-

ments in that great metropolis. She entered as a young lady of a respectable but reduced family, whose instructions, in consequence of their decline, had been neglected, but whose prospects in life were such as rendered it necessary that she should receive an accomplished education. She was a protégée of an Irish lady of rank and family, who would, through him, punctually and regularly discharge all the necessary expenses, and who wished besides, that none should be spared, nor anything left undone to render the course of her acquirements such as became a lady of the highest fashion.

When the doctor was about to take his farewell of her, she became deeply affected, and wept bitterly.

"Alas, my dear sir," she said, "I feel, now that you are leaving me, as if I were alone in life. Where is there a man, high and eminent as you are, who could have condescended to take the kind and fatherly interest in the poor humble girl which you have taken? You stand towards me now as an affectionate father, and indeed I love you as such. Now that you leave me, I am friendless here."

"No, my dear child," said the doctor, much moved, "you are not friendless here, nor are you, as you know, without friends elsewhere, and loving friends."

"But," she added in tears, "if Clinton should forget me?"

"He will *not* forget you, because I know that beautiful, my dear child, as you are, he loves you for better and higher qualities. Do not make yourself unhappy on that account. Improve yourself as rapidly as you can; you will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with all the modern languages, with music, drawing, deportment—you will find the last an easy task—and all the various portions of education which are necessary for the position in life which you will, please God, before long occupy; but before all things, I beg that you will not neglect the study of history; it will soothe and calm your spirits, and render your sleep tranquil and profound. Before I go, however, let me impress one principle of action upon your heart—I speak of religion. Do not neglect its dictates; pray to that God who is about to raise you to a high and honourable station in life, to make you worthy of it; neglect not, above all things, your private devotions, and lastly, place your confidence in God, and he will protect you. We will not neglect to write to you, and we hope both to see by your letters, and to hear from other sources, that your progress in knowledge and improvement, not forgetting history, will be such as we expect."

Maria parted from him with a sorrowful heart, and indeed the good old man had proved himself, as she said, not only a friend but a father to her at a time when very few of his rank and position in life would have felt any particular interest in an humble and obscure girl who had no claim upon him but that of Christian duty, a claim too frequently overlooked.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

We have placed these words as the motto of our

story, and certainly it will be found that their truth in the incidents which are to follow will be strangely corroborated. Of Maria's residence in the establishment selected for her, we have but little to say, except that her progress in the acquisition of knowledge surpassed all the expectations that were formed of her, and the reader knows that those expectations were great. It is not our intention to retard or obstruct our narrative by a quotation of the letters which passed between her and her faithful and noble-hearted lover, his mother, or Dr. Spillar. It is not a very difficult thing, we think, for our readers to imagine them; and to their imaginations, therefore, we beg to leave them.

At the beginning of her third year, however, an incident occurred, which as it had a singular influence on her future destiny, we must be permitted to mention it here. It is scarcely necessary to say, that wherever Maria went or appeared, her beauty excited both admiration and wonder. Her deportment was so fine and striking, and her manners so easy and polished, that, joined now to her extraordinary loveliness, it is not surprising that her companions on their return home to their respective families during vacation, should make it the subject of frequent conversation. One of those, who was her friend and companion, and who had become very much attached to her, and indeed the attachment was mutual, was a young lady closely connected by blood to an Irish aristocratic family of high rank. This lady had a cousin, an earl, who became seized with a strong curiosity to see this celebrated beauty. He accordingly made private arrangements with his fair kinswoman to have this desirable consummation brought about, and accordingly one day, after the hours of instruction, he called to see the companion of our heroine. Of course, from his rank and close relationship with her, he had every reasonable privilege of seeing her. On this occasion she contrived to have Maria with her when he came; and as the former was about to leave the room at his entrance, both insisted she should remain, assuring her that the visit was merely one of friendship, and that they would absolutely feel quite disappointed if she should go. She was accordingly prevailed upon to stop for a short time, which she did without any apparent reluctance. It is unnecessary here to detail the conversation, which was merely commonplace chat, referring, as the young nobleman contrived to turn it, to the woeful hardships and sufferings of boarding-school life, and the absolute necessity of being good girls, which he hoped they both were, and of getting off their tasks in such a way as to have nice letters sent home to their friends, who would, of course, make them pretty presents for the same. After some bantering of this kind, Maria left them and retired to her own room.

"Well, my lord," said his cousin, smiling in triumph, "what do you think now? Have I exaggerated?"

"Exaggerated, Emily! I pledge you my honour, my dear girl, that you are about one of the stupidest danbers I ever met. I should not have known her from the signboard painting you made of her. Why the portrait you drew of that divine creature might be hung

up in competition with the sign of the Cat and Fiddle, compared to what she is. Good God! I have never seen anything like her."

"Thank you, my noble cousin, for your compliments, but I assure you her beauty is the least of her gifts; she is first, and far first here in everything, but above all, in goodnature and kindness to every girl in the school."

"Emily," said he sighing, "I am afraid I will have occasion to regret this visit."

"Why so? are you caught?"

He shook his head and mused for a time.

"Emily," he proceeded, "will you befriend me with this lovely girl? Will you speak well of me—I know you can't speak ill of me—and will you, besides, ascertain for me what opinion she may have formed of me?"

"That is, provided, my lord, she has formed any."

"Just so; and if she has not, will you try and get her to form a favourable one?"

"Why, you impose this task on me with a very solemn face."

"At least with a very serious heart, Emily."

"Serious, my cousin?"

"Yes, serious, do not mistake me; and indeed, to tell you the truth, Emily, I think I have neglected you a good deal since I came to London, but I assure you I shall make it up to you. I will not leave you unvisited so long again."

Emily laughed at this *ruse*, but his lordship certainly had both a serious and an anxious look, and after some further discourse with his cousin, he took his leave.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

Several other visits took place, nor was their frequency diminished by the fact that Maria had expressed to his cousin a very favourable opinion of him. In truth he was an excellent young man, modest, unassuming, and sensible, and Maria candidly said so, because such in truth, were her impressions. This encouraged him until he began by degrees to express by indirect hints his very serious admiration of our heroine. Maria, on perceiving this, immediately resolved how to act.

"Emily," said she, one day that they were walking in the grounds, "I have observed that whenever your noble cousin visits you here, you contrive to have me present. To this, probably, I should have no objection, were it for the turn which his lordship contrives to give the conversation. I am sure you understand me."

"I do, perfectly, my dear Maria."

"Well, under these circumstances you must allow me to say that I shall no longer *share* his visits with you."

"Perhaps," replied the lively girl, laughing, "you wish to have him all to yourself. If so, so far from having any objection, I shall be very glad of it, and I promise you so will he."

Maria smiled. "No," she returned, "what I mean is simply this, that under no circumstances shall I see his lordship again, whenever he happens to come here."

"But suppose he should come to make you an offer

of his hand and title—suppose he should ask you to become a countess, would you not condescend to see him, and to hear him too? and now, let me tell you Maria, that he is to be here to-morrow for that very purpose, and I think it is due to his rank and his excellent qualities that you should see him.”

“You are perfectly right, Emily, and I will certainly see him; but neither you nor he must draw any favourable inference from this. I will see him, because for his own sake, as well as mine, it is better that I should put him out of a state of uncertainty and suspense.”

“You surely don’t mean to say that you intend to reject him. Have you no ambition, Maria?”

“I have but *one* ambition, Emily, and it is a *great* one.”

“Pray, what is that?”

“To become wife to the man I love;—but as for your cousin, most assuredly I shall decline, but with every feeling of respect and goodwill, the generous offers which you say he intends to make me.”

The next day his lordship presented himself, and Maria received him alone. Whether his fair cousin had given him a hint of the disappointment that awaited him, or whether his own penetration had enabled him to suspect it, we know not, but be this as it may, he appeared in a state of mind evidently disturbed and dejected. The amiable girl at once marked the despondency of this admirable young nobleman, and actually felt compassion for a heart capable of entertaining an attachment so sincere and generous. She accordingly received him with great sweetness and courtesy, and did everything in her power to make him feel at ease.

“Miss Brindsley,” said he, “I know not whether my fair cousin has apprised you of my object in paying this visit?”

“She has, my lord, and I feel obliged to her for doing so.”

“Why, may I ask, Miss Brindsley?”

“Because, my lord, it will be the means of saving your lordship and me a great deal of time and delay in this interview. Don’t imagine,” she added, smiling, “that I wish to hurry you away. You are entitled to my esteem and respect, both from what I have seen and heard of you, and to my courtesy and thanks for the favourable opinion which it seems you are kind enough to entertain of me.”

“Favourable opinion, Miss Brindsley!—ah, what a cold term that is to a man who loves you with the tenderest and most inexpressible affection. From the first day—nay, I may say, from the first moment I saw you, my whole heart and affections became yours.”

“Alas! my lord, why would a nobleman of your rank think of descending to such an humble girl as I am.”

“I care not about that,” he replied; “you are *not* humble. So far from that, I feel that you would ornament any condition of life—whether that condition be the highest or the lowest. I possess rank, but in your presence I feel that I am humble.”

“I know your natural sincerity too well, my lord, to call this politeness or compliment. I consequently believe that you express with a gentlemanly candour exactly what you feel, and I assure you, my lord, that however flattering are the sentiments which you entertain for me, I am sorry that you ever felt them.”

“Sentiments! Don’t, Miss Brindsley, diminish the force or expression of what I feel. Sentiments! say rather a deep and fervent passion—a passion that comprehends your whole character. It is true I might have loved you at first for your beauty—and perhaps I did; but I heard and saw so much of your virtues, your admirable qualities, your talents, your rare accomplishments, that I think I may venture to say that the beauty of your moral attractions constitutes the highest element in the affection which I feel for you.”

“You overrate me, my lord, perhaps unconsciously, for it is probable that you are blinded by your own partiality. All I can say is, that I am proud of holding the place in your opinion which you say I do; and I know not the woman—no matter what her rank may be—who ought not to feel proud of your affection. I am conscious, my lord, of your admirable and noble qualities. I admire your gentleness of character, your good sense, your fine feeling, and your modesty—qualities, let me say, that are unfortunately too rare in men of your rank; but having said this—all of which I sincerely feel—I have said all I can say. My esteem and respect and honour for your character are with you, my lord, but my heart is *not*.”

“Surely so young a creature as you can have had no previous attachment.”

“An attachment, my lord, which extinguishes your hopes.”

“But,” proceeded his lordship, “perhaps it was lightly entered into—not well considered. May I ask, are you engaged? Pardon me if I am impertinent in making the inquiry, and consider how deeply I am interested in it;—you must be engaged.”

“I am *not* engaged, my lord, as engagements are usually considered, neither is the man I love—”

“Then you *do* love—you admit as much.”

The rapid play of her imagination brought her young and truthful lover before her. She bent her face upon her hand for a short time, and on raising it her eyes were filled with tears.

“Yes, my lord,” she replied with a solemnity of expression which startled him, “I love with a spirit which not even the grave will quench. Having admitted this to you, I trust you will be too generous to press me on a subject which must be necessarily painful to us both. This confidence is the greatest proof of my respect for your character and principles which I could give you. I repeat it, that you have my esteem and respect and my admiration, but as for my love, it is not mine to give, nor could the throne of a monarch remove it from the object on which it is fixed.”

“Well, Miss Brindsley, under these circumstances, I cannot think of pressing my humble claim, but you send me away from you a melancholy and an unhappy

man. I do not think I can or ever will love woman more. Excuse me if I have given you pain or excited recollections that affect you. It was not, I assure you, my intention to do so. In the meantime, I wish you and your lover every happiness; *he* must be worthy of it, when he is worthy of *your* love." He then shook hands with her, bowed gracefully, and retired.

A little before the close of the third year, and when, in point of fact, her education was completed, the war in Scinde broke out, and the regiment to which Clinton belonged was ordered to the East. It was now felt necessary that the marriage should take place, and as it was arranged, the worthy doctor was sent to London for the purpose of conducting her to Dublin, where Clinton and his mother were to meet them. There was little time lost in this agreeable trip. The doctor settled all expenses due, and in a few days they met in Morrison's hotel in Dublin.

And now for a few words with respect to Clinton himself. Here he had undergone an ordeal which lasted for three years, during which period he was necessarily obliged to mingle in the first society, was surrounded and courted by female rank and beauty; was known to be wealthy too, for which reason many a maternal snare was laid for him; he was in the very heyday of youth, when the heart is weakest against temptation, and most susceptible of female influence: yet did he, like a man as he was of steadfast and honourable principle, stand firm and unshaken under all the allurements by which he was beset and surrounded, and never for a moment forgot the allegiance which he felt to be due to the great-minded girl who was willing to sacrifice her love, her hopes, and her happiness for the preservation of his fame and honour in the world. He proved himself then, as he did afterwards, a noble and illustrious standard of human virtue and magnanimity. Whether she, on the other hand, proved herself worthy of him or not, is as well known to the reader as to ourselves.

They were married by special licence in St. Ann's church, and the worthy Dr. Spillar had the pleasure of assisting in the ceremony, and giving away the bride. The marriage was strictly private, and but few persons were asked to the *dejeuner*, for reasons which we need not state. Immediately before they started upon their country excursion, Maria said to her proud and gratified husband,—

"Ask your mother to join us in our private room above stairs. I have a certain document to read which I wish her to hear. What it contains I know not, but it is a prophecy written for me, when I was a little girl, by one of the Stuart family, who were said to be remarkable for the truth of their predictions. He imposed an obligation on my mother and me not to break the seal of it, nor to read it, until the day of my marriage, and *after* the ceremony. Go and bring your mother up; you will find me in our own room."

He went and returned in a few minutes, saying that his mother would be with them immediately.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE ISLES OF IRELAND.

HISTORIC, LEGENDARY, AND SCENIC.

"Sea-girt isles
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep."

I.—IRELAND'S EYE.

"*PROXIMORUM incuriosi, longinqua sectamur,*" observed Pliny, in administering a keen rebuke to his countrymen, who, in their pursuit of novelty, were apathetic to the pictorial and historic attractions of their own land, to the preference of those of distant climes. To this censure of neglecting the near for the far our modern tourists are likewise amenable, although it must be admitted that they do not altogether possess the faculty of combining business with pleasure which distinguished the togaed and sandaled subjects of the great Roman monitor's reproof, seeing that the latter, amidst the most exciting and diverting incidents in their peregrinations, never lost sight of the national maxim, *Divide et Impera*, and so became masters of a dominion stretching from Parthia to the Hebrides.

"Know most of the rooms of thy native country, before thou goest over the threshold thereof," is the sensible advice too of worthy old Fuller; but now-a-days, folks in search of the picturesque unthinkingly rush to the continent of Europe and America, as if their native land had no scenery worthy of their attention, no localities linked with the memories of great achievements or noble aspirations, which, as the homes and haunts of the puissant monarchs, the chivalric chiefs, and the high-born beauncies of the long-ago, are undying commentaries on their passions and their lives, where the willing imagination may indulge its reveries unrestrained, until in fancy we people them once more with their former inmates, follow their chequered fortunes, and share their hopes. We have been surfeited with pictures of the Tyrol, Switzerland, and Italy, limned as vividly with the pen as with the pencil, and yet, nowhere, all the world over, can Nature be contemplated in grander or lovelier aspects than in our own green isle. There is, besides, a peculiar charm about home scenery which belongs to no other. Every lordly hill and tranquil valley, every lonely spring on which a stray sunbeam never glints, every river whose silvery ripples, laughing and dimpled, seek the ocean, every mound and cavern, every scarped cliff and quarried stone, is inseparably associated with the memory of a glorious past, and is a prolific source of poetry and romance. They are identified with an era when the chivalry and social history of the Island of the Saints were preserved in the literature of her bards, whose minstrelsy now

"Softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters, between walls
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass,"

and anon sweeps onwards with the soporuous march of the "linked legions," whom, under the standard of green, they accompanied to victory, and which will forever, even from the tomb of nationhood, live like Mem-

non's shattered image, yet a music in the hearts of all. Amidst our native scenic treasures, too, seated by the ingle-nook, or perchance within some fairy-haunted rath, we can listen, in the midnight hour, to

"Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,"

and thus become conversant with the feelings and folklore of our peasantry, the knowledge so acquired being fraught with a social interest and import underivable from aught we could learn on the banks of the Rhine or the Danube, from either the *chansons* of German Minnesingers or the wild stories of Wallack and Magyar. Yes; Ireland is rich in places hallowed by memorials of her ancient nationality, to which we may well delight to make reverent pilgrimage, and to some of these we purpose to guide the footsteps of our friends, seeking amid the beauties of Nature, or the melancholy ruins of the past, information as well as amusement, and carefully avoiding those prejudices and misconceptions which have arisen either from the exaggerations of national vanity or the misrepresentations of foreign criticism.

Diversified and magnificent in the extreme as is the scenery in the vicinity of the Irish metropolis, there is scarcely any locality of similar extent better worth the attention of the artist, antiquary, or botanist than the tiny isle to which we purpose devoting this paper. Alike remarkable for picturesque beauty and historic associations of no inconsiderable interest, for those

"In populous city pent,

Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,"

it possesses attractions to which few minds can be insensible. From the summit, an elevation of 339 feet, when no mist covers it or shrouds the view, the panorama within ken is very imposing. Southward, at the distance of somewhat more than a mile, are the bold crags and escarpments of the peninsular Hill of Howth, its harbour, village, and ruined Abbey directly opposite. As the eye travels to the right, the ancestral castle of the St. Lawrence family, overhung by the steep brown cliffs of Carric-more, peeps forth from the midst of its bosky mantle; while, to the left, the precipitous and rugged headland called the Naze* of Howth, scathed by the wear and tear of consuming centuries, breasts the surge. Towards the west and north the shores of the mainland, along which on billowy pinions the whirling sea-gulls shriek, trend away in the direction of the well-defined outlines of the Mourne Mountains; and beyond, to the south-east, the graceful waving chain of the Dublin and Wicklow Mountains, their summits towering to the clouds in wild grandeur, gaze proudly downwards on the glancing sails that enliven the bright waters of the Bay of Dublin.

Right pleasant it is on a day in summer, when the sun laughs brightest, and

"The birds, that are to air
Like song to life, are gaily on the wing,"

* Popularly the Nose of Howth, a corruption of the Norse *ness*, signifying a neck of land or promontory, so frequently used in modern topographical nomenclature, as *Duig-ness*, *Caith-ness*, *Inver-ness*, *Sheer-ness*, &c.

to sit one down here, on some fern-plumed crag, amid the fragrance of the heather, fanned by the living sea-engendered breezes, and muse awhile upon the scroll which chronicles deathless names and deeds of bold enterprise. To learn that here, in days of yore, that famous national force, the "Fianna Eirionn," when in the noon of their puissance, under the celebrated Fionn-mac-Cumhaill, were wont to keep jealous watch and ward; that three centuries later, from out yonder hoar and crumbling ruin, now the sport of every prying blast, Christian anthems pealed, and in the gloaming the soft vesper chimes stole tremblingly across the waters; and that again, further down in the stream of time, chasm, and precipice, and rock rang with the battle-shouts of fierce Vikings, whose deeds were written in blood when their galleys swept the seas like clouds of night, and the green land of Eire paled before their swift glaives and lurid torches, as they made glorious plunder of its beautiful shrines. Many a time here, where "the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry," during the ninth and tenth centuries, the raven plumed its wing for flights of pillage and carnage over the broad plains of the Liffey and the Boyne, the *spolia opima* of which were destined to enrich its bleak ancestral northland; and often the rallying cry of "Thor and Valhalla" was answered, swift and deep, by "Earrann Abu," as those same large-limbed shrine-destroyers were sent to fill the niches in the Pantheon of their hero-worship, beneath the avenging gleam of Irish battle-axe and skean. Now all is hushed. The trumpet-swell of Odin's ocean-giants,

"Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time,"

no longer jars on the calm vault above, and of their hosts we have but the memory

"Of old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

Ireland's Ey is generally supposed to be the "Adri-deserta" of Ptolemy, "Andros" of Pliny, and "Adria" of Richard of Cirencester, and in the national annals was originally called "Inis-Ereann," the Island of Eria, which is the name given in the "Dinnseanchus." Archbishop Usher, in his "Primordia," erroneously translates the modern name of the island *oculus* (an eye), instead of *insula* (an island), the Danish version of the etymon, "Inis-Ereann," *ey* or *ei* in the Norse signifying island. In a similar manner the original names of other islands were altered, as *Delg-ei*—now Dalkey—for the "Deilg-inis" of the Irish, *Lamb-ey* for "Inis-Reachrain," &c. This error of the Archbishop originated the present method of writing the name of the island with a final *e*; for which there is otherwise no authority. Towards the close of the sixth, or early part of the seventh century, three of the seven sons of St. Nessan, a lineal descendant of the royal house of Lagenia (Leinster), erected a church or oratory here, called "Cill-mac-Nessain," the Church of the Sons of Nessan, and hence the island is mentioned in the "Annals of the Four Masters," and other chronicles, as "Inis-mac-Neasain," the Island of the Sons of Nessau. The dimensions of this edifice, which was stone roofed,

were very diminutive, the interior not exceeding twelve feet by twenty-four. An arched chancel, at the east end, supported the *cloisteach*, or round-tower belfry, scarcely a vestige of which is now discernible, while of the windows the ruins do not present a trace. The doorway, which was unfortunately destroyed some years since, and the materials removed to the mainland, was built *more Romano*, a semi-circular arch, composed of well-cemented blocks of calpe, springing from square imposts, exactly similar to the ancient Saxon doorways, with the exception of a greater or lesser lateral inclination. It measured upwards of six feet in height, two feet in width below the imposts, and three feet at the base. The depth of the wall exceeded two feet. This was the original prebendal church of Howth, to which the establishment was transferred by Luke, Archbishop of Dublin, in the year 1235. The festival of the founders was celebrated, according to the "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ" of Colgan, on the 15th of March.

In the twelfth century the island was granted by Pope Alexander III. to the see of Dublin, an endowment confirmed by the Lord Deputy of Ireland, the Earl of Morton, afterwards King John, and subsequently by Edward III. and Richard II. In the year 1543, during the reign of Henry VIII., it appears from the ancient records in the Rolls' Office, that "matter of Variance was dependyng in the King's most honorable Courte of Chauncery, before the right honorable John Alen, Esquier, Lord Chauncelor," "bitwene the moste Reverent father in God, George, Archbushop of Dublyn and prymat of Ireland, plaintiff, and Sr. Chrystofer Howthe, knight, lorde of Howthe, Defendant, concerninge the right, title, interest, and possession of a certeyne island called Irelandisia, or Ireland's ey." On behalf of the Archbishop "diverse and sundry antyke deeds, evidences, and wrytyngs" were produced before the Lord Chancellor, from which it appeared that "the very right, title, interest, inheritaunce, and possession of the said Ireland's ey, or Irelandisia, only did apperteyne unto the saide Archbushop and his successors, and that the saide lorde of Howthe ne none other of his auncestors were seaside, or possessyde, or had any other right, title, possessyon, or interest but only at wylle and by sufference of the saide Archbushop and his predecessoures, payinge therefor yearly such rent and profyt as was bitwene them agreed." The court confirmed the claim of the Archbishop to "hold, occupye, and enjoie" the island "until such time as the saide Sr. Chrystofer, his heires, or assigns should shew better matter for his clayme and title which he pretendyd unto the same island." The litigious knight was further mulcted in "a hundreth shillings for liys costes, expenses, and charges, susteyned by wrongfull vexacion, sewte and trowble," and received a hint that if he would "avoide further daunger" he would "upon payne of fyve hundreth marks observe, perfourme, and fulfyl the tenor, purporte, and effecte of the decree."

Even in the distant Polar seas the name of this island has been preserved. In the course of the suc-

cessful expedition of the "Fox" yacht (1857-8-9) to ascertain the fate of Sir John Franklin, at the termination of a sledge journey of the unparalleled length of fourteen hundred miles, Captain Sir Leopold M'Clinck discovered amid the world of snows an islet north beyond a point ever reached by any Arctic explorers, which in memory of his native land he named "Ireland's Ey."

Although the botany of the island includes an infinite variety of wild flowers and plants, the simplest amongst which

"More bestows
Than Egypt's lore, on Poesy,"

it is not our intention to take up the subject scientifically, as an enumeration of all would far exceed our limits, but merely to direct attention to the outward forms and characteristics of the more prominent. Shrinking from the breeze and sunshine may be noted the heavy black-streaked purple flowers of the familiar roast-beef plant (*Iris fetidissima*), so designated from the circumstance of its leaves when bruised emitting an odour somewhat resembling that of roast beef. Almost in the same neighbourhood, in gravelly places, is the common broom (*Spartium scoparium*), with its axillary gold-coloured flowers. In more chalky ground we meet the lesser meadow rue (*Thalictrum minus*) with pale purple flowers, and, where stony and bushy places prevail, the beautiful little early hair-grass (*Aria præcox*), closely resembling its better-known silvery namesake. In the same vicinity are found bloody cranesbill (*Geranium sanguineum*), remarkable for its rough leaves, long stalks and large sanguine-hued flowers; and, on the sandy heaths, clustering shrubberies of the Burnet rose (*rosa spinosissima*), the flowers of which scent the air with a wealth of delicate perfume. At no great distance from the shore are spurry sandwort (*Arenaria marina*), with large flesh-coloured flowers; Portland spurge (*Euphorbia Portlandica*), a plant about a foot in height, with glaucous leaves and an acid, milky taste; waterblinks, or chickweed (*Montia fontana*), noticeable for its dense tufts of small, white flowers and black seeds, and, in striking contrast, marsh ragwort (*Senecio aquaticus*) with pale green leaves and gold flowers. Upon the rocks are the sea pink (*Statice armenia*) with deep green leaves and rose-coloured flowers; and the vernal squill (*Scilla verna*), a sweet plant, with numerous dark green leaves, and a corymb of five or six blue flowers. The more inaccessible cliffs are fringed with sea-fennel or samphire (*Crithmum maritimum*), said to be a corruption of the French *Saint Pierre*. It is a low growing plant, having leaflets about an inch in length, with yellowish flowers, and is distinguished by a pungently aromatic flavour. When pickled with vinegar and spice it makes an excellent salad or sauce, and is also frequently employed for medicinal purposes. From the generally precipitous nature of its place of growth, samphire-gathering is not unattended with danger. Shakspeare alludes to it in "King Lear":—

"Half-way down,
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head."

That the vending of samphire was common in Shakespeare's time is evident from the fact of its having been hawked through the public thoroughfares. A song in Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," enumerating the various cries of London, thus refers to it:—

"I ha' rock-samphier, rock-samphier;
Thus go the cries in Rome's faire towne;
First they go up street and then they go downe," &c.

The rocky ascent of the island directly facing Howth is luxuriously clothed with curious ferns and lichens of the most varied hues, interspersed with the tree mallow (*Lavatera arborea*), the downy, grayish-green leaves of which contrast agreeably with its large dark-centred lilac flowers. On the shelving banks, towards the east and south, are found several remarkable medicinal herbs, which in the months of June and July yield a rather oppressive odour.

Around the island, during the summer, the seal may be observed, now and again, oaring its way amongst the rocks, quaint yet graceful specimens of the stormy architecture of the waves, and the curious guttural snore of the porpoise is heard as it rolls lazily along the surface of the water. Multitudes of sea-birds sweep past with a perfect Babel of discordant tongues, while the silent but energetic diver follows its prey through the waves with arrow-like rapidity. The cross-bill (*Loxia curvirostra*), a somewhat rare visitant to Ireland, has been recognised here occasionally, as also the rock-pigeon (*Columba rupicola*), and in former times the cliffs were the resort of a stately breed of goshawks, generally flown at cranes, wild geese, &c.

Ireland's Ey is pyramidal in shape, and chiefly composed of quartz interstratified with variegated schistose rocks, exhibiting the phenomena of numerous contortions, which by their dissimilitude clearly define the curvature of the beds. The most noticeable of the silicious formation is a large white and red rock, closely resembling porphyry. It has the shining appearance of marble, but is susceptible of a much finer natural polish, and breaks opaque and purple. If a single ounce of this be kept for the space of ten hours in a reverberatory furnace, it will scarcely lose a grain, but still retain its hardness, and strike fire with steel, acquiring, however, a greater degree of fragility. The crude powder of this stone is susceptible of magnetic influence.

A modern martello tower and the ruins of Cill-mac-Neasain are the only edifices on the island, which has but an area of fifty-three acres. Many years ago it formed a portion of the dominions of the "King of Dalkey," of facetious memory, who was also "Emperor of the Muggins, Prince of the Holy Island of Magee, and Elector of Lambay and Ireland's Ey." A few years since the island acquired a melancholy celebrity as the scene of a tragedy which, from its atrocious character, has scarcely a parallel amongst those *causes célèbres* that stain the criminal annals of a country, and the author of which managed to evade the grasp of justice by means which have not been, and probably never will be, explained.

MADELINE'S VOW.

BY ROBERT D. JOYCE.

OUR town is an ancient one. I am not the only inhabitant who takes a pride in it, not, indeed, in consequence of its present prosperity, for that is nothing to boast of, but on account of its former strength and splendour, and for its gallant conduct in the wars and during the many sieges to which it was subjected by those who measured swords so often within the four seas of old Ireland. On the one side, we have a calm, winding, picturesque river, and on the other, a lake, which, according to popular tradition, is destined to overflow its flat, reedy shores, and submerge ourselves or our descendants beneath its glassy waves, a catastrophe which I earnestly hope may not occur until I, for one, am sleeping my last sleep beneath the shadows of the mighty elm trees that shelter our ancient burial-place. River and lake were not, however, considered sufficient defences against intruders by our belligerent ancestors. They, therefore, encircled the town with a tremendous fosse, supplied from the waters of both lake and river; and above and within the fosse constructed a ramparted wall, two-thirds of the ruins of which still remain to attest its former strength and solidity. Four roads, from the four cardinal points, led into the town, over each of which, at the entrance, was built a massive barbican. Two of these formidable gateways may yet be seen, but our principal objects of attraction are the ancient houses that still line the streets, and the magnificent ecclesiastical ruins that throw their fantastic shadows across the river, and carry, even in their decay, the mind back to the far-gone years when the melodious bells tolled from their turrets, the burning censers swung before their altars, and their mighty roofs echoed daily to the solemn songs of monk and friar.

The traveller who passes down our main street will not fail to pause before the ruin of a huge stone mansion that stands some short distance from the North-gate. It is built partly in the Elizabethan style, and partly after a style still more ancient, namely, that strong, massive, Norman mode, examples of which may be still frequently seen in the ruins of those mighty castles that loom up, from their rocky foundations, by many a pass, and hill, and river throughout the land. Its ornate windows and massive doorways are still in good preservation, and upon the figured stone mullions of the former may still be detected the remains of ancient gilding, which, with the fantastic and elaborately-carved effigies on lintel, window-sill, and archway, picture before the beholder's eye the magnificence that must have once reigned within its now deserted chambers. At its rear, the antique garden that belonged to the mansion, with its flower beds and labyrinths of walks, all now gone to decay, extends backwards to the town wall, the foot of which, at that point, is washed by the waters of the lake.

Within the memory of some of the oldest inhabitants of the town, this mansion, before it went to ruin,

was inhabited by an old gentleman named George Lombard, and his only daughter, Madeline. George Lombard was descended from a long line of ancestors, who had made the mansion their town residence since perhaps the days of the Invasion, that stormy time when the De Courcys, De Rupes, Geraldines, and many other stout Normans, gained their footing in this land by the sword, to become, soon after their settlement, however, in the language of the old historian, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." About a mile outside the town George Lombard possessed another mansion and a goodly estate; but to all his possessions Madeline, his daughter, was sole heiress. The father was a good type of the squire of those days, a proud, hot-tempered, wayward man, sometimes overbearing, exacting, and stern towards his tenantry, and, on other occasions, as the humour swayed him, warm-hearted, indulgent, and humane; a man who kept a pack of fox-hounds at his country mansion, and put his neck in jeopardy on their track several times a week, and who never retired to rest before himself and his friends had emptied an array of wine bottles—good claret and burgundy—that would strike a modern toper with dismay, to the memory of their sylvan achievements on the track of bold reynard, or to the reigning toasts of the country.

Madeline also, who was scarcely twenty years of age at the time of the following events, was a good type of her class. She followed the hounds with her father, and took fence for fence with the best of them, not unfrequently distancing the whole hunt, and coming in at the death. As a natural consequence, she was the great favourite among the young fox-hunting gentlemen of the country, their theme in the song, and their toast at every revel, and in those reckless old times the latter were not few. She knew also all her father's tenants by name, went amongst them frequently, interceded for them in their difficulties with her father, on which occasions she seldom failed in being successful; and thus, if they did not raise her to the dignity of toast at their merry-makings, she had, at least, many an earnest prayer and good wish from them for her welfare and happiness. She was a beauty, too, a dark-haired, haughty-looking, splendid girl; but the proud look of her perfectly-chiselled face was relieved by a sweet, mild expression, that ever hovered upon her pretty lips, and by a pair of large, dark eyes, whose kindly glance never failed to win the hearts of rich and poor in her neighbourhood.

From her infancy Madeline had been brought up with her cousin. The latter, whose name was Harry Godsall, was a young man of reckless and dissolute habits, and had gained the hatred of his uncle's tenants, even before he had grown up to man's estate, by many an act of oppression, and by his licentious conduct. Many a royal battle he had fought with his uncle on these occasions; but he always contrived to fight through them tolerably, well until an event occurred which separated them, as all the neighbourhood thought, for ever. Well had it been for both, indeed, had the latter been the case. Old George Lombard's principal tenant was a farmer named Brian Connell, an honest, industri-

ous man, well to do in the world, in fact, with an amount of wealth that entitled him to give his children, of whom he had five, three sons and two daughters, a good education, and to expect for them what the country people called a good match, whenever they might take it into their heads to marry. Upon the youngest of Brian Connell's daughters, about two years previous to the events of our story, Hurry Godsall had cast his eye. Harry was then about twenty-one years of age; and when he found his efforts at gaining the heart of Ellen Connell frustrated by the good sense and propriety of the latter, he resolved upon her abduction. With about a dozen accomplices, he attacked the house on a certain night, and carried off the daughter of Brian Connell; but he had scarcely proceeded a mile upon his way to the mountains, when he was overtaken by the brothers of his victim, with several of their neighbours. He fought hard for his prize, but, in the end, was overpowered, and received such a rough handling on the occasion, from Ellen's eldest brother, Dick, that he was confined to his bed for a full week afterwards. Before the end of that time the whole transaction had come to the ears of his uncle, and that irascible old gentleman determined then and there to discard the worthless Harry Godsall for ever. With this resolution, a few days afterwards, he rode out to his country mansion, and, after some search for the delinquent, at last found him in the stables, looking after a favourite hunter that belonged to him.

"Leave that horse," said the uncle, sternly, "for as sure as my name is George Lombard, you shall never see him again. Leave him, sir, and quit my house, that you have disgraced by your debaucheries and other bad conduct!"

"I reared him myself," answered Harry Godsall, "and he is mine. If I go, he, at least, will go with me!"

"It is not enough that I adopted you"—pursued the old gentleman, taking no notice of the answer of his nephew—"yes, adopted you when your parents died, and brought you up on an equality with my own daughter, but you must seek for the rights of a son in your relations towards me! You are my nephew, it is true, the child of my only sister, but I tell you, Harry Godsall, if you were my own son, after your villainous attempt the other night, I would discard you, and send you adrift upon the world, as I am determined to do this day. Begone, sir, and leave me, and never more set foot within my house. Perhaps, when you try to fight your battle with the world, unaided, you will then think of the opportunities you wilfully lost, and upon the uncle, who was willing to set you up like a gentleman, if you had conducted yourself!"

"Very well, sir," answered Harry. "But, think yourself of the wild life you led when you were young, and then, perhaps, you will find an excuse for me!"

"If I think upon my own life," returned his uncle, "I can find nothing in it, wild as it was, that came up in baseness to this late act of yours. I bore with you long enough, and now I am resolved to put up with your profligacy and wickedness no longer."

"And I, too, have borne with your tyranny long enough," answered Harry Godsall, with a sinister look, now that he saw his uncle was determined on his expulsion. "Give me some money, and I promise you it will be many a long day ere I set foot within your house."

"I am after tearing up my will this morning," answered his uncle, "and in that parchment which is now consumed to ashes, I had left you a good round sum. You have lost all by your own misconduct, but it will only make Madeline the richer. Here, however," added he, handing his nephew a purse, "here are two hundred guineas. Take the money, and leave my sight at once, or I will be tempted to horsewhip you round the stable!"

"I will take it," said Harry, "but I tell you, uncle, I am a man now, and will have none of the other ware, no matter from whom; so you had better put up your whip."

"Ha! ha!" retorted his uncle bitterly, "you took a thrashing, however, quietly and meekly enough the other night from young Dick Connell."

It was horrible to gaze upon the vengeful expression that darkened the swarthy face of Harry Godsall, as he heard the name of the farmer's son pronounced.

"I tell you what it is, uncle," he said, as he led his horse, which was ready saddled and bridled, into the yard, "you and that damned young bogtrotter may yet live to rue the day that you have combined against Harry Godsall." With a spring he was into the saddle. "Good-bye," he added, with a bitter sneer as he rode away, "you see, after all, that I and the horse I reared are not determined to part company. Good-bye, and remember me to Ellen Connell. Tell her brother also, for his comfort, that I will have his life yet, as sure as there's blood in my body!"

Away he rode, but he was scarcely gone a day when the old foxhunter relented, began to speak of him as kindly as ever, and wish him back. But it was of no avail now, for Harry Godsall was away in the purlieus of the neighbouring city, engaged in the pleasant task of spending his money as fast as possible. It was soon gone. He next sold his horse, the price of which soon followed the two hundred guineas. There was now no alternative for him but the usual one in such cases, and in a moment of desperation Harry Godsall enlisted in a regiment of dragoons, which was then quartered in the city. The troop to which he belonged was ordered in a few days to the East Indies, and from that burning and unhealthy clime nothing was afterwards heard of him. In fact all supposed that he was dead.

Two years after the departure of Henry Godsall there was a fair held in our stout old town. The latter, I may say it safely with pride, is situated in the midst of the finest and most fertile plain in Ireland, or in Europe, or perhaps I may go so far as to say the whole world. It will easily be conceived, then, what a concourse of people and what a number of cattle of every description were packed into the streets on that day

of business and uproar, fun and mischief. From early morning until noon, every saleable commodity, living and inert, changed hands with astonishing celerity, for it was a prosperous time, and business was consequently brisk and flourishing. There was one part of our main street, and it happened to be that opposite to the mansion of old George Lombard, that was on fair days specially devoted to the tinkers and their faithful and hardworking companions, the donkeys. Here the noise of traffic was perfectly deafening during the morning, and enlivened also occasionally by several oratorical encounters between the fair partners of the workers in brass and tin, but by degrees as the noon-day sun smote hot upon the paving stones, even that babel of voices began to subside into a murmuring and quiet roar, that as the immortal Milton says of the rising of the demons in Pandemonium, was "like the sound of thunder heard remote."

By degrees, as the noon passed the cattle disappeared in a great measure from the street, but the people remained. The great bulk of the latter also disappeared from the street, but they did not leave the town like cattle. They were, in fact, quietly ensconced within the hostels and hilarious public-houses whose hospitable doors ornament our streets, and invite with their quaint "signs" the weary and thirsty passers-by to come in and refresh themselves. There they were talking over their bargains, laughing, singing, and match-making to their hearts' content, and pouring upon the altar of friendship libations of whiskey punch, plentiful enough to drown all their bickerings and faction grudges for a dozen years. Now, our town seems to be under a pugnacious spell since the day its first stone was laid. Since that never-to-be-forgotten day, it has stood at least a score of sieges, not taking into account the running engagements with sword and gun that took place along its streets and around its well-battered walls. Along with this we have four fairs yearly, and I can say it, both from report and observation, that the sun of each of those fair days never set without beholding a universal scrimmage from end to end of the place between the rival factions of the surrounding country. The day in question was of course not an exception to this general rule.

The tinkers always seemed to arrogate to themselves the initiative in those belligerent demonstrations. There was a little man amongst them who never failed to be present at each fair, who usually began the fight, and who for the thirty previous years seemed to every one who observed his looks never to grow a day older in appearance, according to the unquestionable authority of Jeremiah Macnamara Moloney, Philomath, the schoolmaster of the town, who usually celebrated each scrimmage and the prominent heroes therein in Greek, Hebrew, Latin and Irish effusions, but never in English, the worthy professor of dead and dying tongues, according to his own deliberate expression, having a "shuprame and sovereign and immortal contempt for the latter polyglottiferous and cacophonous language." On the evening of the aforesaid day the little man

alluded to rushed out with a ferocious hurroo! from a public-house, cut a few warlike capers in the street, and then struck his own fair partner above the eye with his clenched fist, to which the incensed amazon replied promptly by a resounding hammer of her own flinty digits upon the little man's chest, that sent him sprawling against the adjacent wall, and doubled him up for the rest of the evening. The victorious matron then attacked her next neighbour, and he, after somewhat disabling her, attacked another, and thus the fight spread, the men and women rushing out into the street and joining in the fray, till the whole tinkers' quarter was in a universal uproar. This was followed by a shout some distance up the street from an excited member of one of the factions, and ere a quarter of an hour had elapsed, a general battle raged supreme from the North to the South Gate of our pugnacious town.

Whilst this state of things lasted, a tall, dark young man, clad in the garb of a tinker, separated himself from the combatants, and without being perceived by any one, glided under an old archway that led to the rear of George Lombard's mansion. He examined every wall and gable at the back of the house, and at length, as his gaze fell upon a long leaden pipe that led by a certain window to the roof, there came an expression of demoniac exultation and malignity into his black eyes, which showed that his purpose was neither good nor honest. After another hasty but careful glance at the entrance to the garden and towards the old town-wall beyond, he immediately left the spot, glided out under the hoary arch by which he had entered, and with a loud shout joined the combatants once more.

Meanwhile the fight began to rage fiercer and fiercer up the street between the rival factions. There were then no police, and the few yeomen who lived in the town were, as a matter of course, quite incompetent to put a stop to the tumult. At this juncture an old gentleman rode down the street, and with his horsewhip began to lay about him on the heads and broad shoulders of the combatants. It was old George Lombard, who, as the principal inhabitant of the town, usually adopted that novel method of quieting the frays that took place there, upon each recurring fair day. Nor was he unsuccessful on the present occasion. In fact, like the fabled halcyon on a stormy sea, his presence seemed to quieten down the tumult wonderfully, as he rode along distributing favours indiscriminately from his horsewhip on all sides, until he reached a certain part of the street, namely the border land between the tinkers' quarter and that occupied by the factions. This, like all border lands, was a perfect Maelstrom of contention, for the members of the factions were not only fighting there among themselves, but the tinkers from some cause or other had got mixed up in their fray, and all was in most horrible uproar as George Lombard came to the spot. In the midst of the roaring through two tall young men were engaged in an encounter with sticks. One of them, by his dress and appearance, looked a gentleman. It was Richard, or as he was more commonly called, Dick Connell, son of

George Lombard's tenant. The other, who wore the usual apparel of a tinker, was the same who had examined so minutely some time before the back premises of the old mansion. Towards this pair, as they fenced and struck fiercely at each other with their sticks, George Lombard rode whip in hand, and flourishing his pacific talisman, struck Dick Connell, who happened to be nearest to him at the moment, a sharp blow across the shoulders. At the same instant Dick floored his antagonist with a blow, and now turned upon George Lombard, his eyes flushing still with the fury of the combat.

"How dare you strike, sir?" he exclaimed, unable to overcome his rage, and catching the bridle of George Lombard's horse. "Mark me, Mr. Lombard," he added, as some of his companions caught him and pulled him away—"mark me, sir, you will pay sorely for that blow, or my name is not Richard Connell!"

He was pulled by his companions into a house hard by, and thus the faction fight came to an end. When George Lombard looked out for the other combatant, the latter was nowhere to be seen.

That night a most horrible and atrocious murder was committed in our town, and the victim was George Lombard. He was found upon his bed in the morning with a deep narrow wound, as if from a knife or small dagger, in the region of the heart. Very little blood appeared to have flowed from the wound. He must have bled internally. Of course this created a terrible uproar in our town, and throughout the surrounding country. Every search was made for the murderer, but not even a clue to anything connected with the fearful event could be found by the most diligent investigations. The ill-fated old gentleman was in the meantime buried, the inquest that had sat upon his body having given a verdict of wilful murder against some person unknown.

It is not to be wondered at that Madeline grieved sorely for her father's unhappy fate. For a week or two she was unable to understand anything with the excess of her sorrow, but at last she bestirred herself, and soon showed that she had a will and a spirit of her own, that enabled her to accomplish more in the search for her father's murderer than the most active magistrate in the vicinity. But it was all of no avail, and another week passed, scarcely adding a single fact to what was already known. At the end of that time Madeline drove to the house of a magistrate who lived outside the town, and who also had been her father's trusted friend and constant companion.

"I need not say, Madeline," said the old gentleman, who went by the name of Squire Waller, "that I have done everything in my power in this sad case. And yet you see it is all of no avail. The murderer must indeed have laid his plans well, to be able to baffle us in this manner."

"He must, indeed," answered Madeline. "But still I think we will find him out yet. Some one must be tempted by the largeness of the reward we have offered."

"I hope," said the cautious old magistrate, "that no one will be tempted by its amount to swear away the life of some innocent person. Large as it is, however, you see that it has failed as yet to bring any one forward with a particle of information."

Now, old George Lombard had been somewhat eccentric in his habits and manners. Some of these eccentricities had descended to his daughter. It will not astonish any one, therefore, to learn what passed between Madeline and old Squire Waller. After going over the meagre array of facts that had been elicited by the inquest, and after arguing between them the feasibility of increasing the reward, Madeline resumed—

"I have come at last to the conclusion," she said, "that something extraordinary must be done, and I will do it for the sake of my father. You know, Mr. Waller," continued she, blushing at what she was about to say, "the large number of bachelors, young and old, that have of late years sought my hand, some perhaps, for my own sake, but a great many, I fear, for the sake of the fortune and estate to which I am heiress. There are others, too, who I suppose would wish to enter the lists only that they are deterred by poverty. You may now circulate it amongst them all, rich and poor, that to the man who will be successful in bringing the murderer of my father to justice, I will give my hand and fortune! This, before you, a magistrate of the county, I vow most solemnly and truly to perform!"

Old Squire Waller endeavoured by every means in his power to dissuade her from keeping her vow, but it was all to no purpose. Madeline Lombard's resolve was taken, and the affair was soon spread through the country. As may be supposed, the search after the murderer became now more diligent and active in a ten-fold degree, but it was still fruitless. Madeline, since the death of her father, often thought of her absent cousin, Harry Godsall, and wished him at home, for she knew, bad as he was, that he would make himself more active than all the others in the search.

Her wish was strangely granted, for about six weeks after the murder, Harry Godsall came home. He seemed much changed and darkened by the foreign clime, but he came like a gentleman, dressed well, and apparently with plenty of money. He said that he had purchased his discharge, and come home to lead thenceforth a steady life. Harry was soon established in the country mansion of the Lombards, and of course, was soon most indefatigably engaged in the search for the murderer.

Now, our town is and was always remarkable for strange characters. Among the strangest of them all was old Peg Tressy, the fairywoman. She had a most astonishing knowledge of herbs, and their properties, and was famed through the wide country round as a most successful doctress. Her home was in one of the deserted cloisters of the huge old abbey beside the river, and there she usually received her patients with an amount of mystery that added not a little to her fame amongst the peasantry and townspeople.

One night about a fortnight after the return of Harry Godsall, that worthy and old Peg Trassey were holding secret council together in the ancient cloister. It was a long and mysterious consultation, and related to the murder.

"You saw him, then," said Harry Godsall, with a dark look of intelligence at the fairy woman, as he rose to depart; "you saw him coming out of the window with the knife in his hand, and climbing down the leaden pipe at the back of the house?"

"I did," answered Peg Trassey, with a sinister look in return.

"And you will swear to it?" said Harry.

"That will I," answered Peg, "as sure as there is a fairy in Lisbloom!"

"Then," said Harry Godsall, as he moved to the door of the cloister, "the reward will be doubled, Peg—yes, and doubled again, not counting the sum I shall give you when all is settled. Good night, and remember!"

"Remember!" exclaimed Peg Trassey, when he was gone. "As sure as there's an angel in Heaven I will. I heard you talking to yourself," continued she, "when you thought there was no one near the other night under the town wall; an', *mo bron!* 'tis remember your words, an' the reward you were to give me! I'll not forget it word for word till the day o' my death!" and she poured out from a small earthen pot a steaming jorum of tea, which was in those days both a rarity and luxury among the poor, and began to refresh herself. "Swear it, inyah!" added she, as she finished her cup, walked over to one of her secret closets, and brought forth a long clasp knife all stained and encrusted with blood—"Faith I will. I can safely swear above board that I saw him coming out o' the window in the dead o' night with this knife dripping red in his bloody hand, and also how he dropped it in the weeds, climbing over the garden wall, and couldn't find it. But I found it, an' will keep it till the day o' trial. Then those who think money and villany can gain the day will see truth stepping forrid, horse an' foot, an' winning the battle!"

Next day half a troop of yeomen-cavalry left our town under the command of Harry Godsall and old Squire Waller, and proceeded in the direction of Brian Connell's house. After an absence of about two hours they returned with Richard Connell, a prisoner between them, and accused of the murder of old George Lombard. The same evening a meeting of the surrounding magistrates was held in the town. Several men who had been in the faction fight on the evening of the fair were brought before them by Harry Godsall. They proved to the manner in which Dick Connell had threatened old George Lombard. After some other evidence brought forward by Harry Godsall, who said that other and more important facts would be forthcoming at the proper time, Dick Connell was there and then committed by the over-zealous magistrates for the wilful murder of George Lombard, Esquire, and was next day sent off under the guardianship of the yeomen-cavalry to the county jail, there to await his trial.

Strange to say, notwithstanding all this, Madeline persisted in believing Dick Connell innocent of the terrible crime with which he was charged.

"Take care," she said to Harry Godsall, "that you are not acting over hastily in the matter. I know them all well, and I am persuaded that Richard Connell would not injure a hair of my poor father's head."

"I thought, Madeline," answered her cousin with something of a sneer on his lip, "that you would be the last person to hold back, after all that has occurred. When the day of the trial comes you will see to your surprise that he is guilty, for I am now on the track of witnesses that will prove him so."

"May God defend the innocent, at all events," pursued Madeline. "I tell you, Harry, again, to take care, however. You know the ill-will you bear the Connells, and this may have led you to act too hastily towards them."

"As for me," answered her cousin, "that affair you allude to is past and gone, and you know I am a different man now. I bear them no ill-will. But I want justice to be done on the head of the guilty. Meantime, Madeline, when all is over, and the murderer brought to justice for his crime, I shall then remind you of the promise you made before old Tom Waller."

"I have made my vow," answered Madeline quietly, "and I will perform its conditions, come what may!"

"That is all I want," said Harry, and an hour afterwards he was riding out of the town towards their country mansion, with a dream in his head of a fine estate, a splendid bride, and prosperity for evermore.

About a week before the assizes came on Peg Trassey, the fairy-woman, presented herself before the hall-door of old Squire Waller, and demanded an audience of that wine-drinking and jovial dignity.

"Well, Peg," said the squire, "what do want? Is it going to lodge information against the fairies you are?"

"Wisha, faith it isn't," answered Peg; "but I want a small bit o' writing from your honour."

"Perhaps," said the squire, who was always jocose with Peg, "it is a lease of the old cloister or the whole abbey you want from me?"

"It is not, then," returned Peg, doggedly. "It's only Brian Connell sent me to your honour for an order. He wants to see his son."

"And why did he not come himself?" asked the squire.

"Because, your honour," answered Peg, "after the disgrace an' burning shame that has been brought upon his family by his misfortunate son, he doesn't like his face to be seen by any o' the gentlemen that know him."

"Well," said the squire, "I suppose I must give it," and he wrote an order to the governor of the county jail to admit its bearer to the cell of poor Dick Connell. Instead, however, of proceeding to the house of Brian Connell with the order, Peg Trassey immediately set off on foot for the city, and presented the order at the jail herself. She was admitted to Dick Connell's cell.

"Arn't you afraid of dying?" asked she of the pri-

soner, after she had greeted him with all due solemnity.

"I am not afraid of death," answered Dick Connell, "but still I am afraid of dying with the stain of murder on my name. I am innocent, Peg, and God will show it yet, perhaps, when I am cold in my grave."

"I know it," said Peg; "an' its only natural that you would fear dying with the stain of blood upon your name. What would you give to a person who would prove you innocent to judge, jury, an' the world, an' put the chain o' the law upon the guilty afore the eyes o' them all?"

"I have not much to give," answered Dick Connell eagerly. "I have only the small farm allowed me by my father. That I will sell, and give the proceeds of it to the one who will do as you say!"

"Richard Connell," said the fairywoman solemnly, "do you remember one day, when you were but a little boy, that you found me lying by the roadside in a burning fever? Do you remember how you ran and told your parents, an' how your father got a little hut built for me in the corner o' one of his fields; and how all through my raging sickness you an' yours tended me and fed me as if I was their own blood-relation? I don't forget it, at any rate, an' I am now come to do you a good turn—to save your life an' punish the guilty!"

"Who is guilty of the deed?" asked Dick Connell, with wild eagerness.

"No matter," answered Peg. "I'll prove you innocent anyhow; but you must first write me a letter to the young lady o' Castle Lombard, saying that you had no part in that deed, an' that God will raise you up a witness on the day o' trial that will put the felon's chain around the four bones o' the murderer! Here is pen, ink, an' paper," and she produced the latter articles from the capacious sleeve of her red gown.

On the evening of next day Madeline Lombard received from the hands of Peg Trassey the following short letter, written by Richard Connell, strictly according to the directions of the fairy-woman:—

"MADAM,

"I pray you to excuse my boldness in addressing you. I am innocent of the murder of your father: but when the day of the trial comes on, with the help of God, I will undertake to bring to justice the real murderer, in which case it will be far from one in my humble position to remind you of the vow you made before Squire Waller.

"I have the honour to be,

"Madam, with profound respect, yours,

"RICHARD CONNELL."

The day of the trial at last came, and as a matter of course, our county court was crowded by rich and poor from the whole country round. Richard Connell was placed in the dock, and his pale face showed the sufferings he had undergone alone in his felon cell; but at the same time his eye was bright and his demeanour calm, so that the spectators could trace in his looks no

sign of fear for the result of his trial. Madeline Lombard sat at the judge's right hand to witness the proceedings; and Harry Godsall, who had to aid in producing the witnesses, was stationed near the spot allotted to the latter while giving their evidence. The preliminary evidence, the threat uttered by Dick Connell at the faction fight, with other incidental things, were gone through, greatly, in the mind of judge and jury, to the prejudice of the prisoner, when at last the orier called out in a loud voice the name of Margaret Trassey, and ordered her to come forward and give her testimony. You might have heard a straw drop in the court, all were then so silent, for they knew that it was upon her testimony the final result of the trial depended.

"Here I am, my lord," said Peg, as she stepped up to the witness-table and looked proudly on the judge.

After she had complied with the usual preliminaries, the judge asked her to go over her evidence. In a clear, distinct, voice, she then told how on the night of the murder she had gone to gather a certain herb which she could find nowhere but on the garden-wall at the back of the Lombard mansion; how, as she stood beneath the shadow of the wall, she heard a noise at the back of the house, and on looking up beheld the murderer in the moonlight coming forth from a window with a knife in his hand—both hand and knife apparently bloody; how he climbed down the leaden pipe that led by the window, and how he clambered over the garden wall, and disappeared, but not before she had seen face; in fine, that she knew him well.

"Point him out!" said the judge, and the rod was immediately put into her hand by one of the officials of the court.

The fairy-woman paused a moment, looked at prisoner, judge, and crowded court, and then stepping forward a pace, laid the rod upon the head of Harry Godsall!

"What insane trick is this?" said the judge sternly, while the whole court rose in astonishment, and Harry Godsall fell back in his seat shaking with terror.—"Woman," continued his lordship, "you were brought into this court to give testimony to the truth—beware now how you tamper with us!"

"I am giving true evidence, my lord," answered Peg Trassey. "I saw the murderer climb over the garden wall. In doing so he let fall his knife, returned for it, but could not find it. But I found it, my lord, after he was gone, in a bunch of weeds where I saw it drop. Here is the knife, you can look for yourself who is the owner of it!" and she handed the weapon to the judge. His lordship took it in his hand and examined it carefully. It was still incrustated and stained with blood, and on its brass handle was the name of Harry Godsall, in large, plain capitals.

"It is enough!" exclaimed the judge. "Attach Harry Godsall for the murder of George Lombard, his uncle!"

Harry Godsall, more dead than alive, was taken then and there into custody, and immediately lodged secretly in prison. His trial soon came on. He was convicted, and not long after underwent the penalty of his terrible

crime. It came out on the trial how he had leagued himself with the tinkers, in order to come unobserved into our town, and how also he had deserted from his regiment, with various other particulars unnecessary to mention.

And Madeline Lombard—did she keep her vow? She did; and since the foundation-stone of our town was laid, there was never seen such a wedding as took place on the occasion of her marriage with Dick Connell a twelvemonth or so afterwards. On that day—from what cause I cannot explain—perhaps some great doctor or optician might take the trouble of examining the matter—I saw at least four brides and four bridegrooms at the ceremony, with innumerable repetitions of the same objects, as I walked hilariously along the street. I know it could not be the number of chickens I ate at the wedding-breakfast that caused it. All I can say about the matter is, that I retired to bed in the evening, slept for a time soundly—woke again with a feeling of thirst and a slight headache; then fell asleep and dreamt that our lake had at last arisen in its might and submerged the town, and that I was in the centre of the cool water swilling away at it to my heart's content.

DR. JENNER'S RESEARCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

FEELING a great veneration for the memory of the celebrated man whose name stands at the head of this page, and having taken some trouble to make ourselves acquainted with his private and professional character, we feel much pleasure in submitting the subjoined biographical sketch to the readers of the HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE.

Edward Jenner was born on the 17th of May, 1749, at Berkeley in Gloucestershire. His father, the Rev. Stephen Jenner, was rector of Rockhampton, and his mother was a Miss Head, daughter of the Rev. Henry Head, who at one time held the living of Berkley. Edward was the youngest of three brothers, and his father having died in the year 1754, his eldest brother, Stephen, took charge of him when he was only five years old. In three years afterwards he was sent to school, and placed under the care of the Rev. Dr. Washbourne at Cirencester, where he made considerable progress, and soon began to evince a great taste for the study of Natural History. Whilst his schoolfellows spent their recreation hours in play or amusement, little Jenner employed his time in seeking objects connected with natural history, such as fossils, flowers, birds'-nests, etc.; and before he was nine years old he had, amongst other curiosities, a collection of the nests of the dormouse. Having spent some years at school, he was removed to Sodbury, near Bristol, where he became the pupil of a Mr. Ludlow, an eminent surgeon. When the term of studentship with that gentleman expired, he went to London, and became a pupil of the celebrated John Hunter, in whose house he resided for a period of two years. This was, indeed, a very remarkable era in the life of Edward Jenner. To become at once both the

pupil and companion of one of the most distinguished medical men Great Britain ever produced, was an advantage rarely to be met, for it gave him a position and an opportunity of acquiring professional information which seldom falls to the lot of any student. All this good luck was well deserved and fully appreciated by its recipient, who, actuated by a great desire for knowledge, became an incessant labourer in the great vineyard of science. At this time Jenner had not quite attained the age of twenty-one, whilst his great master was in the forty-second year of his age. This disparity of years appeared to be lost in the similarity of tastes and love of truth which alike characterised the illustrious preceptor and the zealous pupil in their pursuit of knowledge. Mr. Hunter was at this time surgeon to St. George's Hospital, and proprietor of the Menagerie which he had some years previously established at Brompton, where he made his observations and carried on his inquiries relative to the habits and organization of animals. In 1761, when Captain Cook returned to England after his first voyage of discovery, he brought with him several valuable specimens of natural history which had been collected by Sir Joseph Banks, but were chiefly prepared and arranged by Mr. Jenner, who had been appointed *Curator* for that purpose on the special recommendation of his preceptor and friend, Mr. Hunter. He manifested so much knowledge and dexterity in the duty assigned to him, that he was offered the appointment of *naturalist* in the second expedition which sailed in 1772. This flattering offer he gracefully refused, assigning as a reason for doing so, "that he was anxious to reside in the locality in which he was born." Mr. Jenner having completed his professional studies, parted with his illustrious preceptor, Mr. Hunter, with whom he carried on an interesting and affectionate correspondence for many years after their personal separation. When Dr. Jenner returned to Berkeley, bringing with him strong letters of recommendation from the most eminent medical men in London, it was but natural that he should soon become engaged in practice, which rapidly increased in a district where both himself and his family were favourably known before; however, he never lost his early taste for natural history, which had become greatly developed during his residences in London under the guidance of the master mind of Mr. Hunter. With manners mild and fascinating, and professional acquirements beyond his years, he soon became a great favourite with all persons who had the happiness of making his acquaintance.

The following graphic description of his appearance and manners at this period of his life, was written by an old friend, Mr. Edward Gardner:—

"His height was rather under the middle size; his person robust, but active and well formed. In his dress he was peculiarly neat, and every thing about him showed the man intent and serious, and well prepared to meet the duties of his calling. When I first saw him it was on Frampton Green; I was somewhat his junior in years, and had heard so much of Mr. Jenner of Berkeley, that I had no small curiosity to see him. He was dressed in a blue coat

and yellow buttons, buckskins, well-polished jockey-boots with handsome silver spurs, and he carried a smart whip with silver handle. His hair, after the fashion of the time, was done up in a club, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat. We were introduced on that occasion, and I was delighted and astonished. I was prepared to find an accomplished man, and all the country spoke of him as a skilful surgeon and a great naturalist, but I did not expect to find him so much at home on other matters. I who had been spending my time and cultivating my judgment by abstract study, and smit from my boyhood with the love of song, had sought my amusements in the rosy fields of imagination, was not less surprised than gratified to find that the ancient affinity between Apollo and Esculapius was so well maintained in his person."

His friend Dr. Baron writes thus :

"Such was the attachment of Jenner's friends at this time, so much did they court and prize his society, and so highly did they value his amusing and interesting conversation, that they would accompany him on his way home for miles in order that the pleasure they derived from his company might be prolonged. This arose from the singular and happy union of scientific and original observation with the playfulness of mirth and wit of familiar intercourse. His recreations from his more severe studies at this time consisted of the cultivation of polite literature, and he occasionally sought an acquaintance with the Muses. He had a peculiar facility, even in common conversation, in clothing his remarks in the gay and lively colours of poetry."

His capability in this way, and the amiability and gentleness of his disposition, may be inferred from the perusal of the subjoined :

"ADDRESS TO A ROBIN REDBREAST.

"Come sweetest of the feathered throng
And soothe me with thy plaintive song;
Come to my cot devoid of fear;
No danger shall await thee here;
No prowling cat with whiskered face
Approaches this sequestered place;
No schoolboy with his willow bow
Shall aim at thee a murderous blow.
No wily lim'd twig ere molest
Thy olive wing or crimson breast.
Thy cup, sweet bird, I'll daily fill,
At yonder cressy, bubbling rill;
Thy board shall plenteously be spread
With crumblets of the nicest bread.
And when rude Winter comes and shows
His icicles and shivering snows,
Hop o'er my cheering hearth, and be
One of my peaceful family;
Then soothe me with thy plaintive song,
Thou sweetest of the feathered throng!"

A talent for observation and inferential deduction is perhaps the highest gift that a medical man can possess, and that Dr. Jenner was endowed with this great desideratum will, we think, be admitted by our readers when they peruse the annexed lines, in which we recognise, at a glance, the accuracy and keen perception of a naturalist combined with the fancy of the poet. The were suggested and written under the following circumstances :

The doctor, having been invited by a friend to join him in a country excursion which he was disposed to accept; but the weather having assumed an inauspicious

appearance, or to use medical phraseology, exhibited the premonitory symptoms of a rainy day, he sent the following apology :

"The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low ;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep.
Last night's sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head ;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see ! a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Clos'd is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark ! how the chairs and tables crack.
Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine ;
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket too, how loud he sings ;
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits smoothing o'er her whiskered jaws.
Thro' the clear stream the fishes rise ;
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The sheep were seen at early light,
Cropping the meads with eager bite.
Tho' June the air is cold and chill,
The mellow blackbird's voice is still ;
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illum'd the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping, crawling o'er the green.
The frog has lost his yellow vest,
And in a dingy suit is dressed.
The leech disturbed, is nearly risen
Quite to the summit of his prison.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quite mutton bones on grass to feast.
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight !
They imitate the gliding kite,
Or seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball :
'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow."

Jenner was very fond of music, and could play the violin and flute, compose songs which he would occasionally sing sweetly, for the entertainment and gratification of his friends. So great and varied was his information, comprehensive his genius, and abundant his resources, that, although naturally fond of society, he was never "less alone than when alone," viewing Nature's stupendous landscape, and at the same time contemplating and soliloquising upon the wonderful works of the Omnipotent Creator of all things ! As has been already stated, the personal separation of Hunter and Jenner had not the slightest effect in diminishing the fond attachment and feelings of friendship which they mutually entertained towards each other, up to the time of Mr. Hunter's much-lamented death. On the contrary, they kept up a constant correspondence, conceived and expressed in terms of the greatest esteem, —exchanging presents, and mutually assisting each other in advancing the sciences of natural history, physiology, pathology, and comparative anatomy. A great number of their interesting letters has been pub-

lished by their friend and cotemporary, Dr. Baron, from whose very interesting work we shall take the liberty of making a few extracts. Unfortunately some of the letters have not been regularly dated ; however, there can be no doubt whatever of their authenticity, or the accuracy of the information contained in them.

Mr. Hunter to Dr. Jenner.

"Dear Jenner,

"I received yours, and was extremely happy, to hear of your success in business. I hope it will continue. I am obliged to you for thinking of me, especially in my Natural History. I shall be glad of your observations on the cuckoo and upon the breeding of toads ; be as particular as you possibly can. If you can pick up anything that is curious, prepare it for me either in the flesh or fish way.

"Ever yours,

"JOHN HUNTER."

The following letters are of similar import, and we hope will not be deemed uninteresting by our readers.

"Dear Jenner.

"I received your salmon and very fresh, and just examined enough to want another, but will wait till another season. If I was to have another it would be one that had just spawned. I will take a cock salmon when you please.

"If you catch any bats let me have some of them ; and those you try yourself, open a hole in the belly, just size enough to admit the ball ; put the ball down towards the pelvis, and observe the heat there ; then up towards the diaphragm, and observe the heat there ; observe the fluidity of the blood ; do all this in a cold place. See if you can catch the number of pulsations and the frequency of the breathing in the bat without torture. If the frost is hard, see what vegetables will freeze ; bore a hole in a large tree, and see whether the sap runs out, which will show if it is not frozen. I am afraid you have not a proper thermometer. I will send you one.

"Yours much obliged,

JNO. HUNTER."

"Dear Jenner,

"I have many things from you, and will thank you in the lump ; but while I thank you, let me know what I owe you. I have a great scheme to communicate to you, and want you to take a part in it ; but remember it is as yet a most profound secret. My scheme is to teach Natural History, in which will be included anatomy, both human and comparative. The labour of it is too much for one man ; therefore I must have some person to assist, but who that person shall be is the difficulty. When running over a variety of people, you have come into my mind among the rest. Now, if it is a scheme you would like, and a possibility of your leaving the country, and at the same time able and willing to lay down a thousand guineas. I will send you the whole proposal ; but if you cannot leave the country on any terms, then it is unnecessary to go any further, and all I have to beg is to keep it a secret. I know the scheme itself will be to your taste. Before you consult any of your friends, consult yourself, and ask can I go to London, and can I give one thousand guineas for any chance that can be worth it ? Let me hear from you soon.

"Yours, J. HUNTER."

Jenner declined the offer, and wrote to Hunter to that effect ; and received the following reply in return.

"Dear Jenner,

"I received yours in answer to mine, which I should have answered sooner. I own I suspected it would not do, yet as I did intend such a scheme, I was inclined to give you the offer. I thank you for your experiments on the hedgehog ; but why do you ask me a question by way of

solving it? I think your solution is just. Repeat all the experiments on the hedgehog as soon as you receive this, and they will give you the solution. Try the heat; cut off a leg at the same place, out off the head, expose the heart, and let me know the result of the whole.

"Yours, JOHN HUNTER."

Many letters similar to the foregoing passed between those great naturalists and good men, until the much-lamented death of Mr. Hunter closed their correspondence in 1793.

Many years previously to Mr. Hunter's death he wrote to his friend Jenner, requesting him to direct his attention to the natural history of the cuckoo. This request was most willingly complied with by the latter, not only because it was made by his quondam master and great friend, but it was also quite in accordance with his own taste as an indefatigable ornithologist.

Jenner soon commenced his inquiries and investigations into the natural history of the cuckoo, by enlisting in the cause as many friends and trustworthy agents as he could procure, and after the lapse of some years he forwarded the following interesting communication to Mr. Hunter as the result of his labours.

"Dear Sir,

"Having at your request, employed some of my leisure hours in attending to the natural history of the cuckoo, I beg leave to lay before you the result of my observations, with a hope that they may tend to illustrate a subject hitherto not sufficiently investigated; and should what is here offered prove, in your opinion, deserving the attention of the Royal Society, you will do me the honour of presenting it to that learned body.

"The first appearance of the cuckoo in Gloucestershire, (the part of England where these observations were made,) is about the 17th of April. The song of the male, which is well known, soon proclaims its arrival. The song of the female (if the peculiar notes of which it is composed may be so called) is widely different, and has been so little attended to, that I believe few are acquainted with it. I know not how to convey to you a proper idea of it by comparison with the notes of other birds; but the cry of the dab-chick bears the nearest resemblance to it.

"Unlike the generality of birds, cuckoos do not pair. When the female appears she is often attended by two or three males. From the time of her appearance, till after the middle of summer, the nests of the birds selected to receive her eggs are to be found in great abundance; but like other migrating, she does not begin to lay till some weeks after her arrival. I never could procure an egg until after the middle of May, although probably, an early-coming cuckoo may produce one sooner.

"The cuckoo makes choice of the nests of a great variety of small birds. I have known its eggs to be entrusted to the care of the hedge-sparrow, the water-wagtail, titlark, the yellow-hammer, the green linnet, and the whirchat. Amongst these it generally selects the three former, but shows much greater partiality to the hedge-sparrow than to any of the rest; therefore, for avoiding confusion, this bird only will be considered, in the following account, as the foster-parent to the cuckoo, except in instances which are particularly specified.

"The hedge-sparrow commonly takes up four or five days in laying her eggs. During this time (generally after she has laid one or two) the cuckoo continues to deposit her egg among the rest, leaving the future care of it entirely to the hedge-sparrow. This intrusion often occasions some discomfiture; for the old hedge-sparrow, whilst she is sitting, not unfrequently throws out some of her own eggs,

and sometimes injures them in such a way that they become addle; so that it more frequently happens that only two or three hedge-sparrow's eggs are hatched with the cuckoo's than otherwise; but she sits the same length of time as if no foreign egg had been introduced; the cuckoo's egg requiring no longer incubation than her own. However, I have never seen an instance where the hedge-sparrow has ever thrown out or injured the egg of the cuckoo.

"When the hedge-sparrow has sat her usual time, and disengaged the young cuckoo and some of her own offspring from the shell, * her own young ones, and any of her eggs that remained unhatched are soon turned out, the young cuckoo remaining possessor of the nest, and sole object of her future care. The young birds are not previously killed, nor are the eggs demolished, but all are left to perish together, either entangled about the bush which contains the nest, or lying on the ground under it.

"The early fate of the young hedge-sparrows is a circumstance that has been noticed by others, but attributed to wrong causes. A variety of conjectures have been formed upon it: some have supposed the *parent* cuckoo the author of their destruction, while others, as erroneously have pronounced them smothered by the disproportionate size of their fellow nestling. Now, the cuckoo's egg being not much larger than the hedge-sparrow's (as I shall more fully point out hereafter,) it necessarily follows that at first there can be no great difference in the size of the birds just burst from the shell. Of the fallacy of the former assertion also, I was some years ago convinced by having found that many cuckoos were hatched in the nests of other birds after the old had disappeared; and by seeing the same fate then attend the nestling sparrows as during the appearance of the old cuckoo in this country. But before I proceed to the facts relating to the death of the young sparrows, it will be proper to lay before you some examples of the incubation of the egg, and the rearing of the young cuckoo, since the well-known fact has been controverted by an author who has lately written on this subject;† and since it is a fact so much out of the ordinary course of nature, it may still probably be disbelieved by others.

"EXAMPLE I.—The titlark is frequently selected by the cuckoo to take charge of its young one; but as it is a bird less familiar than many I have mentioned, its nest is not so often discovered. I have, nevertheless, had several cuckoo's eggs brought to me that were found in titlark's nests, and had one opportunity of seeing the young cuckoo in the nest of this bird. I saw the old birds feed it repeatedly, and to satisfy myself that they were really titlarks, shot them both and found them to be so.

"EXAMPLE II.—A cuckoo laid her egg in a water-wagtail's nest in the thatch of an old cottage. The wagtail at the usual time, and then hatched all the eggs but one: which, with all the young ones, except the cuckoo, was turned out of the nest. The young birds, consisting of five, were found upon a rafter that projected under the thatch, and with them was the egg not the least injured. On examining the egg, I found the young wagtail it contained quite perfect, and just in such a state as birds are when ready to be disengaged from the shell. The cuckoo was reared by the wagtails till it was nearly capable of flying, when it was killed by an accident.

"EXAMPLE III.—A hedge-sparrow built her nest in a Hawthorn bush in a timber-yard. After she had laid two eggs a cuckoo dropped in a third. The sparrow continued laying as if nothing had happened, and then sat.

"June 20th, 1786. On inspecting the nest I found that the bird had hatched this morning, and that everything but the young cuckoo was thrown out under the nest. I found one of the young hedgesparrows dead, and one egg by the side of the nest entangled with the coarse woody

* The young cuckoo is generally hatched first.

† The Honorable Daines Barrington.

materials that formed its outside covering. On examining the egg, I found one end of the shell a little cracked, and could see that the sparrow it contained was yet alive. It was then restored to the nest, but in a few minutes it was thrown out. The egg being again suspended by the outside of the nest, was saved from breaking. To see what would happen if the cuckoo was removed, I took out the cuckoo, and placed the egg containing the hedgesparrow in the nest in its stead. The old birds, during this time, flew about the spot, showing signs of great anxiety; but when I withdrew they quickly came to the nest again. On looking into it in a quarter of an hour afterwards, I found the young one completely hatched, warm, and lively. The hedgesparrows were suffered to remain undisturbed with their new charge for three hours (during which time they paid every attention to it) when the cuckoo was again put into the nest. The old sparrows had been so much disturbed by those intrusions, that for some time they showed an unwillingness to come to it; however, at length, they came, and on examining the nest again in a few minutes, I found the young sparrow was tumbled out. It was a second time restored, but again shared the same fate.

"From these experiments, and supposing, from the feeble appearance of the young cuckoo just disengaged from the shell, that it was utterly incapable of displacing either the egg or young sparrows, I was induced to believe that the old sparrows were the only agents engaged in this seeming unnatural business; but I afterwards clearly perceived the cause of this strange phenomenon, by discovering the young cuckoo in the act of displacing its fellow-nestlings, as the following relation will fully evince:

"June 18th, 1787. I examined the nest of the hedgesparrow, which then contained a cuckoo's and three hedgesparrow's eggs. On inspecting the day following, I found the bird had hatched, but that the nest now contained only a young cuckoo and one young hedgesparrow. The nest was placed so near the extremity of the hedge, that I could see distinctly what was going on in it; and to my astonishment, saw the young cuckoo, though so newly hatched, in the act of turning out the young hedgesparrow.

"The mode of accomplishing this was very curious. The little animal, with the assistance of its wings, contrived to get the bird upon its back, and making a lodgment for the burden by elevating its elbows, elampered backward with it up the side of the nest till it reached the top, where, resting for a moment, it threw off its load with a jerk, and quite disengaged it from the nest. It remained in this situation a short time, feeling about with the extremities of its wings, as if to be convinced whether the business was properly executed, and then dropped into the nest again. With these (the extremities of its wings) I have often seen it examine, as it were an egg and nestling, before it began its operations, and the nice sensibility which these parts appeared to possess seemed sufficiently to compensate for the want of sight, of which, as yet, it was destitute. I afterwards put in an egg, and this, by a similar process, was conveyed to the edge of the nest, and thrown out. These experiments I have since repeated several times, in different nests, and have always found the young cuckoo disposed to act in the same manner. In climbing up the nest, it sometimes drops its burden, and thus is foiled in its endeavours; but after a little respite, the work is resumed, and goes on almost incessantly till it is effected. It is wonderful to see the extraordinary exertions of the young cuckoo when it is two or three days old. If a bird be put into the nest with it, that is too weighty for it to lift out, in this state it seems ever restless and uneasy. But this disposition for turning out its companions begins to decline from the time it is two or three till it is about twelve days old, when, as far as I have hitherto seen, it ceases. Indeed, the disposition for throwing out the egg appears to cease a few days sooner; for I have frequently seen the young cuckoo, after it had been hatched nine or ten days, remove a nestling that had been placed in the nest with it, when it suffered an egg, put there

at the same time, to remain unmolested. The singularity of its shape is well adapted to these purposes; for, different from other newly-hatched birds, its back, from the scapulae (shoulder blades) downwards, is very broad, with a considerable depression in the middle. This depression seems formed by nature for the design of giving a more secure lodgment to the egg of the hedge-sparrow, or its young one, when the young cuckoo is employed in removing either of them from the nest. When it is about twelve days old this cavity is quite filled up, and then the back assumes the shape of nestling birds in general.

"Having found that the old hedge-sparrow commonly throws out some of her own eggs, after the nest has received the cuckoo's, and not knowing how she might dispose of her young, if the young cuckoo was deprived of the power of dispossessing them of the nest, I made the following experiment:—

"July 9th. A young cuckoo that had been hatched by a hedge-sparrow about four hours, was confined in the nest in such a manner that it could not possibly turn out the young hedge-sparrows which were hatched at the same time, though it was almost incessantly making attempts to effect it. The consequence was, the old birds fed the whole alike, and appeared in every respect to pay the same attention to their own young as to the young cuckoo, until the 13th, when the nest was unfortunately plundered.

"The smallness of the cuckoo's, in proportion to the size of the bird, is a circumstance that hitherto, I believe, has escaped the notice of the ornithologist. So great is the disproportion, that in general it is smaller than that of a house-sparrow; whereas the difference in the size of the birds is nearly as five to one! I have used the term 'in general,' because eggs produced at different times, by the same bird, will vary very much in size. I have found a cuckoo's egg so light that it weighed only forty-three grains, and so heavy that it weighed fifty-five grains. The colour of the cuckoo's egg is extremely variable; some, both in ground and pencilling, very much resemble the house-sparrow's; some are indistinctly covered with bran-coloured spots; and others are marked with streaks of black, resembling in some measure the eggs of the yellow-hammer.

"The circumstance of the young cuckoo being destined by nature to throw out the young hedge-sparrow, seems to account for the parent cuckoo's dropping her egg in the nests of birds so small as those I have particularised. If she were to do this in the nest of a bird which produced a large egg, and consequently a large nestling, the young cuckoo would, probably, find insurmountable difficulty in solely possessing the nest, as its exertions would be unequal to the labour of turning out the young birds. Besides, though many of the larger birds might have fed the nestling cuckoo very properly, had it been committed to their charge, yet they could not have their own young to be sacrificed for the accommodation of the cuckoo, in such great numbers as the smaller ones, which are so much more abundant; for, though it would be a vain attempt to calculate the numbers of the nestlings destroyed by the cuckoo, yet the slightest observation would be sufficient to convince us that they must be very large.

"Hence it may be remarked that, though nature permits the young cuckoo to make this great waste, yet the animals thus destroyed are not thrown away or rendered useless. At the season when this happens, great numbers of quadrupeds and reptiles are seeking provision; and if they find the callow nestlings which have fallen victims to the young cuckoo, they are furnished with food well adapted to their peculiar state.

"It appears a little extraordinary that two cuckoos' eggs should even be deposited in the same nest, as the young one produced from one of them must inevitably perish; yet I have known two instances of this kind, one of which I shall relate:—

"June 27th, 1787. Two cuckoos and a hedge-sparrow were hatched in the same nest this morning; one hedge-

sparrow's egg remained unhatched. In a few hours after a contest began between the two cuckoos for the possession of the nest, which continued undetermined till the next afternoon. When one of them, somewhat superior in size, turned out the other, together with the young hedge-sparrow and the unhatched egg. This contest was very remarkable: the combatants alternately appeared to have the advantage, each carried the other several times nearly to the top of the nest, and then sank down again, oppressed by the weight of its burden; till at length, after various efforts, the strongest prevailed, and was afterwards brought up (reared) by the hedge-sparrow.

"I now come to consider the principal matter that has agitated the mind of the naturalist respecting the cuckoo, viz.:—*Why, like other birds, it should not build a nest, incubate its eggs, and rear its young?*" There is, certainly, no reason to be assigned, from the formation of this bird, why, in common with others, it should not perform all these several offices, for it is in every respect perfectly formed for collecting materials and building a nest; neither its external shape nor internal structure prevent it from incubation; nor is it by any means incapacitated from bringing food for its young. It would be useless to enumerate the various opinions of authors on this subject, from Aristotle to the present time. Those of the ancients appear to be either visionary or erroneous; and the attempts of the moderns towards its investigation have been confined within very narrow limits; for they have gone but little further in their researches than to examine the constitution and structure of the bird, and having found it possessed of a capacious stomach, with a thin external covering, concluded that the pressure upon this part, in a sitting posture, prevented incubation. They have not considered that many of the birds which incubate have stomachs analogous to those of the cuckoo's. The stomach of the owl, for example, is proportionally capacious, and is almost as thinly covered with external integuments. Nor have they considered that the stomachs of the nestlings are always much distended with food; and that this very part, during the whole time of their confinement to the nest, supports, in a great degree, the weight of the whole body; whereas, in a sitting bird, it is not nearly so much pressed upon; for the breast, in that case, fills up chiefly the cavity of the nest; for which purpose, from its natural convexity, it is admirably well fitted.

"These observations, I presume, may be sufficient to shew that the cuckoo is not rendered incapable of sitting through a peculiarity either in the formation or situation in the stomach. . . . *To what cause, then, may we attribute the singularities of the cuckoo?* May they not be owing to the following circumstances? The short residence this bird is allowed to make in the country where it is destined to propagate its species, and the call that nature has upon it, during that short residence, to produce a numerous progeny.

"The cuckoo's first appearance here (Gloucestershire) is about the middle of April, commonly on the 17th. Its egg is not ready for incubation for some weeks after its arrival, seldom before the middle of May. A fortnight is taken up by the sitting bird in hatching the egg. The young bird generally continues three weeks in the nest before it flies, and the foster-parents feed it more than five weeks after this period; so that, if a cuckoo should be ready with an egg much sooner than the time pointed out, not a single nestling, even one of the earliest, would be fit to provide for itself before its parent would be instinctively directed to seek a new residence, and be thus compelled to abandon its young one; for the old cuckoos take their final leave of this country the first week in July.

"Had nature allowed the cuckoo to have staid here as long as some other migratory birds, which produce a single set of young ones, (as the swift and nightingale, for example,) and had allowed her to have reared as large a number as any bird is capable of bringing up at one time, these might not be sufficient to have answered her purpose; but by sending the cuckoo from one nest to another, she is re-

duced to the same state as the bird whose nest we daily rob of an egg, in which case the stimulus for incubation is suspended. The cuckoo, not being subject to the common interruptions, goes on laying from the time she begins till the eve of her departure from this country; for, although the old cuckoo, in general, take their leave the first week in July, yet I have known an instance of an egg being hatched in the nest of a hedge-sparrow so late as the 15th. Among the many peculiarities of the young cuckoo, there is one that shows itself very early. Long before it leaves the nest, it frequently, when irritated, assumes the manners of a bird of prey, looks furious, throws itself back, and pecks at anything presented to it with great vehemence, at the same time making a chuckling noise like a young hawk. Sometimes, when disturbed in a smaller degree, it makes a kind of hissing noise, accompanied with a heaving motion of the whole body. The growth of the cuckoo is uncommonly rapid. The chirp is plaintive, like that of the hedge-sparrow; but the sound is not acquired from the foster-parent, as it is the same whether it be reared by the hedge-sparrow or any other bird. It never acquires the adult note during its stay in this country. There seems to be no precise time fixed for the departure of the young cuckoos; I believe they go off in succession, probably as soon as they are capable of taking care of themselves; for, although they stay here till they become nearly equal in plumage and size to the old cuckoo, yet in this very state the fostering care of the hedge-sparrow is not withheld from them. I have frequently seen the young cuckoo of such a size that the hedge-sparrow was perched on its back or half-expanded wing, in order to gain sufficient elevation to put the food into its mouth. At this advanced age, I believe young cuckoos procure some food for themselves, like the young rook, for instance, which in part feeds itself, and is partly fed by the old ones, till the approach of the pairing season. If they did not go off in succession, it is probable we should see them in great numbers by the middle of August, as they are to be found in great plenty when in a nestling state, they must now appear very numerous, since all of them must have quit the nest before this time. But this is not the case; for they are not more numerous at any season than they are in the months of May and June.

"The same instinctive impulse which directs the cuckoo to deposit her eggs in the nests of other birds, directs her young one to throw out the eggs and young of the owner of the nest. The scheme of nature would be incomplete without it; for it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for the little birds destined to find succour for the cuckoo to find it also for their own young ones, after a certain period; nor would there be room for the whole to inhabit the nest.

"Thus, sir, I have, with much pleasure, complied with your request, and laid before you such observations as I have hitherto been capable of making on the natural history of the cuckoo; and should they throw some light on a subject that has long remained in obscurity, I shall not think that my time has been ill-employed.

"With a grateful sense of the many obligations I owe to the friendship with which you have so long honoured me,

"I remain, &c., EDWARD JENNER.

"Berkley, December 27th, 1787."

We have now exceeded the limits prescribed for our observance, but our self-imposed task is by no means complete. What we have stated in the preceding pages would merely give the uninitiated some idea of Dr. Jenner as an accomplished gentleman, who had earnestly devoted himself to the study of natural history; but the great discovery of his life, with which his name is inseparably associated, and by which he became the benefactor of mankind, and involved future generations

in a debt of gratitude which never can be repaid, has not as yet been mentioned.

It is scarcely necessary to say we mean the prophylactic power of cowpock, by the *judicious* propagation of which, the human race may be rendered exempt from the invasion of one of the most loathsome, malignant, and fatal diseases known to the medical world: namely, SMALL-POX.

* A CANADIAN FESTIVAL.

BY CAVIARE.

ROUND the oak-trees, round the oak trees, round the palms
and pine trunks hoary,
Bearded with the moss of ages, linked in dim cathedral
arches,
Gather we, as, setting seaward, sinks the sun behind the
forests;
And the moon, a white-cheeked phantom, walks amid the
rosy meadows;
As the first star, born of twilight, trembles overhead the
cedars,
And the marsh fowl, westward flying, fleck the slow de-
creasing splendour,
And the smoke plumes from our log huts, glimmer bluely,
upward flowing;—
We are gathered, not in silence, for the hour hath inspi-
ration,
We are gathered, not in dolour, though our hearts are
brimmed with sorrow,—
Sorrow for the Past behind us—sorrow for the Future
coming;
Ruined homes and lonely churchyards; peace and cant
and rotting quiet,
Banners flaunted, not in battle, but on courtly towers and
breezes,
Swords flashed forward, not in conflict, but like faggots
bound together.
Ah! the world forgets its mission; ah! the days are grow-
ing coarser,
And the clay of common natures mixes with the brighter
metal
Till the earth is bronzed with meanness; and the watch-
cries of our fathers
Blazon hatchments, blazon tombstones; dumb yet myriad-
voiced reproaches
To the sloth that eats the Present, and the shame that waits
the Future.

Let us hope: within the darkness which doth front our
straining vision,
Something new is taking birth and struggling bravely to
the sunlight;
Infant wailings! yet we hear them; baby pleadings! they
have potency.
And anon shall swell to thunders; when the tender hands
grow firmer,
Broader in their grasp of finger, stronger in their knitted
muscle,
Fit to hurl broad bolts and upwards bear the buckler, in
whose shadow,
Peoples maddened by oppression, and athirst for retribu-
tion,
Forest-hewers, water-bearers to the God-accursed oppressors,
Shall fling down their tools and shackles, and arrayed in
triple conscience,
Forward, onward, wheresoever Right is bound and Power
is rampant,
Bear the creed of liberation, and the shafts that smite
Resistance.

Dimly seaward, where the silence broodeth black across
the orient;
Kingdom of a million mornings—gates that daily bloom with
sunrise,
Glorious East; around whose outposts, when the fogs are
crimson shafted
By the arrows of the daybreak, cocks awaken, clarion-
throated;
Far away behind the billows, scarfed with vapour, maned
with lightning,
Far below familiar planets, ever broadening through the
twilight—
Through the sad Canadian sunsets—lies an island sphered
in ocean,
Scattered o'er with flying sea mist. In her vales the green
wheat bloometh
Through the curved palms of April, and the blood-red
moons of harvest;
There, amid the homestead shadows, orchards riot, apples
ripen,
And the mellow pears wax luscious in the bronzing winds
of Autumn.
There in lonely woodland places, where the marsh-pool
fringed with rushes,
Lieth like a lake of quiet, sits the solemn plumed heron.
And on uplands, bramble-crested, phantom-draped, in ash
and willow,
Gloom the gravestones of our fathers, mothers, brothers,
sisters, sweethearts.
(Christ receive them!) From the nor'land, where the cliffs
spur back the surges,
To the south that steep its headlands in the swathes of the
Atlantic,
Plenty floweth. Heavens! avenge us! we have wrongs
and recollections.
At our mother's board we hungered, on our household
hearths we trembled,
Strangers fattened on our labours, slipped the red-eyed
hounds of havoc,
And, o'er ruined homes and altars, chased us from the land
that bore us.
Earth, preserve the bones bequeathed in our sorrow to thy
keeping,
In thy vast sepulchral silence, treasure their decaying
ashes.
We have said "farewell" in patience, fixing eyes upon the
future.
When the tumult that's approaching, though its triumph
hour be distant,
Should bear witness to our vengeance. Hark! there tolls
from out the hemlocks
The low chimes of prayer; how often, in the valleys of
dear Ireland,
When the waggons crossed the corn folds, 'mid the sheaves
of yellow barley,
Have we heard the silver vesper, breaking through our
harvest carols?
God be with it, angels watch it—Laud of Saints and Bards
and Soldiers—
Cresset in the dark of Europe! garden of the Faith of Ages!
God be with it—God be with it! though our hands delve
foreign quarries,
Wrenching drops of gold from granite;—though the crown
of man's ambition
Glitter on our aspirations, Ireland, we cannot forget thee!
Glorious home of storm and darkness, bloom and radiance,
truth and beauty,
Blessings calm thy mournful present, triumph bless thy
dawning future!

Thus they sang: a group of exiles, in the low Canadian
silence
Streamed the river through the forest, with a sad unceasing
wailing—

Wailing like a pining spirit; in the splendour o'er the tree tops
 Eddied round the dusky eagle; and from books and brown-leaved jungles
 Shrilled the pipes of birds: slow lapsing gathered thicker half the twilight,
 "Till the grass was aialed in darkness. Then the log fires, piles of odour,
 Crackled in the crisped clearing, and the smoke-wreaths drifted nor'ward.
 And the flames in fans leaped upward, lapping tongues of panting crimson,
 Round the huge boles of the pine trees and the branches of the cedars,
 Till the foliage, glimmered golden, shaken by the misty sea wind.

"Home, sing of home, of lonely Ireland, gentle Ellen! of our country
 Let us hear a grey tradition, hymned in peace above the tree tops."
 Rose she up, a tender maiden, at the bidding of her lover,
 Knelt beside her greyhaired father, singing, wound her arms around him:—

THE SPRING.

Now blows the white rose round our garden pales,
 Now by the wicket, breathes the scented briar;
 Now flowers the happy lilac in the sun,
 Now the laburnum wakes in gusts of fire;
 But never, never shall they bloom for me.

High on the uplands, the brown woods are touched
 By gentle visitings of morning rain;
 The cowslip in the budding hedge-rows teems,
 The sun-eyed daisies whiten half the plain;
 Ah never, never shall they bloom for me.

Thou com'st, no more, to build below our eaves,
 Long-winged swallow, for they are no more!
 Poor redbreast, thou hast ceased to shrill thy heart
 In friendly shadows by our open door!
 Ah never, never shall ye sing for me.

Dear mother, thou hast ceased at morn to pass,
 By leafy lattices, to watch us sleep;
 Thy palms are fettered with the salt sea-weed,
 Thy head is rocking in unfathomed deep;
 Ah never, never will thou come to me!

O home, O friends, O long familiar haunts—
 Chapel and brook, and wood, and mossy bridge;
 The fisher bending by the shallow stream,
 The windmill whirring on the glebe-land's ridge;
 Ah! never, never shall you shine for me!

Sad are our memories, sad unbidden tears,
 Deep mingled ecstasies of peace and pain,
 Sad are the thoughts that glimmer round our hearts—
 The odours of wild-flowers in falling rain,
 Ah! bitter, bitter are my thoughts to me!

Good bye! and I could say unnumbered times,
 To friend, and stream, and tree—good bye, good bye!
 Only remains to comfort us a while.
 Love, like a late light in a darkening sky,
 Ah love, in sorrow, thou abidest with me.

She ceased, and for sorrowful pauses, around the red ring of the log-fire
 Dumb was the silence of anguish, whilst she nestled close to her father,
 And hid her white face on his bosom. Then Owen moved back in the darkness
 And pressed his brown hands to his eyelids: "Sing for us Owen!" they clamoured;
 "Sing us a song of the mountains; a brave ballad, breathing of heather,
 And stirred with the pulses of torrents." He, laughing, slung forward his rifle—
 "Then let's have a chorus, my brothers; and here's to the brave iron mountains;
 Here's to the Galtees—hurrah! men, and long may they flourish defiant!"
 Up through the dusk of the forest, ascended the cry of the exiles,
 A cataract arching a darkness, a-roar in the span of its falling.

THE MOUNTAINS.

My spurs are rusted, my coat is rent,
 My plume is dank with rain;
 And the thistle down and the barley beard
 Are thick in my horse's mane;
 But my rifle's as bright as my sweetheart's eye,
 And my arm is strong and free—
 What care have I for your king and laws?
 I'm an outlawed rapparee!
 Click, click your glasses, friends, with mine,
 And give your grasp to me;
 I'm England's foe, I'm Ireland's friend—
 Click, click, I'm a rapparee!

The mountain cavern is my home,
 High up in the crystal air;
 My bed is the limestone, iron-ribbed,
 And the brown heath smelling fair.
 Let George or William only send,
 His troops to burn and shoot—
 We'll meet them upon equal ground,
 And fight them foot to foot.
 Click, click your glasses, friends, with mine,
 The midnight's made for glee;
 Stout hearts beat fast for Ireland yet—
 Yes—I am a rapparee.

Hunted from out our father's homes,
 Pursued with steel and shot,
 A bloody warfare we must wage,
 Or the gibbet be our lot.
 Hurrah! the war is welcome work,
 The hated outlaw knows;
 He steps unto his country's love
 O'er the corpses of his foes.
 Click, click your glasses, friends with mine,
 In coming days I see
 Stern labours for our country's weal—
 Yes—I'm a rapparee.

"Bravo! strong Owen," they shouted, and the sorrowful hush of the forest
 Was slit by their clear ringing bravoos, 'till the green linn shook in the grasses,
 And the fronds of the oak palpitated. Then one sang a story of passion,
 And the soul-threaded tones of her anguish flowed forth on the air, like a wailing:—

TIME AND A VIOLET.

'Tis many years, remorseful years, since last we met ;
The turnstile of the dark oat-field in chaff was set ;
On the brown barn roof lurked the light that swam out of
the moaning sea—
Dearest, God's gentlest peace was mine, for thou wert there
with me, with me.

The purple moors, along the east, with fog were white,
But all our garden paths ran clear into the night ;
Over the pea-plants, blossomless, hummed many a wander-
ing-homeward bee,
I felt the glory of thy love, standing close by me, by
me.

Thou didst not fail when smiting bars unroofed our
home,
Thou didst not weep, though thy strong cheek was reft of
bloom.
But in the fire of suffering most patient thou didst look at
me,
And, though my heart was nigh to burst, weeping, I turned
mine eyes to thee.

What doth it gain to tell how woe crushed thy brave
frame,
Till sickness knit thy temples round with girths of
flame ?
Thou didst upon the mountain scarp, in houseless, friend-
less misery,
For what was I ? I knew not what, what could I do, but
wail for thee ?

Peace to thy ashes where they rest in green Kincor,
The yellow shallows shelve in sands along the shore ;
Peace unto thee and rest to me, from Heaven to-night, I
only crave
Time and a violet to plant on thy forgotten, stoneless
grave.

"Arrah, Willy Delany," cried John, "come and give us a
tune on your bagpipe !
The night's getting late, and I'm anxious to dance all the
stars out of distance.
And give me your hand, Peggy Reidy ; hark ! there goes
'the Jolly Foxhunter' !
Whoo ! sure 'tisn't dreaming and crooning will do the right
work for old Ireland.
Jewel ! look at the moon, she comes out just to peep at a
real Kerry double.
Give it to her, my sons, heel and toe, for they say she
delights in diversion !

Then up sprang fantastical shadows, and never did Tempé
or Provence
Behold in the hearts of their valleys a merrier flock of wild
dancers.
At last the grey morning winked faintly across the hot
breath of the revels,
And back to the log-huts they wandered, with prayers for
dear Ireland and freedom.

FROM GARRYOWEN TO LONDON.

WHEN it was autumn time, and the foliage in the public
squares reddened in the winds ; when the solitary poplar
in our back yard turned yellow, and dropped leaf after
leaf on the damp flag-stones until we waded ankle-deep
in rotting herbage ; when lamps were lighted early in
the streets, and the watchmen wore heavy coats ; when
people drove about in close carriages, and wrapped
their shoulders in furs ; when the poor fruit and lozenge
vendors began to look cold in the long, wind-searched
streets, and the dome of St. Paul's was glazed with
frost, until it shone high over its time-blackened cylin-
der like a huge sugar cake ; when the windows were
whitened with rime and the eaves twinkled with icicles ;
when rotten houses shook nightly, and the chimneys
groaned and the infirm floors gave up the dust of de-
parted generations ; it was then I came to London. My
object in visiting it was not to dispel *ennui*, for my daily
necessities were sufficient of themselves to dissipate that
exclusive luxury of the wealthy and indolent ; neither
did I come as a sight-seer, in love with the monuments
of English civilisation, and longing to behold, face to
face, those wonderful results of human genius and in-
dustry of which London is pre-eminently the capital.
I had no lost love to bury—no bitter disappointment
to forget, no agony to stifle in the roaring thoroughfares
of the great city. Will it compromise me with the
reader if I confess that I left bread behind me, and went
thither to seek it ? I had risen up from the hearth and
household board, stung to the quick by what I then con-
sidered (alas ! to what does not time and the need for
outer help reconcile us ?) an unpardonable wrong, rati-
fied and confirmed in its bitterness by the sanction of
my relatives.

My eldest sister, Grace, who, until this unhappy oc-
currence turned awry the current of my affections, I
had loved and almost revered, I learned to look upon
as an enemy, whose forgiveness by me could not be pur-
chased by any repentance of her own or intercession of
others. She to abandon me ! she to join in the rebukes
of others, and to chide my folly—she to speak of impru-
dence ! and indulge hopes of my amendment ! O Grace !
My mother too !—but I never loved her with the inten-
sity of feeling with which I regarded my sister—she
had turned on me ; spoken bitter words and ventured
on impossible predictions relative to my future. Heart-
broken and dispirited, I abandoned home for three days,
and on the fourth I resolved to fly G——, to isolate
myself for ever from those who, I thought, had outraged
my feelings. Had not many men (thought I), armed
with courage and a crust, plunged fearlessly into the great
tides of London, and been borne on to prosperity ? Had
not fools carved fortunes out of its credulity ? had not
knaves meshed its prince-merchants in their toils, and
found them easy preys ? Thither I would venture,
whatever curse or blessing attended the enterprise. So
resolving, I lay down to sleep with London on my lips.
And through the night, and until the sad twilight fil-

tered through the casements, my dreams were rarified into a gorgeous chain of brain pageants. Cities thronged with domes, and harbours bristling with the masts of a thousand nations, rose vividly on my closed eyes. From palaces that overhung canals paved with tremulous moonlight, there breathed the sounds of the viol and tabor. From mighty steeples, pinnaced in sombre skies, came the golden voices of invisible bells. And the streets! Who is she that, beautiful as the apparition which passed through the wicket of the prophet's garden at sunrise to bathe in the lilies, walks underneath the terraces, divine in her wondrous beauty and obvious peace of soul? My Destiny! I followed her.

The clocks were striking three through the morning fogs when the vessel in which I crossed the channel steamed up the Thames and slackened speed opposite Greenwich. The lights had already begun to twinkle in the windows of the palace, and from the river banks there arose a low murmur like the awakening of human life from the torpor of darkness to the active labours of day. Before us, the flare of London, sat high in the murky clouds, a vast rose-coloured splendour, fit to canopy the city that loomed below it. On every side ships, whose huge hulls were exaggerated by the misty atmosphere, lay at anchor, their lamps swinging aloft. My heart leaped to my throat when a passenger pointed out the Tower of London, a stark and naked mass of masonry, piled up on our right. Within a stone's throw of that memorable pile, long consecrated in my mind by associations of history and fiction, I felt as if to behold it compensated for all the unkindnesses of home and all the penalties of travel. Near and, still nearer to the enchanted city. Keep thy crimson glare, O heavens! nor let it die out, that I may plunge my palms into its warmth. But the glare faded, receded, and languished into a lemon-coloured reflection as we approached London Bridge. The tramp of men and horses rose audible above the arches, through which I could see the lights of the city burning dimly in the distance. London was already awake—the pulse of labour beat briskly along the wharfs; the brown-sailed lighters moving into mid-stream. With my luggage I descended the ship's side, and in a few minutes was rowing with the tide towards the city. I guessed at St. Paul's, but became so confused about the bridges that the waterman laughed as he leaned to the sculls.

"Where d'ye put up, sir?"

I am lost for an answer, but after a moment's hesitation I reply—"We shall go to London."

"H'm," says my waterman, "and where there, sir?"

I tell him I am not particular as to destination, and that he may row anywhere.

"Knows a snug place in Temple Bar, sir," he remarks, after a pause.

"Then take me there."

So, under the bridges Southwark and Blackfriars we rowed in silence, ceasing when we came to a wharf that lay almost level with the water. There I disembarked and was led up a narrow lane, in the street-doors of which some houseless wretches were huddled up asleep.

We emerged on the Strand, and turned into Temple Bar. Ten minutes later I was seated at a hot supper, and feeling almost inclined to cry from excitement.

My room was small, but it had a Britannia-metal brightness about it which made me feel comfortable. Portraits of celebrated boxers were hung on the walls, and a cracked, but scrupulously polished looking-glass adorned the fire-place. Paper roses, thrust into cheap vases, enriched the mantel-shelf, which had a highly moral tone about it. My windows were hung with thick chintz curtains, depending from simple cornices, and had a very elegant effect. The roar of the streets was gathering under the windows when I fell asleep. I confess at that moment my reflections were more of a melancholy than a cheerful nature. The knowledge that my stock of money was limited, that credit was not to be had, and that friends there were none, increased the gloomy feelings which preyed upon me. In the noises of the thoroughfares, in the sounds of the clocks, in the human voices I heard at intervals, there was a significant cry which my fancy interpreted into "Bread, bread." So from the airy heights of hope on which I had dwelt pleasantly many days, I was suddenly plunged into the most forlorn despondency, whilst I was utterly unable to account for the transition. And yet the change, as far as I was constituted, was absolutely and entirely natural. In my gayest moods I have experienced that sensation which probably inspired Hood with the familiar apothegm—"there is even in happiness to make the heart afraid." In my saddest moments I have frequently been visited with odd fancies and fugitive stimulants to laughter which have unrolled any silver lining that my cloud may have turned heavenwards. I am acquainted with men who turn misanthropes at a merry-making, and are ripe for a lark directly after a religious ceremony.

It was brilliant life for me whilst churches and monuments, beadles and guardsmen, out-of-the-way places and stock lions, retained the air and fascination of novelties. There was a delightful feeling in strolling through Westminster and shaking the dust off one's shoes over the bones of the poets; to get lost in St. Paul's when the evening darkness muffled the vast dome in frosty shadows, and draped the white marbles in luxurious indistinctness. A transient sense of satisfied curiosity filled me for a moment as I stood before the tablet which remembers John Milton in Watling-street. Londoners never experience, for every-day familiarity excludes, the devotional tone of mind in which I stood before every stone, brass, or bit of rubbish which recalled through the mistiness of grey associations the great dead. Thus for weeks I lived, dreamed, and existed about London, a student of Emotion more than an observer or connoisseur. Then came the reaction, when church, and statue, and monument, the objects of my first impassioned idolatry, looked common-places; and I turned with profound relief to squares and garden railings, and revelled in the tiniest glimpse of green or brown foliage which the autumn had spared. Will it be credited that I conceived a strong affection for these

wretched blades of grass which struggled up between the pointed stones of my window-sill—that I covered them night after night with a broken wine-glass, that they might not perish in the inclement air, and that I was almost affected to tears on discovering one morning that the frost had eaten them away, in spite of my precautions. They were dead, and I felt as if one of the poor hopes which I so jealously cherished had shrivelled up and expired with them. Churchyards next engaged my sympathies, and to them I turned. At Stepney there is a vast cemetery attached to the church. Around its unfrequented walks, whilst the leaves from the faded trees were blown about in crimson whirls, littering the graves, and clinging to the Norman windows, I have wandered listlessly day after day for weeks. The old tombstones, several dating three and four centuries back, overgrown with moss and that peculiar churchyard fungus which grows like a sponge out of ancient sepulchres, I converted into sources of study, and shall I confess it, amusement. For the puff-checked angels, trumpeted and bewinged, I cared little; but I affectionately remember one narrow grave in a sunny angle of the cemetery, out of the centre of which rose a little square of marble on which was inscribed the word “Ellen Marston,” and underneath it “Peace.” The grass was grass, the grave was the work of men’s hands. Some rude chisel had carved the inscription, and yet that simple word invested all around it with a sanctity and repose which stole through blind but willing ways to my heart, and overflowed it with rest. On mornings when the skies promised a cheerful afternoon, I walked to Battersea, and plunged amongst the gravestones that stud the soft sward around the hideous church. I found no peace written there. Tombstones constructed after the fashion of a chest of drawers, on which idle men stole out to sleep when the sun shone warmly; great slabs with oval-shaped heads literally piebald with time; and coffin-shaped hillocks, in which the nightshade flourished, had no attractions for an anxious and undecided mind. Yet the memories of Battersea churchyard are dear to me; for amongst the stones and turf heaps, one wild December afternoon, before the furze had blossomed on the downs, or the celandine glittered in the hedgerows, I found an unfolded primrose. It had slipped the palms of the approaching spring time, and leaped up, its healthy core bubbling with wholesome sap and fragrance, into the heart of death and desolation. And from that dainty, bright-eyed stranger, my soul acquired momentary strength, and the blessed recollection that we are never God-abandoned, never hopeless. In a glass of water the poor floweret gladdened my little chimney-shelf for many days, until it perished and wasted, leaf after leaf. When I had visited St. Mary’s, Southwark, the Lady Chapel, as it is still called, I felt a strange desire to visit Shakespeare’s theatre. Knight’s London had made me accurately acquainted with the topography of the district, and I did not fear of finding it. Through tortuous lanes, where commerce wore rags and chains, where waggons jostled each other in needle-eyed thoroughfares,

where rotting masts and boiling pitch infected the air with a hundred smells, where dissipated-looking women dragged the dust heaps and channels for rags, and bits of metal, by lofty store-houses seemingly abandoned to idleness, I picked my way to the spot on which Shakespeare lived, a lessee, and played the ghost to his own Hamlet. The peaked roof of the theatre had gone, the front wall had fallen down, and nothing remained but a gable of the venerable temple. But high up in the wall I discovered a fire place, probably of the green-room in which Shakespeare’s Juliets, Portias, and Desdemonas, (sweet innocent boys of comely face and delicate figure) slipped out of their nightly hose into trains and petticoats. “May not imagination trace the dust of Alexander until he find it stuffing a bungle-hole?” And may not a gentle fancy trace Master William from the stage to the green-room, and thence to the fire-place? O hospitable hearth, whose flame has warmed the hands of William Shakespeare, flourish long! May no rude hand pull thee down! Keep thy traditions green, for on thy stones there burn the brands of immortality.

Dreamer! the fine phrensy of a moment hurried past, leaving me but a reproachful codicil. To indulge the luxury of dreams one needs be rich and light-hearted. Yet I was neither, and I dreamed—dreamed, whilst my whole earthly possession was the clothes I wore, and three poor crowns, husbanded at the expense of stinted meals and the contempt of my hostess. And notwithstanding that the wolf howled at the threshold, that the biting wind searched my garments, that I went to bed without candle-light night after night, supperless and exhausted, I continued to dream. The convulsions of those sorrowful times alternately raised and depressed me, and the broken fragments of my fortunes as they caught the lurid light of some fresh calamity, glowed as often like lumps of gold and pieces of precious stone, as the red-hot coals, over which I should be driven by self-elected ordeal to walk unshod. But at times I was wrapped in dejection despite the glitter of the fragments, for I knew their appearances were falsehoods—palpable tricks invented to cheat the eye and deceive the soul. The Destiny whom I had followed—where was she? I have known her since for many years, and I know she plays the leman to her lovers’ enemies. She coquets with men’s souls, and traffics on their credulity—she was made to be avoided. And yet that I know her and have discovered the wrinkles that underlie the meretricious paste and rouge, I have not forgotten to dream. Now, as of old, I abandon myself to bewildering ecstasies, build castles on baseless precipices, and construct hanging gardens on steeples where the centipede could not find a footing. And though when I am broad awake, I feel ashamed of the fancies to which I have been captive, I am grateful to God that in our worst moments he has secured us a temporary refuge from the ills of life. Sleep is not only a cloak but a crown. From under its popped eyelids, miserable souls overlook the rough limits of the world, and breathe awhile the air of Paradise. Let us deal charitably with enthusiasm.

It was only a natural consequence of the peculiar tone of my constitution, that I could not succeed in reducing my miseries to anything like uniformity. People have joked on the scaffold; why should not a penniless vagrant have his jest and *concelto*? Folly is a bad master; but I confess, I like the jangle of his bells, and the studied distraction of his raiment. Often as I sat in my poor lodgings, lighted only by the reflection of the street lamps, those bells have tinkled, faintly indeed, on my ear; and, inspired by a hungry desire for change, I have stolen down stairs, buried myself in a passing crowd, and smuggled away, through slum intricacies, to Westminster. There was there a cheap theatre in one of those seedy thoroughfares which radiate from the bridge to all the extremities of the metropolis. It was a hybrid establishment, half theatre, half public-house, with a villanous low front, and an incurable smell of escaped gas. You passed through the bar to the theatre, a square room paltrily divided into boxes, pit and gallery. In the orchestra there were four fiddlers and a drum, which were constantly engaged, whenever I was present, in playing Weber's Last Waltz to four middle-aged women and a policeman, who constituted the visible portion of the audience. That there were people in the gallery I knew for various reasons. I have been at that theatre, always occupying a three-penny box, a dozen times, and I always left it more melancholy than when I entered. The wretched character of the scenery, the miserable wardrobe of the poor players, the emptiness of the house, the reticence of the policeman, the fixed stare of the cheque-taker, impressed me with a sense of desolateness which often became painfully acute. On one occasion, when a player was more than usually vehement as *the Bottle Imp*, a feeble bravo flew out of the gallery. "Don't," said the Imp, stepping forward, "don't, it's not worth while." And everybody at once appeared satisfied that, under the circumstances, it was not worth while, and thenceforth held their tongues. At another time some sympathetic person observing that a player spoke huskily, threw him an orange from a side-box, which the recipient directly picked up and placed in his pocket. About ten o'clock the gas would suddenly begin to blink and play extravagant antics, which resulted in frightening the four women and arousing the slumbering energies of the policemen. Nevertheless, the play went on in the darkness, until the last jet having burned blue for a minute, died out; and somebody, after whispering to somebody on the stage, struck a match and lighted a candle, and was generally understood to say, in quite a conversational tone, that owing to something with which somebody was remotely connected, having had something to do with the gas, the performance would be adjourned until the following evening. In the peroration the drowsy individual frequently made use of the word patronage, and he ended by blowing the candle out, and leaving us all in the dark, then there was a groping movement perceptible in the direction of the door; and somehow or another the four women managed to get out, and I followed them to be accosted

by the policeman with the remark that the "affair was rum—very." In the taproom, whenever I turned into it, I used to find the players sitting at isolated tables, smoking clay pipes and writing with beery fingers on the shabby oilcloth covers. By the fire sat a remarkably florid old gentleman, attired in three waistcoats, but with his coat folded up and laid across his knees. He went by the name of the "Towser," and managed several times every night to be involved in some critical dispute with the members of the company. One exhibition of his critical powers fixed itself indelibly in my memory. A player one night quoted the dialogue between Hamlet and Horatio.

"Wrong!" exclaimed Towser, suddenly, "wrong, sir; out of it, sir—out, out!"

"Beg pardon, sir, did you say out?"

"I did sir; I did say out. The lines are, 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy.'"

"My dear sir, surely not. How would Mr. Fechter or Mr. Kean say it? That's the question."

"Wrong again, sir. Sir, I'm not speaking of Mr. Fechter or Mr. Kean. The first may be right, although he's a Frenchman, and as for the second, he has no teeth, sir. I tell you, sir, I'm not talking of either of them, sir. I'm talking of Shakespeare—Shakespeare, sir. By the way, my friend, what is philosophy?" said Mr. Towser, looking across the top of his pot at the last speaker; "what, sir, is philosophy?"

"Well," replied the other, "I can't exactly say."

"You can't say! then is it possible that you presume to talk of what you know nothing about? Shame, sir, shame. Try and be consistent next time."

When Mr. Towser had finished, the company relapsed into a dead silence; the players dipped their fingers afresh and wrote on the oilcloth; Mr. Towser blew his coat with a view to dust it, and the pot-boy coming in, would say, "Now, gents, twelve o'clock, cut it!" And we cut it.

And yet there was a sense of misery incorporated with my every-day life which I could not shake off, though I made desperate efforts to relieve myself. Men went round me, like Jean Paul's moon, not to give light and peace to my perplexities, but to bombard me with stones. The stones came; ill words, contemptuous phrases, the killing projectiles which the world showers on the weak, assailed me; so thickly did they fall at times that the discharges shut out the heavens, and left me wounded and moaning, in desolation and darkness. Human associations I had none. Guiltless of any crime which might have estranged me from my fellow-men, I was left alone to fight the demon in his own corner, and carry the marks of his strangling fingers on my throat, visible to the world. The sin which branded me, the fiend I fought with, the controlling misfortune of those wretched days, was—poverty. That which was acceptable to God and consecrated by the human sufferings of a Redeemer, was hated and despised by men. Even the police watched me with suspicious eyes as I passed along the streets; and the very dogs, with

whom I had been always a welcome friend, snarled and shewed their teeth if I approached them. Good society dogs, I have since found out, condemn the poor as much as their masters, and have nice appreciations of the difference between fine clothing and shabby raiment. In the sorrowful moods in which my miseries involved me, I strolled one afternoon in the direction of the Guildhall. There is something friendly in the front of that pile, a charitable Catholicism pervades the rough stone windows and quaint carvings. Those great giants in the angles of the hall had benign looks for me as they gazed down from their lofty pedestals on the sea of human craft, and finesse, and subversion of God's providence, which seethed and boiled around their feet. In the open approach to the building I at last found friends. They did not wear wigs, or flutter about in legal silk and fustian; they did not come with client-hardened faces or boding steps; they were neither men nor women; but the flock of parti-coloured pigeons which belong to the Guildhall. High up on the stone ledges and abutments those happy birds dwelt throughout the sunny hours of the day in cheerful companionship. But when a cloud crossed the sun, they flew up for a moment, and descended in wheeling eddies to the ground. They were of all colours and races; some hooded, some tufted, some bare polled; some were gray palmer-looking pigeons, that walked about with a grave gait and serious air; some had bright lines of crimson edging their wings; some were dandified-looking birds, whose necks, as they bent throw off interwreathed sheens of gold and emerald. For the wheels of carriages and the hooves of horses they evinced the utmost indifference, walking between them as if they were fixed posts, and never suffering the penalties of their audacious courage. With those birds I formed a most intimate acquaintance. After the lapse of a few days they regarded me as their friend, pecked crumbs from my hand, and even permitted me to touch and fondle them. I grew passionately fond of one brown-colored fellow, who must have been a headle of the feather community—a great puff-cheated bird, with a cocked hat of feathers laced with white. He picked me out as his patron, and would hop to my shoulder when I cried "Binny." Poor Binny, from many a spare breakfast did I economise a crust to secure our sad friendship, and it was a warm and generous attachment to the last. When I came to feed my friend I was frequently brought into contact with a bald-headed old gentleman, who wore a flaming red vest and the whitest of shirt fronts. He was the guardian of the birds, and my fondness for his pets seemed to amuse him much. Occasionally he and I had little chats over the pigeons, and his quaint ways of description, slightly interlarded with the cant of the bird-fanciers, struck me as odd, if not original.

Winter came—December darkened over London; the snow lay thick on the thoroughfares, and I was still helpless and hopeless. On Christmas Eve I disbursed the last sixpence in my possession, and now hunger and multiplied miseries stared me straight in the face. I was three weeks in debt for the rent of my lodgings,

and if a penny purchased a dukedom, I would have lost the chance for lack of the money. I could not sleep although I went early to bed; but tossed about, feverish and racked by devouring anguish. What might become of me. There was one remedy for all evils, but I had not the despicable courage to attempt it. As I lay wide awake my mind recurred to home, and as I contrasted the present Christmas with its predecessor, I cried like a child. That night twelvemonth I sat at my own fireside, the centre of a festive group; the logs flamed on the hearth, the room was bright with holly and ivy berries. The feast was spread, from a distant chamber came the lively tones of instruments and the sounds of dancing feet, my sister bent over me; and my mother prayed our God to send us many such happy anniversaries. And now, friendless and penniless, I lay in the dense heart of a great city, in a miserable room, through which the blast whistled, in which the furniture consisted of a bed and a washing-stand. What should I do on the morrow? Should I prowl through the street, desperate with hunger, or, waiting until the darkness of the evening came, recommend my soul to a pitying God, and leap from some of the river wharfs into eternity? Delirium came, and I raved loudly and wildly. Then I recovered but to experience the tortures of some newer anguish; and then the city bells pealed out upon the midnight, and I thought of Faust and the Easter Chimes. O blessed bells! which speak words of consolation to bruised hearts, fresh life was awoken in me by their heavenly voices, and I tasted peace. For I remembered that a God was born unto men, and I ceased to despair!

The morning came, and at noon, with a few crumbs in my pocket, I stole, or rather slunk, through the thoroughfares to feed Binny. The bald-headed old man was already in the Guildhall square, spreading corn for the birds on wooden platters.

"Bless me," he said, when I had accosted him, "bless me, what brought you out to-day?"

"To look at the birds," I replied.

He laughed and stared at me, then laid his forefinger along his nose, and said knowingly, "Do draw it mild, will you?"

"I assure you that's it," I said; "I have no other business here. Where's Bin?"

"Not well, I suppose; he hasn't come down yet. Now, there's a beauty!" he exclaimed, pointing to a pretty black and crimson pigeon. "I call him 'Garryowen.'"

I started. "And why do you call him 'Garryowen,' my friend?"

"Well, the reason's not over particular, you know. He's a brave 'un, and I christened him after a brave place. Did you ever hear of Garryowen? Garry, my boy, don't peck poor 'Nancy' so—don't!"

"Yes, often," I said; "in fact I have lived there a considerable time."

"Lived there!" he exclaimed, arching his eye-brows and pursing up his lips as if preparing to whistle. "Lived there! Did you know the Whites?"

I said "I did."

"And the Dillons?" he asked anxiously. "Young Dillon is somewhere in London, on a mad-geese-chase. His sister is lunatic about him, and has sent Father M—— to hunt him up."

"Have you seen Father M——?" I inquired nervously.

"Dear, yes. He left Limerick the day on which Mrs. Dillon—Mrs. Dillon died!—a week ago—was buried. Whew, Dick!"

As he spoke I felt faint. My mother, for it was my mother, dead! I was struck down by the remorseful thought that my misconduct might have hastened her demise, and leaned, pale and trembling, for support against the great doors of the building.

"Nothing the matter, I hope," said my friend, as he took my hand in his, and commenced chafing it. "Bless me, how cold you are! Did you know Mrs. Dillon, sir?"

"She was my mother!" I sobbed, bursting into tears.

"God help you!" he said, with comforting earnestness. "God help you! Hadn't you better go home, sir? Father M—— is at Anderton's."

I said "I had"—and I did. That evening I stopped with the good priest, and early next morning, bankrupt in means and dreams, I was flying in the Limited Mail between London and Holyhead. My mother had died in my absence; but the affectionate care of my sister compensated, if possible, for her loss. I had learned, from my folly, one of the saddest and bitterest lessons of my life! And yet I dream. Surrounded by the olives and fig trees of home, my fancies are oftener at the other side of the Channel than here. Sometimes I walk in spirit amongst the grave-stones of Battersea and Stepney; but more frequently do I visit the Guildhall square, to feed and fondle "Poor Binny."

INNS OF COURT IN IRELAND,

FROM THE DAYS OF THE PLANTAGENTS TO THOSE OF THE SECOND GEORGE.

BY EDWARD M'MAHON.

ALTHOUGH a collegiate association of Irish legal practitioners can be traced back to the reign of Edward I., (1273-1307,) and would appear to have received a semi-official recognition, it is not evident that at this time the Crown had granted them any site for a residence. When the first Inn of Court was established it was called "Collett's Inn," and was situated outside the municipal limits of the metropolis, where Exchequer and South George's-streets now stand. Within that precinct the superior courts of Justice were likewise held, but the existence of the provincial Palatinates rendered their duties comparatively insignificant. From this locality, however, the gentlemen of the long robe were necessitated to retire, in consequence of a very unceremonious and unlooked for notice of ejectment. Taking advantage of the absence of the Lord Deputy

and the garrison of Dublin on some expedition, the united septs of the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles swooped suddenly down from their Wicklow fastnesses, looted the Exchequer, and shewed how lightly they regarded the voluminous and learned records preserved in it by consigning them to the flames. The "peaceful dissonance of this legal tribe"—as Duhigg has it—being interrupted by this event, they sought refuge within the walls of the city, in the Castle of which the chief courts of Justice were held, as well as sometimes at Carlow, on the southern frontier of the English Pale, a place then considered an impregnable fortress. In the reign of Edward II. almost all the records of the kingdom were lost by a conflagration of another kind, as appears by the annexed excerpt from the Patent Rolls:—

"Be it remembered that all the rolls of the Chancery of Ireland were, in the time of Master Thomas Cantock, Chancellor of Ireland, to the 23th year of King Edward, son to King Henry III., destroyed by an accidental fire in the Abbey of the Blessed Virgin, near Dublin, at the time when the Abbey was burned down, except two rolls of the same year, which were delivered to Master Walter de Thornbury, by the King's writ."

Both those records are still extant. While on the subject of Irish State Papers, it may be mentioned that no effectual measure seems to have been taken for their security against malicious or accidental loss until the time of Henry VII., when, as stated in the "Statute of Resumption," passed in the tenth year of that monarch's reign, "the records, rolls, and inquisitories, as were remaining of record in the Treasury of Trim (Castle), and as should entitle our Sovereign Lord to all such lordships (as those of Connaught, Ulster, Trim, etc.) were taken and embezzled by divers persons of malice prepense." This was in allusion to their seizure and destruction by O'Neill; and we may add, in further illustration of the fate of such important documents, that the greater portion of those formerly deposited in the Tholsel of Waterford were actually converted into a bonfire by a mayor of that "urbs intacta!"

Whatever privileges Irish legal practitioners possessed as a corporate body, in the reign of Edward I., were amplified and confirmed in that of Edward III., but they were subject to the visitorial authority of the judges at Westminster. At this period, also, there were no such distinctions in the rank of members as at present. Sir Robert Preston, Chief Baron of the Exchequer under Edward III., assigned to them, in a very liberal spirit, as a site for their Inn, his residence, which occupied the space of ground whereon the Royal Exchange and Parliament-street at present stand, as far as the banks of the Liffey. From Sir Robert it took the name of Preston's Inn, and here the legal profession remained undisturbed for two hundred years, modifying the edifice to suit their requirements, and at their own expense. Unfortunately, however, Sir Robert died without issue, leaving a certain portion of his residence to his brother, whose family succeeded to the peerage, and proceedings were adopted for its recovery, aided by the government, whose policy did not find it palatable to have courts of justice held in such close proximity to the

Castle, which was altogether required for military purposes, for which, indeed, it was about this time becoming rather unsuited; for, in 1537, the Master of the Rolls stated that if "steps were not taken for rebuilding the Castle wall, where the lawe is kept, the majestic and estimation of the lawe shall peryshe; the Justices being then enforced to minister the lawes upon hylles, as it were Brehons or wilde Irishmen on their ertotts!" In consequence of the litigious proceedings of the Preston family, the termly sessions of the superior courts were removed, in the year 1542, to the dissolved Dominican Monastery on the northern side of the Liffey. The following is a translation of the original grant of this edifice to the profession:—

"In the 33rd year of Henry VIII., the King demised to John Allen, Chancellor; Sir Gerald Aylmer, Chief Justice of the King's Bench; Sir Thomas Luttrell, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; Patrick Whyte, Second Baron of the Exchequer; Patrick Barnewall, Serjeant of the King; Robert Dillon, Attorney-General; Walter Cowley, Solicitor of the King; and the other Professors of the Law, the monastery or house of Friars Preachers, near Dublin, and the site, circuit, ambit, and precinct of the said monastery and church, with the steeple and cemetery of the same, together with all the messuages, edifices, mills, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and other hereditaments whatsoever, with the appurtenances of the said monastery or house; likewise fifteen messuages, with the appurtenances, in the parish of St. Michan, within the franchises of the city of Dublin; one messuage, with its appurtenances, in the street called Newstreet; and the moiety of a certain meadow, called Ellenhorse-mead, otherwise Gibbet's-mead, with the appurtenances, in the county of Dublin, and with all other profits, possessions, and hereditaments whatsoever, with the appurtenances in Dublin and the suburbs of the said city."

This grant was but temporary and experimental, being only for a term of twenty-one years. In the same year the title "King of Ireland" having been adopted by Henry VIII., instead of "Lord," the new site gained the appellation of the "King's Inns," in compliment to the donor. The society also waived all claims to the mansion of the Preston family. A uniform system of legal education being considered necessary to the consolidation of English authority in Ireland, a statute was passed about this time, by which it was enacted that such persons as desired to practise the Irish law should have previously been resident at an English Inn of Court. Upon the expiration of the King's grant to the society, it was renewed for a further term of forty-one years by Queen Elizabeth. The statute enforcing the education of Irish students at English Inns of Court was likewise re-enacted in perpetuity. In this reign the Earl of Ormonde, Lord Deputy, obtained from the Crown a grant, which he afterwards transferred to a third person, of the site of the Inns, with all its appendages, under the pretence of finding it necessary to extend the ordnance establishment within the Castle; the real motive, however, being purely mercenary, as the value of the ground on the northern bank of the Liffey had considerably increased, and the property of the King's Inns extended nearly from Essex-bridge to the western extremity on both sides of the river, the strand of which at that time approached the same end

of Bachelor's-walk.* The existing charter prevented any immediate molestation from Ormonde or his assignee, but he, nevertheless, persevered in his endeavour to remove the courts, suggesting, with an effrontery almost incredible, the conversion of St. Patrick's Cathedral into a temple for the superior courts, the prebendal and canonry houses to be metamorphosed into residences for the judges and lawyers! This illegal and profane transfer was vigorously and successfully opposed by Archbishop Loftus, and the Inns remained intact for one hundred and sixty-five years, the society enjoying the right of disposing of the profits of their appurtenances as they deemed fit, until the erection of the new Four Courts, on the ancient site of the monastery, and a revived income to the society from parliamentary taxes and personal assessments. And thus, as Bartholomew Thomas Dubigg, their librarian and first historian, wrote in 1806, "the King's Inn Society having escaped the Poddle's muddy stream, seemed fixed by architecture almost as permanent as their tenure on Braidoge's salubrious banks." The first stone of the present Four Courts was laid on the 13th of March, 1776, by the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lieutenant, and Viscount Lifford, Lord Chancellor. The original architect was Mr. Cooley, but he dying when he had concluded not more than the western wing, the work was intrusted to Mr. James Gandon, by whom it was completed in the year 1800, at the cost of £200,000.

In the year 1607, in the reign of James I., the Lord Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, enrolled himself a member of the society, at the request of the judges and members of the bar. This first giving it the prestige of Viceregal authority and support, a copy of the original entry in the books will doubtless be interesting:—

"*Prænobilis vir, Arthurus Chichester miles, Dominus Deputatus et Gubernator Generalis hujus Regni Hiberniæ, ad humilem petitionem justiciariorum et aliorum jurisperitorum, decimo octavo die Junii, anno illustrissimi Regis Jacobi, Dei Gratia, Regni sui Angliæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ, quinto, et Scotiæ quadragesimo, dignatur se inter socios hujus hospitii Regis Dublinii enumerari.*"

On the twenty-fourth of the same month the society received a further accession of members, who had no internal authority save professional precedence. Baron Ellyot was elected treasurer, and Mr. Jacob Newman, a Six-Clerk in Chancery and Deputy Master of the Rolls, assistant-treasurer, no emolument being attached to the former office. A meeting was held in the following November, more for the purpose of establishing a system of annual elections, as in the English Inns of Court, than anything else, as we find the above officers, who could employ none of the funds of the society without especial warrant, were reappointed for another year. It was also resolved that a *pensioner* should be selected annually "each Michaelmas term, of the ancients of the bar, and if any shall refuse the acceptance of that place, for the behoof of the house, he so refusing to be fined

* Ormond market was originally part of the King's Inns' estate, and known as New-market, but when the quays were erected the Viceroy's name was given to it.

at the discretion of the house." A Mr. Christopher Lynch was the first pensioner, receiving from each member "twelve pence sterling each term, for his pension, the same to be disposed of by the appointment of the house to the payment of the officers' wages, and other necessary uses." The third general council was held upon the 24th of June, 1608, at which the following order respecting the Commons of the society, then first instituted, was made. "It is ordered, that the commons at the bench table shall be seven shillings each week, the bar, and gentlemen of the society, five shillings sterling, the clerks three shillings sterling, each week, and so to continue until further order shall be taken therein at some other council." Wine was not included in this, the price of which, by subsequent accounts, appears to have been sixpence a quart for claret, and different kinds of white wines, and one shilling a quart for sack. There was also a brewery attached to the inns, but there is no entry to show that anything more potent than these beverages was used. At a future period we find members taxed for a parlour or retiring room for themselves, the bar, and the judges. Several councils were held during the year 1609-10, at which various regulation were passed affecting the interior economy of the Inns. At this time there was no embankment to the Liffey, except on the northern side for garden enclosures, or where the ancient bridge of the city communicated with the adjacent district of Fingal. The entire space of ground from the site of the monasteries of Black Friars, or St. Mary's, to the present King's Inns, was covered with separate tenements, held under the brotherhood of each society, who claimed exemption from municipal jurisdiction. Over these the society appointed a seneschal, whose office continued until after the year 1640. Stocks and a cucking-stool, together with a pillory, existed within the precincts of these liberties, in the latter of which John Veldon, under-treasurer of the society, was punished for perjury in 1616. The monastery lands having at length lost their independent jurisdiction, quays and streets rapidly sprang up on the sites of fields and garden terraces, and the prosperity of the city and the society made considerable progress. The Irish Chancellor, Dr. Jones, Archbishop of Dublin, was enrolled a member in 1610, and a still more distinguished churchman, James Usher, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, was appointed chaplain to the society, as was likewise Dr. Adam Loftus, then a Privy-Counsellor, and Master in Chancery, and who was afterwards elevated to the peerage. On May day, 1610, Donogh, Earl of Thomond, was enrolled a member, on which occasion he presented the society with a hogshead of wine, and on the same day Lord Butler of Tullow Phelim (son-in-law and heir to the Earl of Ormonde, Lord Treasurer of Ireland), also became a member, bestowing two hogsheads of wine. In the June following Maurice, Lord Viscount Roche and Fermoy, and Sir Richard Morrison, Vice-President of Munster, were admitted, as well as Sir Richard Boyle, the great Earl of Cork, who gave the society a handsome silver cup. In the reign of Charles I., (November,

1634) we find it ordered at a "parliament of the King's Inns," that "none shall be allowed to practise as a Counsellor-at-Law, but such as shall be first admitted of this society," the fee of admission being four marks sterling. Amongst many legal reforms instituted in Ireland at this time by the Lord Deputy, Sir Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, whose otherwise vigorous and brilliant administration was occasionally tarnished by acts of terrible severity, and the culmination of whose career on Tower Hill has furnished Paul Delaroché with the subject of one of his noblest and most familiar historical paintings, was the increase in the number of sergeants-at-law, a rank heretofore confined to a single member of the profession, from one to two, the ancient name of "King's Sergeant" falling into desuetude. The "Prime" and "Second Sergeant," were their distinctive titles, the former having the precedence, and being always regarded as Circuit-Judge. These titles and offices were abolished during the Commonwealth, but restored by the government of Charles II. In 1726 a "Third Sergeant" was added.

The severity of Strafford's administration, and the subsequent contest between Charles I. and his Parliament, equally conducing to the Civil War of 1641, and on the approach of that long and sanguinary struggle, the King's Inn Society was closed, every member of it who could "trail a pike or pen a pamphlet" assisting to swell the ranks of the contesting parties. Previous to this, however, the society was involved in much litigation, owing to the validity of their charter as a corporate body being questioned, and an attempt to sequester the property attached to it. The greater part of this had long since been built upon, and considered portions of the city, under the appellation of Usher's quay and Island, while the northern portions bear the names of distinguished members of the society. To settle the dispute Strafford proposed to erect a new Four Courts, with a repository for the national records, an Admiralty, Star-Chamber, and Prerogative Court, in addition to a Parliament-house, and a surrounding square for the accommodation of the legal profession. In one of his letters he complains that "there was not a place set apart for his Majesty's records, and the want of treasuries for them hath been of mighty hindrance to the King and subject, wherein many records that might be of public profit and service to his Majesty, and of security and advantage to the subject, have been, for want of this repository, lost or embezzled, or sometimes burned: the office has been kept, as most records were in the officer's house, to the extreme prejudice of his Majesty and his subjects in their several interests. Indeed, how few records remained at this time is evidenced from the fact that when Strafford, at an inquisition held at Galway, endeavoured to prove the title of Charles I. to the entire province of Connaught, he could only produce in evidence the "Statute of Resumption" of Henry VII., already referred to, to prove the loss of the records, and in their absence assert the claim of the crown. Taking advantage of the absence of these documents, he issued that famous "Commission

for Defective Titles," by which every proprietor in the west of Ireland was dispossessed, unless he could produce in writing a clear and indisputable title from the crown. If this commission were rigidly interpreted, the claim of Charles I. to Connaught would scarcely bear scrutiny. However, the Earl's recall to England to give an account of his Irish administration, and subsequent attainder, prevented any settlement of the dispute respecting the property of the King's Inn at that period. No remarkable circumstance attended the revival of the Inn under the Commonwealth, except the Cromwellian authorities seem to have been somewhat more liberal than those of the Stuarts. The treasury granted a yearly sum of £100 to discharge the expense of some necessary repairs to the Inn, in addition to a gross sum granted for immediate expenditure. This liberality appears to have been fully appreciated by the judges and the members, for the usurper's family arms were elevated in the dining-hall with much public ceremonial, while those of the Commonwealth were all but neglected. A law which prevailed at this time, by which civil causes were adjudicated upon by military commissioners, will explain the following entry in the books of the society :

"26th July 1654, William Allen, Esq., Adjutant-General, &c., is admitted into the Society of Inns of Court, Dublin, without fine."

This Allen, who was also a commissioner of forfeited estates, and had a residence on the grounds of the society, was a truculent scoundrel, and afterwards cashiered. On the day after his admission the roll of the society was enriched by a far different name, that of the patriotic and enlightened Sir William Petty, the author of the "Down Survey," taken in the year 1655, 6, the only national monument of that age of strife and blood. Unfortunately a large number of the volumes of these maps were altogether destroyed by a fire which occurred in 1711 in a house in Essex-street, where the Surveyor-General then kept his office. Prior to this much-to-be-regretted event, the survey consisted of thirty-one folio volumes, divided into baronial and parochial maps. Of the former an original volume is at present preserved in the Quit-rent Office.

From the revival of the Inns of Court in 1607 until the revolution, all the entries in the books of the society, with one exception, were in Latin, but at this time it was ordered that they should be made in English. Of these the following is an example :—

"The Judges, taking notice that several of the Judges doe absent themselves from Commons, whereby they cannot enjoy their society as they desire, they doe therefore think fit to order that each Judge shall, for time to come, pay ten shillings each term for his lost Commons, unto the steward of this house."

Cromwell having made arrangements for transferring the records of the upper Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer, from the Inns to the Four Courts, an official was specially appointed in each court to see them properly secured, notwithstanding which several valuable

documents which would have elucidated many vexed questions connected with the history of Ireland and the affairs of the Inns at this period, were lost. Henry Cromwell, son of the Protector, was an associate of the Inns. In September, 1662, the following order appears in the books :—

"That the rooms, late the records of the court of Exchequer, be let unto Sir George Lane, Knt., for the use of the *Castle Chamber*, at such rent as the steward of this house and he shall agree upon."

This was a sort of that "Star-Chamber" institution in such great favour with the Stuarts. In 1664 we find representations made to the Duke of Ormonde by the steward of the society to the effect that military were quartered in the Inns, and he assessed on that account. The matter was referred to the Lord Mayor and sheriffs, who denied that they gave any order for such occupation, but to set the matter at rest the government declared that the site of the King's Inns, in the possession of the judges, or any other member of the society, should for the future be exempted from any military occupation.

In Hilary Term, 1665, Jonathan Swift, father of that "master mocker of mankind," the immortal Dean of St. Patrick's, was admitted an attorney and member in the following terms: "Jonathan Swift, gent., was admitted into the society of this house, and hath paid for his admission (the usual fee) 13s. 4d." He was also appointed steward to the Inns, as a recompense for the losses to which his family had been subjected in consequence of their steadfast adherence to the cause of Charles I. On his untimely decease, in April, 1667, his widow memorialled the benchers to grant permission to her brother-in-law, Mr. William Swift, to collect the arrears due to her husband, which was complied with; but, as far as we have been able to ascertain, the entire amount was never satisfactorily accounted for. In the same year in which Jonathan Swift was elected steward, the society, beginning to suspect the honesty of certain privileged members, directed that the treasurer, Sir William Aston, "doe call upon the former treasurers, and such other persons as have the letters-patent of this house, or any other writings, evidences, plate, or goods belonging to this society, and demand and receive the same into his custody, and give an account thereof before the end of Commons." A previous application had been made to Lord Santry for the society's patent, and to the Chief Baron for the "silver bowl and other plate appertaining to the house," but without effect. The preceding order was repeated in November, 1666, when Sir William Aston declared that he had "waited upon Lord Santry for the letters-patent, and the plate and other goods of the society, to which his lordship returned an evasive answer." Another application, in 1667, proved equally fruitless, Lord Santry stating that he would personally answer the benchers, a promise which he did not fulfil; for when, in 1669, the treasurer gave a return of what "pewter, brass, linen, and other goods" was in the possession of the society, there is no mention of the missing plate, about which an

ominously discreet silence was maintained. From the entries in the records of the society it appears that it was then customary to call barristers on any day agreeable to the individual, and not on a certain day in term as at present, or by a previous meeting of the judges. In 1694 an order descriptive of the ruinous condition of the King's Inns chambers was issued, and some measures taken to keep them in a habitable state. In the reign of Queen Anne "Benchers" were first admitted by that title to the society, who changed the name of their edifice from "King's" to "Queen's Inns," in compliment to her majesty. In this reign also it was customary, on the departure of a Viceroy, for the society to entertain him at a state dinner, as likewise the chief-justices, and we find various sums charged in the accounts for supplying bonfires and beer to the populace on these occasions, which were invariably distinguished by riots of some kind. From "Blackstone's Reports" we learn that a party injured in these tumults, by squibs or crackers, could legally support an action against the providers of the pyrotechnic display.

In May, 1704, the society ordered that "noe person be admitted to the bar, and practise as a barrister until he shall produce an authentic certificate of his receiving the sacrament, according to the usage of the church of Ireland, as by law established, before his said admittance." The professed object of this enactment was to fix an insurmountable impediment to the admission of Roman Catholics.

In the year 1730 the attention of parliament having been directed to the condition of the Public Records of Ireland, a committee of the House of Lords was appointed to report thereon, and in the November of that year their report was published, in which it is stated that "their lordships adjourned first to the Rolls Office, in the King's Inns, in which were kept the enrolments of all grants, &c., and they found several rooms in two sides of the building, inhabited by very low poor people. In these rooms were many fire-places, the hearths of which were narrow and broken, and some of them were raised above the floor; there were also there deal partitions, straw beds, and other combustible stuff. If, through the carelessness or villany of these people, a fire should break out in any of their chambers,—as there is a communication between them and the office where the rolls and pleadings were lodged,—their lordships thought they would run a manifest hazard of being burned to the ground; and this hazard they apprehend to be greater, because these Inns were reported a privileged place, though in reality they were not; and the inhabitants of these rooms were generally such as drunkenness and other vices had made necessitous, who fled thither for sanctuary." In 1734 Lord George Sackville was elected a boucher of the Inns. Eleven years later we find Lord Chesterfield, his private secretary, and *aides-de-camp*, admitted members of the society. In 1757 James, Lord Viscount Limerick, having succeeded Lord Palmerston as Chief Remembrancer, was elected a bencher as his predecessor had been, although neither were members of the legal profession.

During the same term also, Barry Maxwell, afterwards Earl of Farnham, as "Prothonotary of the Common Pleas," acquired a similar dignity. Almost immediately after the accession of George II., on the 27th of November, 1760, John Morrison, crown solicitor, ratified the right of the Inns of Court to the ground now occupied by the Four Courts, thus acknowledging their claim to compensation for that property from the period when it was first converted to their use. The present Inns in Henrietta Street were erected in 1802, the same year in which Ormond and Ringsend Bridges were swept away by a flood which inundated several parts of the city, boats actually plying in Patrick Street. The Library of the Inns was erected in 1827.

CLONMEL :

ITS MONASTERY—AND SIEGE BY CROMWELL.

THE monastery of St. Francis, at Clonmel, justly ranked among the most splendid of the many houses belonging to that order in Ireland, and even to the present day a small community of the friars retain a portion of their ancient church, where they continue to celebrate the divine mysteries. The history of its foundation is involved in obscurity; for some say that it owes its origin to the family of the Fitzgeralds of Desmond, whereas others affirm that it was founded by Otho de Grandison, who in 1269, not only gave the friars a considerable sum of money to erect the church, convent, and its appurtenances, but also bestowed upon it a rich tract of land, sites for mills, and two or three fishing weirs on the Suir. At the dissolution of the monastic houses, that of Clonmel shared the fate of all similar establishments in the province of Munster, for by an inquisition taken 8th of March, 31st King Henry VIII., it appears that the then guardian was seized of a church and steeple, dormitory, hall, three chambers, a store, kitchen, stable, two gardens of one acre, together with four messuages, six acres of arable land, four gardens, a fishing-pool and weir in Clonmel, all of which was parcelled out, May 19th, 34th of same King, between the sovereign and commonalty of Clonmel, and James Earl of Ormond, to be held for ever *in capite* by the said grantees at a small annual rent."

Nevertheless, although the friars were dispossessed of the lands, weirs, etc. with which de Grandison had endowed them, the inhabitants of Clonmel insisted on retaining the church, cemetery, and sacristy, of which they held possession in the year 1615, when Father Mooney, then provincial of the Franciscans, visited the place. To this zealous friar, on whose valuable manuscript notices of the convents of his order, we have heretofore drawn so copiously, we are indebted for the following particulars regarding the monastery of Clonmel: At the period of his visitation, already specified, he found the church in good repair, the architecture very magnificent, and nearly all the requirements of a conventual establishment in as good condition as in Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and other plunderers of the

religious houses had never thought of Clonmel. In fact, Mooney tells us, that the altars were still standing in the church, and that in the centre of the choir there was a very gorgeous monument, consisting of groups of marble statues to the memory of the lord baron of Cahir, together with many other memorials of the same character, to mark the last resting-place of the nobles who were wont to bury within the sacred precincts. Father Mooney, however, tells us that he was greatly scandalized by the conduct of some Jesuits, and other ecclesiastics, who (in the absence of the Franciscans) allowed the remains of the Protestant sovereign of Clonmel to be interred close by lord Cahir's monument in the choir; so much so, that he caused the body to be exhumed in the night-time and buried elsewhere. This, he informs us, he did with the permission of the archbishop of Cashel. At the period of Father Mooney's visitation it would appear that the Jesuits and secular clergy had possession of the conventual church, the former alleging that they had got a grant of it from Pope Paul V., and the latter supporting them in their pretensions, so much so, that the citizens, acting under the influence of the Jesuits and secular clergy, on two different occasions refused to receive a community of Franciscans into their town. The provincial, however, a very sturdy man, took active measures to re-establish the claims of his brotherhood, and it was finally decided by a papal rescript that they should take possession of their ancient church, the opposition of the Jesuits and secular clergy notwithstanding. Father Mooney's next effort was to get back from the representatives of the Earl of Ormond, the original grantee, some portion of the ancient endowments of the monastery, but we need hardly say that he was unsuccessful. He insisted that the friars were entitled to the building called the "Aula Comitum" or Earl's Palace, standing hard by the monastery, and that the fishing-weir and mills on the Suir should be restored to them. But, despite all his instances, he could get no redress from the heirs of Lord Ormond, and the lands, mills, weirs, and fishing-pools were escheated for ever from the friars. Of the "Aula Comitum," or Earl's Palace, we believe there has been no vestige in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Clonmel; but it may interest some to know that it stood within the precincts of the convent grounds, in Kilshehan Street, and was one of those edifices which some of the Irish nobility built in the vicinity of the religious houses to serve them for a temporary residence while going through a course of penitential exercises.

In 1615 all the buildings of the *Convent*, with the exception of the church and cloister, were entirely dilapidated; but the then Earl of Ormond remodelled the infirmary, and converted it into a dwelling-house, which was subsequently given as a marriage dowry to the lady Helen de Barry, whose second husband was Thomas Earl of Somerset. Mooney petitioned to have this edifice given to the Franciscans, but his memorial was rejected, and the friars were constrained to fix their abode in a house which they rented. To this Convent of Clonmel belonged a far-famed statue of St. Francis, which Father Mooney tells us was rescued from the

iconoclasts of the days of King Henry and Queen Elizabeth,—a statue in presence of which no one could commit perjury without incurring the penalty of sudden death, or, at all events, without having the whole truth brought to light by a special interposition of Heaven. This statue or image was enshrined in the sacristy of the church when Father Mooney visited Clonmel—and we would suggest that some one should look after it, as it is likely enough that a relic so venerated may be still in existence, secreted somewhere in or about the remains of the old monastery. To these meagre details regarding the Franciscan Convent of Clonmel, we have only to add what Father Mooney says of its site, namely, that it was most happily chosen—picturesque and commanding, though built inside the town wall, and in an angle of the city—in *angulo civitatis*.

With this venerable edifice we must naturally associate the memory of a highly distinguished Franciscan, of whom his native land and Clonmel in particular may justly be proud; for, indeed, his voluminous writings and the esteem in which he was held by the celebrities of his day, must always entitle him to our respect and veneration. How very few of the many who frequent the little church of St. Francis in Clonmel ever think that more than two centuries ago there lived a townsman of their own who, when a mere stripling, was wont to kneel and pray within the same hallowed precincts, and who in his maturer years acquired a world-wide renown as a profound metaphysician, theologian, poet and historian! And yet each of these attributes has been freely accorded to a native of Clonmel, whose numerous and learned works are the clearest evidences not alone of a master mind, but of industry which has seldom been equalled before or since the time in which he flourished. Father Bonaventure Baron, the individual to whom we have been alluding, was born in Clonmel early in the seventeenth century, and after completing his preparatory studies in that city, proceeded to Rome, probably in 1636, just eleven years after his uncle, the celebrated Luke Wadding had founded the convent of St. Isidoro for Irish Franciscans. Wadding soon perceived that his sister's son possessed grand abilities, which were destined to reflect honour on the order of which he himself was even then foremost among the great, and he accordingly resolved to spare no pains in forwarding the education of his kinsman and protégé. Congeniality of tastes, and a never-wearying love of research in the wide domain of history and speculative science, endeared those ardent students to each other, and caused them to concentrate all their energies on one grand object equally valued by both, namely, to revive the literary glory of the Franciscans, and preserve from oblivion the memories of the great men of the same body, who conferred such signal service on mankind during that long and dismal period when knowledge and civilization could find no bidding-place outside the cloister.

It would be superfluous to recount all that Wadding achieved in this wonderful self-imposed task, of which he has left us so many valuable monuments evidencing

genius of the highest order, and industry which challenged the encomiums of Sir James Ware,* who, his Protestantism notwithstanding, could appreciate such gigantic labours, amounting to thirteen or fourteen tomes, eight of which (the *Annals*) are large folio, to say nothing of other works which this great Irishman projected. As for Baron, it would appear that he had made up his mind to rival his preceptor and kinsman, and, indeed, it may be said that in some respects the pupil outstripped the teacher in the rapidity with which he produced some of his earliest works. Considering the various duties that devolved on him after his ordination, when he was appointed to teach theology, in the school of St. Isidoro, and discharge other offices connected with that establishment, we cannot but wonder how any one man could have written so much, so learnedly, and on such a variety of topics, before he had yet hardly passed that period which Dante calls the mid-term of life. And yet, such is the fact, for we have it on the authority of Father Wadding himself, that his nephew ("nepos meus ex sorore") had actually written in Latin, singularly remarkable for its elegance, some five or six volumes, while he was yet considerably under thirty-three years of age. The titles of some of these works, strange as they must appear in an English translation, will show how versatile was the genius of this eminent man, and with what facility he could turn from the profounder pursuit of studies philosophical and theological to the cultivation of the muses, and, indeed, of almost every department of light literature. The dates, too, of some of his numerous publications, will prove what we have already asserted, namely, that his industry was indefatigable, and, we might almost say, unequalled. Thus, the "*Panegyrical Orations*," the first volume which he published at Rome, in 1648, was, two years afterwards, that is to say, in 1650, followed by his "*Miscellaneous Poems*, including *Epigrams* and *Eulogiums of Eminent Men*." In 1651 he edited his "*Philosophical Essays*," and in the same year "*The Diatribe on Silence*," or "*Harpocrates Quinqueludius*," a work in which he displays an extensive knowledge of all the ancient systems of philosophy, and profound acquaintance with the writings of the most celebrated of the Christian apologists in the early ages. In fact, it would seem as if the energies of this wonderful man never flagged, that his active mind needed no relaxation, for not only the printing-presses of Rome, but those of Paris, Lyons, Florence, Wurtzburg, and Cologne found ample employment from his pen, which, at intervals of two, three, or more years, gave to the world no less than six volumes, three of which are large folio, devoted to theological and philosophical controversies, and a vindication of that great luminary of the fourteenth century, Duns Scotus, or the *Subtle Doctor*, he, too, a Franciscan, the fame of whose learning drew together upwards of thirty thousand students to Oxford, when he taught in that university. Besides

the works we have already specified, Father Baron wrote a "*Course of Theology*," in six tomes; and, towards the close of his life, he published, at Rome, the first volume (folio) of the "*Annals of the Order of the Most Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives*," commencing with the year 1198, and carrying it down to 1267. This remarkable work narrates the foundation of the various houses of the order, and, along with biographies of its most eminent men, gives us interesting details of the number of captives rescued from the horrors of Saracen bondage, by the heroic charity of a single brotherhood, who, in their day, rendered signal services to their fellow-men. Father Baron proposed to himself to continue this history down to his own times, but, growing feeble and blind, after expending such an amount of *vitality* on the works we have enumerated, he was obliged to renounce the pen towards the close of the year 1686. The remaining ten years of his life were for him a series of great bodily infirmities, rendered all the more painful by the total loss of sight, till, at length, after having spent over sixty years in Rome, he died, at a great old age, in the convent of St. Isidoro; and was buried near the grave of Luke Wadding, in 1696.

The respect in which this native of Clonmel was held by the great men of his period was such that he might well be proud of it, if a heart like his could find a place for self-esteem; but he was above all such petty weaknesses, and cared more for the honour of his Order than he did for his own glorification. Nevertheless, the criticisms of his great contemporaries pronounced him to be "a man among men," and a writer who deserved to occupy a niche in the temple of fame. As volume after volume came from his pen, the reviewers hailed them each and all with most respectful praise; and among those who were foremost in lauding the labours of the Clonmel friar we find a countryman of his own, Neal O'Glacan, a native of Donegal, who professed medicine in the Universities of Toulouse and Bologna; wrote a "*Cursus Medicus*" and other works on cognate subjects, and was finally appointed physician and privy councillor to the King of France. As for Father Baron, he too had honours bestowed on him by another potentate; for Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, selected him before all others to fill the envied place of historiographer to his court. This brief biography of such a distinguished Irishman may obtain some additional interest from a description of his portrait, which, along with that of the great Wadding and some other Irish celebrities of his era, is before us as we write. The picture in our possession represents him in his fifty-second year, dressed in the habit of his order, resting his left hand on a ponderous folio, and holding a pen in his right. His features are very benevolent, the nose inclining to aquiline; the eyes clear and penetrating; the mouth firm, with deep lines at the angles; and knitted brows, so characteristic of those who think much, and give the brain little rest. As for the head, like that of Wadding, it is large, dome-like, and, with the exception of a few scattered hairs

* "Writers of Ireland."

above the temples, bald; in a word, such a one as denotes a man of great intellect, and indomitable energy.

We now return to Clonmel, which, as we shall see, was destined to be the scene of a grand and thrilling incident, just fourteen years after Father Baron had looked his last on the bell tower of the old Franciscan monastery, which continued to flourish till Cromwell took possession of the town. Let us premise, however, that a very short time after the formation of the great Catholic league, the supreme council of the Confederates held their parliament in Clonmel on more than one occasion, deeming it far safer and better suited for their deliberations than Kilkenny, particularly in 1642, when the latter place was likely to be seized by Lord Ormond, after the defeat of General Preston at Ballyvega, near Ross. In the subsequent proceedings of the Confederates, Clonmel adhered to the policy of Rinuccini, who, setting great value on the devotion with which the inhabitants regarded his person, and seeing that it was strongly walled round, made it his head-quarters in 1647, and there wrote some of the most remarkable of the many despatches which he forwarded to the court of Rome touching the state of affairs in Ireland. It was not, however, till 1650 that Clonmel earned for itself that proud distinction in the military history of this country that was accorded to it, however reluctantly, by Cromwell himself, after the memorable siege. The general history of that event is accurate enough as to the result; but a manuscript account of it, by one who was thoroughly acquainted with the chief actors in that most singular episode, enables us to throw additional light on the whole affair, and we will therefore lay it before our readers.

When Hugh O'Neill, acting under the orders of Lord Ormond, took possession of Clonmel, and garrisoned it with fifteen hundred troops, nearly all of whom were Ulstermen, his first care was to strengthen the defences of the place, for he had resolved to hold it to the last extremity. Having been duly proclaimed governor of the town, O'Neill despatched a detachment to Fethard, and another, consisting of eighty men, commanded by an Ulster officer, to the castle of Cahir, for the purpose of preserving both places against the Parliament forces. At this period Cahir Castle was abundantly supplied with provisions and ammunition, and strengthened by two strong gates, a draw-bridge, a goodly bawn, and a strong-walled bass-court. Mr. Mathews, a step-brother of Lord Ormond, who was governor of the place, overjoyed at such a timely reinforcement, gave a cordial welcome to the Ulstermen, and set about taking measures for a vigorous defence in case Cromwell's forces should assault it. He arranged, however, with the officer of the Ulstermen that the latter should hold the bawn whenever the enemy approached, stipulating, at the same time, that in case they were overpowered, he would admit them into the castle as soon as the outworks were no longer tenable. Soon afterwards the van of Cromwell's army appeared before the castle, and set about scaling the outer wall, but

were gallantly repulsed by the fourscore Ulstermen, who kept their ground till they saw the main force of the enemy planting their heavy ordnance against the castle. Knowing that nothing but certain death awaited them if they remained any longer in the bawn, the Ulster officer proceeded to Mathews, asking him to make good his promise, and receive him and his party into the castle. He, however, peremptorily refused, and on returning to his men, the officer found a trumpeter from Cromwell, demanding a parley, which being granted, he capitulated for himself and fellows, who were suffered to march out with all honours of war, and a pass to continue in the enemy's quarters for a month. When they reached the camp, Cromwell made much of them, and asked the Ulster officer to join him; but the latter replied (to Cromwell's admiration), that he would not, and then, followed by his men, hastened to join Major-General O'Neill, in Clonmel.

After the reduction of Kilkenny, Cromwell sat down before the former city, and immediately commenced siege operations. O'Neill, however, nothing daunted, made frequent sallies, causing the enemy so much loss, that Cromwell grew tired of the business, though deeming it a disgrace to leave the town untaken, the more so as he knew that the army commanded for its relief by the Bishop of Ross had been defeated by Lord Broghill. Among O'Neill's troops, however, there was a traitor, a pliant knave named Gerald Fennell, who was major of horse, and this false-hearted villain contrived to enter into a correspondence with Cromwell, who proposed to give him five hundred pounds sterling and a full pardon, provided that he would, on the night of the eighth or ninth of May, open one of the gates on the north side of the town to five hundred of the besiegers. Fennell accepted the proposal, and on the night agreed upon drew off the detachment of Ulstermen who had charge of that particular gate, and replaced them with a party of his own. Now it so happened on that night that Major-General O'Neill could take no rest, for he knew that a crisis was at hand, and he accordingly resolved to make a personal inspection of the various posts. On reaching the gate from which the Ulstermen had been withdrawn, it occurred to him that there was some treason brewing, and he lost not a moment in summoning Fennell to his presence. "Why, sir," demanded the general, "have you moved the Ulstermen from the gate? Why have you not observed my orders?—come, disclose the whole truth, or you are likely to pay dearly for it." Fennell then promised to reveal the conspiracy on condition that the general would pardon him. "Tell the truth freely," replied O'Neill, "and you may count on my forgiveness." Fennell then confessed that he had agreed to open that particular gate to five hundred of the enemy, and no sooner was the general made aware of this than he ordered strong reinforcements to the various posts, and an addition of five hundred men to the gate in question. All this was done noiselessly, and at the appointed hour the gate was opened, but no sooner had the last man entered than it was securely

shut, and at a given signal the Ulster forces fell upon the Cromwellians and cut them to pieces. Disconcerted by this unexpected issue, Cromwell ordered up the battering guns, breached the wall, and made it assaultable for horse and foot. O'Neill, however, lost no time in causing a counterscarp and a ditch to be made right opposite the breach, and he also threw a strong body of musketeers into the houses lying near the wall, who opened a galling fire on the enemy as they advanced. The assault now began in right earnest, the Cromwellians never thinking of the ditch and counterscarp which barred their progress, and so valiantly did the Irish behave on that awful night that they three several times beat back their assailants with terrible carnage. Resolved, however, to win or lose all, Cromwell poured his masses pell-mell into the breach, the hind ranks pushing those that went before them into the ditch, where they were slaughtered without mercy for fully four hours. So determined was this gallant resistance that Cromwell's reinforcements refused to enter the yawning breach, and he himself, unable to conceal his admiration of the Irish, declared that they were "invincible." Finding that any further attempt might compromise his army, he withdrew to his camp, leaving O'Neill in possession of a breached and bloody wall. On that night the gallant general called a council of war, and finding that the soldiers had exhausted their ammunition and provision, he marched quietly out of the town by the old bridge, and crossing the mountains, proceeded towards Waterford; nor was it till next morning, when a deputation of the townsmen waited on him in his camp, that Cromwell knew of the retirement of the valiant governor, whom he commended "as a bold soldier." With how much truth has Whitelock written of this siege, that Cromwell found in Clonmel the stoutest enemy his army had ever met in Ireland, and *never was seen so hot a storm, of so long continuance, and so gallantly defended.*" On reaching Waterford, and being refused admittance by Diego Preston, then commanding that place, O'Neill hastened by forced marches to Limerick, which he defended valiantly against Ireton till again betrayed, on two several occasions by Fennell, he had to capitulate. The latter, however, got the death he deserved, for Ireton excepted him from pardon, and caused him to be executed as a traitor to friend and foe.

"Infelix praxis Judae, non Martis alumni
Qui patriam tradens, vendidit aere ducem!"

In the enumeration of Father Baron's works, we have not mentioned any of those which are classed among his *opuscula*, or minor productions; and we have purposely adopted this course, in order that we may be able to give our readers, in a future number, one of the rarest of those little tracts which came from his pen, namely, the *Siege and Storm of Duncannon*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A REPORTER.

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

A GENERAL election had just commenced, and a greater degree of excitement than is usually caused even by such a disturbing event prevailed throughout Ireland. Serious riots and a conflict between the military and the people, leading to bloodshed and loss of life, had occurred at Farborough, and I was sent down "special," to make the most of the business, for the anxiously-expectant and innumerable readers of the influential organ with which I had then the honour of being connected, I mean "*The Cosmopolitan Illuminator*." Our feeble contemporary, the *Hesperus*, also sent down a representative in the person of Mr. Theodore Augustus Maximilian Smirke, familiarly known to his observant acquaintances by the expressive *soubriquet* of "the Spitfire." He was a thin, white-faced fellow, with lank, mouse-coloured hair, and had an expression of intense self-satisfaction continually depicted on his countenance, which, as a consequence, was extremely disagreeable to look upon; he did reporting and general literature for the "*Hesperus*," and was ready to undertake anything, from an epic to a *vaudeville*, on the slightest provocation. The principal object of my journey was to report the proceedings of a court-martial which was to be held upon certain men belonging to the North Side Invincibles, who were accused of having taken part with the mob, in a riot and an attack on a detachment of a regiment of the line which had been brought into the town to aid in the preservation of the peace during the election. I put up at the "Golden Plough," which, although not the principal hotel at Farborough, has the advantage of a more cheerful and elevated site than the "Crown and Sceptre," which, being patronised by the bar, naturally plumes itself upon being the house. Another reason for my preference of the "Plough" was the fact of the connection therewith of a very singular and amusing character in the person of the head waiter, Old Charley. This was the only name I ever knew him by, and as it was quite sufficient for all the purposes of our intimacy, I never cared to inform myself of his patronymic. From the first moment in which he manifested himself to me, several years previously, in all his quaint peculiarities of manner and oddities of expression, his resemblance, in many particulars, to the *Corny Delany* of Lever's story, "Jack Hinton," struck me forcibly. As I drove up to the "Plough" on this occasion, Charley was standing at the door with the everlasting napkin thrown across his arm, and looking more than usually rueful and discontented. On recognising me, however, he assumed a more cheerful aspect, (for we had always been good friends,) and advancing to the car, ostensibly for the purpose of giving some assistance in the removal of my luggage, but in reality with the view of making a speech, he greeted me as follows:—

"Well, sir, you're welcome anyhow, tho' it's poor accommodation in the sleepin' way we can promise

ye. There's a set of infernal gladiathers here, and for these five nights past, the devil such a thing as gettin' a wink o' sleep they'll give us the chance of at all wid their roystherin' and jack-actin', may sweet bad luck to them."

"What's the matter now, Charley," said I, as I stood superintending the conveyance of my "traps" from the car to the hotel; "what's the matter with you? who are the gladiators this time?"

"Oh, as nice a set o'boys as there is betune this and Spike Island, and that's sayin' a good dale. They belong to the 'Invensibles,' and they call themself's officers. Officers, *moryah!* It's not in th' ould times th' are, or maybe the'd find it another time o'day wid themselves, the spalpeens. Them officers, to be sure!"

Charley said all this in such a subdued tone, and with a manner so expressive of the deepest confidence, as gave me clearly to understand that it was intended for my private delectation alone. He did not seem conscious that his remark touching the possibility of those individuals, in respect of whom he was so ireful, had they lived in the old times, finding themselves differently circumstanced, involved an obvious truism, and I am not sure that even if he had known it, it would have made any difference, as the suggestion was a favourite one with Charley, and like the opprobrious term, "gladiator," was made use of on all occasions when he thought proper to indulge his propensity for invective. Wishing to draw him out still further, I inquired, before entering the house, whether he had heard of the court-martial which was about to be held?

"The court-marshal," said Charley, "an troth I have, and betune you and me, sir, if the pack o' gladiathers that's inside" (this was said in a whisper, the speaker indicating the coffee-room with a slight reflex action of one of his thumbs), "was to be put on their thrial, instead of the poor fellows in the jail beyant, it 'id be only sarvin thim right—an it's me that 'id give thim a lift wid a heart and a half, always provided it was to lift them to the gallis."

Charley gave a peculiar chuckle at this heartless joke, as if he relished the notion amazingly, although, if put to the test, he would in all probability no more give evidence in support of a criminal prosecution, no matter who or what the prisoners, than abandon the habit of stigmatizing his tormentors, or those whom he chose to consider as such, in the peculiar manner which I have described. Entering the coffee-room, I saw at a glance the state of affairs which gave rise to the indignation of poor Charley. The apartment was a lengthy one, with a table extending almost from end to end, and having an exceedingly low ceiling. Indeed, this circumstance of the low ceiling, I may observe, was one much complained of by some frequenters of the house, on the ground that it prevented their absorbing the same quantity of whiskey-punch after dinner, as they were in the habit of doing in other places where no such architectural drawback existed. It was mid-day, and every seat at the table was occupied, the majority of

those present being in uniform, which I immediately recognised as of the "Invincible" pattern. There was a great clamour of voices and clatter of knives and forks, for the company was industriously engaged in discussing luncheon, so industriously indeed that my entrance was totally unheeded, and I took my seat at a little side-table, where Charley soon afterwards set forth where-withal to refresh me, without seeming to attract the slightest attention. Even at that early hour the bottle had commenced to circulate freely, and although due regard for etiquette, in the observance of which your militia officer takes pride in being particularly rigid, prevented the proposal of "sentiments" or the interchange of those little genialities expressed in the brief interrogatory—"May I have the pleasure of wine with you?"—the general aspect of the assembly and the tone of conversation, indicated clearly enough that the spirit of conviviality was in full sway.

"Charley!" shouted a lean, wiry-looking fellow with a light moustache and light brown hair, wearing the undress of the "Invincibles," who sat at the end of the table next the door, "Charley, some more sherry here; we've not got a drop at this end of the table, I can take my oath, for the last minute and a half!"

Here the speaker was interrupted by a general burst of laughter, occasioned no doubt by the mock pathetic tone in which he urged his complaint of such a tremendously protracted hiatus in the circulation of the sherry.

"Why, Stalker, my poor fellow," said the *vis à vis* of the last speaker, when the laughter had subsided, "we had no idea in this quarter that you were short of beer;" ("beer" is a standing synonyme with "fast" men for every variety of fluid in which the alcoholic element predominates,) "or we'd have spared you a drop, sooner than you should have been without it for a whole minute and a half. We can be charitable to a neighbour in distress, Stalker, my boy."

This sally was the signal for a renewal of the laughter, in the midst of which Charley appeared at the door, bearing a coaster with a fresh supply of sherry, and muttering some indistinct expressions of dissatisfaction in his customary strain, of which I was only able to detect the word "gladiator."

"Here now, Captain," he said to Stalker, in a tone half-querulous half-conciliatory, "is more of the ould stuff, and there's lots more where that kem from, if yez wants it. It's th' 'Invensibles' that knows what good liquor is, at any rate." Then glancing at me as he passed out, and throwing up his hands and eyes simultaneously, with an imploring expression, as if desirous of some special intervention of Providence in his behalf, he supplemented his complimentary observation in regard to the Bacchanalian discernment of the "Invincibles" with the remark, "Little good may it do them, the schemin' pack o' gladiathers—officers, how are ye!"

"At what hour does the court open, have you heard, Thunderton?" inquired Captain Stalker of his charitably-disposed brother-in-arms at the head of the table.

"Eleven o'clock, sharp. The president, Colonel Bluster, of the Southdown Sharpshooters, has arrived and put up at the 'Crown and Sceptre.' The Colonel and Major Goodfellow dine with him this evening, I understand."

"I hope," said Stalker, "that our fellows may get well out of the business, though I fear the case is a bad one. I wish to goodness the chaps at the Castle kept their regulars in Dublin, and left the people to us. If they had there'd have been none of this infernal shindy. They always make mischief wherever they go, and be hanged to them!"

"To be sure they do," assented Thunderton; "I hate the line: the officers are all upsetting snobs, and the men savages. If her Majesty was properly advised, her faithful militia force would be permanently embodied, and have every garrison in the kingdom in their hands, while the line might go and do duty in the colonies exclusively to themselves. The prime minister that carries out that arrangement will be the right man in the right place at last. Eh, boys?"

This modest suggestion, appealing so powerfully to that instinct which in every human breast responds sympathetically to the enunciation, in whatever form, of the sublime maxim, "nothing like leather," was, of course, received with immense enthusiasm, and elicited a great variety of humorous, witty, and sarcastic observations, at the expense of standing armies in general and of the 261st regiment of her Majesty's regulars in particular, a detachment of which obnoxious *corps* it was that had caused all the mischief.

Before leaving Dublin I had received an invitation from my friend Spoutwell, the leading sessions' man at Farborough, (a dark-haired, dark-whiskered, clear-eyed, intelligent little fellow, whose eloquence and sagacity were so generally deferred to by "their worships," that there was invariably a keen competition amongst rival litigants for the exclusive advantage of his advocacy,) who had been retained for the defence of the delinquent "Invincibles," to dine with him on the day of my arrival, he undertaking to call for me at the "Plough," after the arrival of the mid-day car.

Now, one of Charley's many peculiarities was a total incapacity for recollecting names; the most frequent customers of the house were known to him only by their faces, the numbers of their apartments, or their occupations; so that if a stranger called and inquired of him whether Mr. Jones was in? he would endeavour first to fix the identity of Mr. Jones, by ascertaining whether it was the gentleman in No. 12, who was referred to, or the counsellor, or the bag-man, and, in default of being satisfied on these points, he felt a grim satisfaction in declaring, point blank, that Mr. Jones was *not* in, although that gentleman was the while, perhaps, anxiously awaiting his friend in the smoke-room. Whilst listening to the volley of smart sayings alluded to, I heard some one exclaim rather vehemently, in the passage outside, "I tell you he must be here; he said he'd be here."

"What's his number?" asked Charley.

"Confound you and your numbers, you old dolt; don't you know Mr. Catchit as well as I do?"

"Oh, is it the reporter you mane?"

Before there was time for a response to this query, I had dashed into the hall, seized Spoutwell by the hand, and led him into the coffee-room, where he was instantly greeted with many expressions of a familiar and friendly nature from the assembled company.

"Well, Spoutwell," cried Captain Thunderton, from the head of the table, "what about our business? I hope you're going to acquit the boys, and send those blackguards of the 261st back to Dublin with the laugh at the wrong side of their mouths."

"Why, to tell you the truth, Captain," replied Spoutwell, with characteristic caution, "I know so little about these infernal courts-martial, that I couldn't well say yet what our chances are; but from what I have heard of the evidence in support of the prosecution, I'm sure that we'd come off with flying colours from before a jury."

"I'm prepared to swear," said Captain Stalker, "that the military began the mischief, by charging the people with fixed bayonets, when they were as quiet as a flock of sheep. There were no stones flung until then and those poor devils of ours who were amongst the crowd did their best to prevent what happened. And a nice return they met with, indeed; two of them shot down like dogs by the cursed red-coats, and the others put under arrest for trial by court-martial. I say there's no law or justice in the country if they sleep in jail another night after the finding of the court is promulgated. I'll throw up my commission if they do."

After this energetic speech the Captain had recourse to the sherry, and Spoutwell and myself adjourned to the residence of the former, where I spent a very jolly evening indeed. On my return to the "Plough," at a late hour, the only persons in the coffee-room were Captain Thunderton and Mr. Smirke, of the "*Hesperus*," who had not left till the latest conveyance started, having probably been detained in town up to the last moment by some literary exigency, with which he was the only person on the paper competent to grapple. We were never remarkably intimate, so that my recognition of him was, as usual, formal and distant. But whenever he had an object to gain by it, he would endeavour to force an intimacy if possible, and, as he saw that I had had some advantage of him by my earlier arrival at the scene of action, he made several futile attempts to lead me into conversation. Smirke had, amongst other disagreeable characteristics, a habit of occasionally delivering himself of small—very small—witticisms, gleaned carefully from the "facetiae" columns of some penny journal; and at such times he would open his eyes very wide, (they were of an excessively faint blue in colour, and lacked both intelligence and sensibility,) and pucker down his lips, (which were thin and bloodless,) as if struggling hard to restrain his risibility, mindful, no doubt, of Lord Chesterfield's

dictum, in the "Principles of Politeness," about the impropriety of laughing at one's own joke. Soon after my entrance, and just at the commencement of a friendly chat between Captain Thunderton and myself, Charley appeared at the door, bearing a letter in his hand, and inquired if there was a gentleman named Roche in the "Invencibles?"

"There are lots of Roches," replied Thunderton.

"Yes," put in Mr. Smirke, "*in the canals.*"

This remark was followed by the facial phenomena which I have described. I assumed, as was my wont under such circumstances, the most utter imperturbability and Captain Thunderton, who, although a very fine fellow and mayhap a very good fellow, was also somewhat too sluggish in his mental perceptions to take in at a glance the point of such a subtle stroke of wit, looked for a moment as if he did not know what to say or what to think, but at length—like the man of whom Sidney Smith relates the anecdote—judging probably from the expression of Smirke's countenance, that a joke was *meant*, he exclaimed, "Not a bad one at all, sir. Perhaps you would have no objection to join me in a glass of punch?"

Smirke *had* no objection, and, as I rarely take punch, and was besides anxious to avoid himself and his confounded witticisms, I wished the two good night, and went straight to bed. The extra demand for hotel accommodation compelled me to take share of a double-bedded room, but I was fortunate enough to secure the exclusive possession of one of the four-posters, the other being jointly occupied, as Charley informed me, by "two of those infernal gladiators below stairs, who gave him neither peace nor ease, mornin', noon, nor night." These two monsters, I discovered were Captains Thunderton and Stalker.

The court-martial was a dreary affair. The county grand jury-room, a tolerably spacious apartment, was the scene of the inquiry, and here a small table, placed as inconveniently as possible, having regard to the facility so requisite for a reporter, both of accurately hearing and unobstructedly seeing, was provided for "the press." Possibly Colonel Bluster and the other judicial *militaires* associated with him, deemed it a necessary assertion of their dignity, and of the traditional hostility of such tribunals as they constituted, to freedom of discussion, to *snub* if they could not exclude from their deliberations, the representatives of that power by which freedom of discussion has been mainly advocated and established. At the head of a large table in the centre of the room sat the Colonel, as president of the court, and on his left a gentleman, in plain clothes, with painfully weak eyes, which seemed to derive but slight assistance from the frequent application of an eye-glass to one or other of them, and a fresh-coloured, whiskerless face, not remarkable for intellectual expressiveness, but with an obvious dash of *bonhomie*. This gentleman, after all the members of the court had taken their seats amidst a great clashing of swords and jingling of spurs, stood up and read in a sing-song, cranky

tone of voice, which astonished me, and, I doubt not, many others, proceeding from such a source, a prolix document, in which such phrases as "now we, that is to say"—"now you, that is to say"—"hereby and hereinafter," and many other idiomatic elegancies of a like character, were constantly and monotonously recurring, and from which the uninitiated listener could with difficulty evolve any rational meaning. It was understood, however, to be the warrant of the gentleman who read it for assuming the important and responsible post of "Deputy-Judge-Advocate," in connection with the proceedings about to open. I shall not weary my readers by any details of those proceedings. We have heard of the "rough-and-ready justice of the drum-head court-martial," but how justice ever comes to be vindicated by such a tribunal—drumhead or otherwise—is certainly astonishing. Talk of the absurd formalities and requirements connected with our courts of law; hear some blunt matter-of-fact son of Mars, who happens to be drawn into a bit of civil litigation—how ostentatiously he proclaims his ignorance of the simplest proceeding in his suit, his incapability of understanding the uncertainties, the crooked turns and the contradictions of the law, and the proud contempt which he expresses for the whole race of lawyers—not excepting his own advocates—and then behold this same hero, a presiding genius at one of these imposing burlesques on all common sense, (I speak exclusively of their established procedure,) on all rational notions as to the conduct of human affairs generally—a court-martial to wit—and blush for human consistency. Oh! nineteenth century, great in railroads, and in the march of intellect, in iron-clad war ships, and the development of social science—century that hath dealt so ruthlessly with many long-prevailing shams, which, from their antiquity alone, had established a hold on the veneration of mankind, how long wilt thou leave this relic of genuine barbarism unscathed, a dark spot amidst the prevailing lustre of our epoch? When in short, great halcyon century, may we hope for the period when there shall be no more courts-martial? Until then, thy claim to the title of "century of centuries," (which too many of thy worshippers even now indiscreetly bestow upon thee) is incomplete. So hasten the good work, and give us one further cause of self-glorification in contrast to the darkened conditions of the unhappy beings who lived, or "vegetated" rather—because it is impossible they could have "lived," in the exalted sense of the word as we understand and feel it—in the gloomy centuries before thy resplendent birth!

The reader will not, I hope, suppose that my hostility to the ancient institution of which I write, arises from any selfish motive—that it has been caused by any inconvenience or trouble endured by myself on the occasion of this court-martial at Farborough. True it is that I, in common with every other civilian present, whether professionally engaged or not, was ordered out of the room on an average once in every ten minutes of the six hours during which the affair lasted; but then, this, instead

of being a source of annoyance or irritation, as might be supposed, excited quite a different feeling, as it necessarily abridged my labour considerably. The readers of the *Illuminator* may have had reason to complain, as the report of the proceedings which I furnished was, with a single exception, a very bald and disjointed affair; a large proportion consisting of frequent repetitions of the following: "Here the President, after a brief consultation with the deputy judge-advocate as to the propriety of a question, which it was proposed to put to the witness, ordered the room to be cleared. The public was not re-admitted for a space of several minutes." No; my hostility to the court-martial has its origin in a more unselfish feeling—solely in the conviction which I have formed, after proper experience and deliberation, of its inefficiency as a machinery for the administration of justice. The causes of this inefficiency are numerous, and as I believe, inseparable from the nature and constitution of the military service, so that all offences, save those of a strictly professional nature, breaches of discipline, etc., should in my humble opinion be investigated and pronounced upon by the civil tribunals of the land. I have heard that my report was very unsatisfactory, save in one particular, I mean the speech of Spoutwell for the prisoners, after the evidence had closed. At this distance of time, I do not consider it any breach of confidence to admit that Spoutwell supplied me with a cleanly-written pocket copy of this oration, which I transmitted to head-quarters without alteration or abbreviation. It made nearly two columns of "minion" type, and I can solemnly aver that it did not contain more than eleven Latin and three Greek quotations. I am particular on this point, because Smirke, who, although an indifferent, affected to be a profound classical scholar, and considered it *infra dig.* to ask a speaker for a copy of any remarkable quotation which he might use, interlarded his report of Spoutwell, (otherwise very incorrectly given) with scraps of the two dead languages just mentioned, at intervals of every third or fourth sentence, not one of which had been used by the speaker, and all of which were most infelicitously applied. Spoutwell wrote an indignant letter to the *Hesperus*, impeaching the accuracy of its report, but his letter was "cushioned," and, worse than all, some malignant critic, signing himself "Cicero," published an epistle in the same journal, virulently assailing the erudition, the logic, and the diction of poor Spoutwell, as manifested in this speech, which, as published correctly in the *Illuminator*, was a perfect model of learning, argument and eloquence. Oh, but it was the speech! I think I just recollect the peroration.

"I have now, Mr. President," said Spoutwell, "gone consecutively through all the facts and arguments relied upon by the prosecution, as against the deeply-wronged, the foully-aspersed men whose advocacy under such momentous, I may say such perilous circumstances, it shall ever be the proudest boast of my life, that I cheerfully undertook, and, as I

fondly hope, successfully conducted. Sir, I have been sustained in that advocacy by the firmest confidence in the justice of my cause, the inconceivable, the unparalleled, the inexpressible atrocity of the dark conspiracy, for as such I here boldly denounce it, out of which these proceedings have arisen, and above all in the unsullied purity, the unpurchasable rectitude, and the unlimited sagacity of this honourable court. Shall I have been mistaken in this? shall it be said that I depended on a broken reed? Forbid the thought! These men, sir, whom I defend, are our brothers; they are men whose sympathies, and affections, and duties, are not contracted within the miserably circumscribed sphere in which the mere hireling of the sword lives, and moves, and has his being. These are men, sir, who at the summons of their country and its sovereign, sprang forth armed from their native earth, like Minerva from the crest of Jove, ready to brave all the privations which the soldier is called upon to endure, and even grim death itself, and for what? For what, I ask? Not surely for the wretched stipend which the state deems a sufficient reward for such sacrifices; that, sir, is an hypothesis which must be scouted by every honest mind. No, it was for this—that our hearths and homes might be secured from the assaults of foes from without, or of traitors from within; that their fellow-countrymen might pursue in peace and the confidence of security, the different avocations of their daily life, and sleep at night that quiet sleep, which no dread phantoms of rapine or bloody discord might come to disturb. This the duty which these men chivalrously undertook, and the consciousness of performing which, animated the humblest of them with a proud zeal, which I say the mercenary wretches to whose envy and hate this fell conspiracy, as I again proclaim it to be, must be attributed; have never felt and never can feel. Certain I am that the decision of this court, composed as it is of elements so exalted, and pervaded by a sense of truth and a devotion to the noblest principles of justice so unbounded, this court will, I am confident, most effectually vindicate the character and conduct of these injured men, restore them to the ranks from whence they have been so rudely torn, unsullied by the faintest breath of slander, and enable each one, once more to appreciate all the glorious significance of the immortal words—

'Civis Romanus sum.'

Au reste the speech was a vehement impeachment of the "regulars" in their conduct on the occasion of the riot, and the speaker—having evidently caught a good deal of his inspiration from Captains Thunderton and Stalker—also indulged in a strain of bitter invective touching the domineering air and manner both of officers and men of the line towards the "constitutional defenders of the country," which he declared was a rule, not limited to any special applications, but invariably acted on. I succeeded in tracing to a rival practitioner of Spoutwell's, the origin of a statement, bearing on the face of it palpable evidence of personal spite and illwill, which got

whispered about at Farborough, after the finding of the court-martial, several days subsequently, had been formally promulgated with the sanction of the commander-in-chief, the finding being—as every one who heard the evidence knew it should be—unfavourable to the prisoners; all of whom were found guilty, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The statement to which I allude was this: that it was Spoutwell's defence and not the evidence for the prosecution which insured the conviction of the delinquent "Invincibles," and that had the case been in the hands of a sensible, practical man, the result would have been very different. What a pitiable revenge for a disappointed ambition! This same man had aspired to the honour reserved for Spoutwell—that of defending as consummate a set of rascals (I am now giving my own sober opinion on the matter in contradistinction to the orator's high-flown sentimentalities) as ever graced a dock.

Spoutwell and myself were specially invited to dine with Thunderton, Stalker, and a party of their brother officers at the Plough, and thither we accordingly adjourned on the rising of the court. Major Goodfellow presided at dinner (there was not a regular mess, as a detachment of the regiment only was picqueted through the town), and I sat by Thunderton, who, under the gradually accumulating influence of wine, became extremely communicative and patronising. He informed me, in the "strictest confidence," that he had that day, in fact after returning to the hotel from the court-martial, received a communication from the Horseguards, intimating to him, as senior captain of the Invincibles, that the commission of ensign which had just become vacant in a regiment of the line, was at his disposal, if he chose to accept it. Thunderton further informed me that it *was* his intention to accept it; that he had long been of opinion that the Militia was not "the thing"—(he evidently forgot, or he did not know, that I heard him express sentiments of a precisely opposite nature the previous day)—that it was, in fact, rather low, owing to the unfortunate circumstance of several *parvenus* having obtained commissions in it (Thunderton, I afterwards learned, was the son of a retired grocer and spirit-dealer, who had been an old supporter of Lord Honyton, the borough representative), and that it was difficult, if not impossible, to convince the public, and especially the female public, that a militia officer might be, and often was, quite as good as an officer of the line. "But in the army a man finds his level at once, you know," said Thunderton; "there a man *must* be a gentleman, and no mistake. Do you not think I am right in cutting this infernal militia *corps*?"

"That," I replied, guardedly, "depends altogether on circumstances—"

"Oh, if it's finances you mean," interrupted the embryo ensign, "that'll be all right—the governor stands like a brick. I'll be able to show some of those line haps what an old militia man can do."

Although not a little disgusted by the wretched anity of the fellow, I felt it incumbent on me as his

guest to congratulate him on his rather paradoxical elevation, and after being bored for more than an hour longer, by his description of the "family seat," (it had not yet been a whole "life" in the family), Castle Thunder, and of the magnificent hunting and incomparable shooting in which the estate abounded, I hinted my intention of retiring to bed, as I felt both tired and sleepy. This he endeavoured hard to dissuade me from, but unavailingly, whereupon he requested me, as a particular favour, to mention in the *Illuminator*, (to which he said the "governor" was an old subscriber) the important fact which he had communicated a few moments previously in the "strictest confidence"—namely, his "promotion" to an ensigncy. Having assented to this I withdrew quietly, and was quickly in bed. I slept soon and heavily: The ceiling of my bed-chamber, like that of the coffee-room, was inconveniently low, the ventilation defective, and the area of the apartment not so extensive as to compensate in any degree for these deficiencies, particularly when giving accommodation to three sleepers. Sleepers did I say?—

"Fire!"

"Fire!"

"Fire!"

Surely I heard those words thrice screamed out wildly, for I awoke suddenly in a heavy perspiration, with a dream-like consciousness that they still ring in my ears. Yes, sure enough there, it is again—a stentorian cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" from two different voices, the owners of which are evidently on the lobby outside. A vague sensation of terror first seizes me, and I lie still irresolute, until the dread words again make "night hideous" with their diabolic reverberations—"Fire—fire—fire!" I spring at last with a desperate energy into the middle of the floor; a partial gleam of light comes through the half-open door from the lobby—I gasp for breath—there is an all-pervading atmosphere of smoke—I rush to the door, drag it wildly open, and there, supporting themselves against the bannisters, and just as I make my appearance on the scene again, in the act of crying "Fire, fire, fire," I behold Captains Thunderton and Stalker, both evidently very far gone; but no symptoms of any conflagration, save the wasteful burning of a candle, which they contrive to hold between them. I stand for a moment amazed and speechless—both heroes greet me with a drunken laugh, and again at the top of their voices shout, "Fire, fire, fire!" At last I catch the sound of feet ascending the stairs; a slow, unwilling, heavy tread, and some murmured exclamations reach mine ears also, amongst which the only thing of a distinct, articulate form is a word of classic associations, though not classically pronounced—"Gladiather," methinks. To be sure, in a moment more Charley sings out lazily from the bottom of the flight beneath—

"Well, gentlemin, what is it to be?"

"Another pint, with materials," roars Thunderton.

"And bring the water screeching hot, not like the last, you scheming old vagabond, or I'll send you the

short cut down stairs. I suppose it's sleep you want, eh? A nice state of things, indeed, that a gentleman at his hotel is expected to suit his hours to the convenience of the servants, instead of its being the other way."

To this speech of Stalker's the only audible response was a repetition of the old muttering with its one intelligible sound, as the poor old waiter commenced his descent to the bar. I returned to the bed-room, whither my two drunken friends staggered immediately after. Their candle revealed to me a pleasant state of things within: one of the dressing-tables was drawn over to their bed-side, the place of the toilet requisites was occupied by two or three empty decanters, a couple of tumblers and glasses, with pipes and tobacco, the fumes of which latter hung densely through the apartment. I confess that I felt some hesitation in returning to bed, fearing that what before proved a blind alarm might, through the recklessness, or the ultimate drunken incapability of the two Bacchanalians, become at some future period of the night, or morning rather (for it was now nearly two o'clock), a disagreeable if not a fatal reality. I refused stiffly an invitation to join the worthies in a tumbler of punch, and on the entrance of Charley with the whiskey, *et ceteras*, I inquired somewhat harshly if it was now the custom of the house to startle people needlessly from their beds by a cry of "fire" when the attendance of the waiter was required?"

"Ah, shure, sir, it's only a way the gintlemin has. [*sotto voce*,"] "bad luck to them the drunken set o' gladiathers." We do know when we hear 'fire' below that it's something the' want, an' we answer for it all the same as iv the' said waither."

Any further explanation was prevented by a loud commotion and the sound of voices in angry expostulation down stairs. Charley left the room to learn what it was all about; and the matter growing worse, the captains reeled out soon after, followed by myself when I had pulled on my clothes hastily. On reaching the hall I perceived a group of persons, consisting of the servants of the house, some entirely and some only partially dressed, and a couple of watchmen, who held, shivering and chattering between them, a cowering form swathed in white, which form, on closer inspection, I found was that of no less a personage than Mr. Smirke of the *Hesperus* in his night-dress. What brought him into such a position? This it was. Mr. Smirke, in

whom the instinct of self-preservation predominated excessively, was, like myself, awakened by the alarming demonstrations of Messrs. Thunderton and Stalker. He slept in a small apartment on the drawing-room floor in the front of the house, and instantly, on hearing the cry of "fire," he leaped out of bed, threw up a window and dropped heroically into the street below, heedless of consequences. Arrived safely on the flagway, (he had made a "terrific descent" of some seven feet) he commenced screaming "fire" on his own account, when he was speedily laid hold of by the two watchmen, who conceiving him to be a lunatic escaped from his keepers, were about to drag him off to the lock-up. He assured them, however, so vehemently that the Plough was on fire; that he had only just made his way out through one of the windows, and that the house and inmates must be speedily burned to the ground if immediate assistance were not rendered, that they determined, fortunately for him, on making inquiry, and accordingly commenced a vigorous assault with the knocker of the hall door. They were soon admitted, when the consternation occasioned by the ghostly appearance of Mr. Smirke in the custody of the watchmen was of that intensified character, the best idea of which will be conveyed by saying that it can be "more easily conceived than described." It was a long time before a satisfactory explanation of the occurrence could be reached on either side. The watchmen took high ground, talked of the disturbance of the public peace, and so forth, and animadverted in terms of dignified severity on the conduct of Thunderton and Stalker, who, when the state of affairs was explained to them, had with becoming magnanimity, taken the entire responsibility of the occurrence on themselves, and eventually, after a brief private negotiation with the guardians of the night, procured the liberation of Smirke, who sloped off to bed looking most confoundedly "sold." I felt no further inclination for sleep, but returning with Thunderton and Stalker to our room, indulged in a very hearty laugh at the expense of my witty *colaborateur*, and sat up (the truth must out) in violation of my usual abstinence, drinking whiekey punch until six o'clock, when the car starting to meet the early coach for town, I bade them farewell, with a parting injunction from Thunderton, (who had a curious facility of becoming less drunken the more he drank) not to forget his "promotion."

IN THE NIGHT.

BY ERIONNACH.

A LONELY, sudden glimmer—a glimmer on the hill
That sentinels the pass into the Glenn!
A sparkle 'mid the dusk! yet all the earth grows still,
And voices die around the homes of men.
The unquiet Wind itself hath wearied into rest,
Or wakes but for a moment to whisper a request
In the Sallow's ear, whose tresses it lifts with fond
caresses

Mid the shadow of the Evening in Glenmornan.

Solemnly doth Silence come downward from her throne—
The Russet-river Mountain blue and grand,
Solemnly doth cease, at her coming, every tone
Of beings that have life, throughout the land.

Faints upon the moveless air the thrush's lonely lay,
'Tis hum of the last 'lated bee, quick passing, dies away;
The dim sheep huddle nigher, 'neath the hanging hedge
of briar

That skirts the ancient oak-wood of Glenmornan.

The river running ever by that wood-o'erdarken'd hill,
Seems the sole unquiet heart through all Glenmornan,
The river running ever by the bore-tree and the mill,
Lifts a mourning voice at leaving thee, Glenmornan!
The old moss-ermined wheel, with a weary, seldom sound,
Lays down its load of waters that bears it slowly round;
And the peaceful-footed shadows form more closely on
the meadows,

Glide more darkly from their wood-home in Glen-
mornan.

Night standeth in the cottage-door, upon the moor-land
wide—

And ashes shroud the last spark of the hearth—
Night prayeth over childhood—over sickness mournful-
eyed,

And peace falls, like sweet dew, o'er all the earth.
But the father sitteth silent before his darkened fire,
And spirit-voices speak with him, not all devoid of ire,
Till at last arising slowly, he crosses, sighing lowly,
And peers into the darkness of Glenmornan.

He gazes down the darkness towards the darker hill,
The stately sentry-warden of the Glenn,
Is't a star that thro' the topmost trees glimmers red
and still,

That gleams—but sudden dies away again?
He wakes his eldest-born, a youth, saying—"There is
light!"

With a fond glance on the sleepers, they go down
into the night,

And the dwellers in the valley do silently out-sally,
Seeing there in light within Glenmornan.

From heathy moor, and broomy slope, and rushy-
margined rill,

Muffled sounds awake and gather as they move;
Shadows darker than the night wend wary tow'rd the
hill—

The silent signal-bearer far above.

Entering by one and two, the blackness of the wood,
In silence, save a crackling twig beneath a step too
rude,

And o'erhead a wood-dove woken, that querulous at
slumber broken,

Gives a restless coo and flutter in Glenmornan.

Still pass the muffled footsteps forth-wandering thro'
the night,

From north, and south, and east, unto the west;
Gathering, gathering, gathering—slowly to the light,
As tho' each followed some most high behest.

Gathering, gathering surely, till before them and anear,
They see mid shadowy tree-trunks the guiding light
appear,

That stirs with deep emotion the sternest heart's devotion,
Of the persecuted dwellers of Glenmornan.

A space devoid of brushwood is on the utmost top,*

Engirdled by o'erarching trees and tall;

Therein The Persecuted entering do stop,

And kneel silent, 'mid the silence over all.

Upon the eastern edge a shelved rock and grey,

Within its clefted bosom bears the torch of beacon ray,

And one who ne'er did falter, stands before that rugged
altar—

Thy banned, but brave and noble priest, Glenmornan!

The fire-tipped bogwood splinter casts a wierd and
wav'ring glance,

O'er eyes and moveless brows of praying men;

The ancient oaks around seem to start forth and advance,

Toward its fitful gleams at times, and aye again.

The hollies, glinting bright, seem warriors 'tween their
trunks,

And the solemn pines surrounding—Carthusian hooded
monks,

That join in voiceless prayer, with priest and people there,
To Him who is amid them in Glenmornan.

Within His awful presence, 'mid silence of the Earth—

The reverential Earth so still in prayer,

A great, a world-embracing, noble love has birth,

And groweth in the people's great heart there.

Within His awful presence, they feel no fetter bind,

Nor from that love inflow aught of cowardice of mind,—

Of the wrongs from their oppressors could they be the
redressers,

No craven heart should criminate Glenmornan.

The sacred words are said; the dismissal softly given;

The wood, relaxing, feels a flutter-thrill;

The torch goes down; the zephyr from the eastern
heaven

Comes ruffling the wide pond-lake of the mill.

A vague light searches out the orient cloudy eaves;

Soft, unseen wings go past; from eastward spreading
leaves,

Sweet, varied, silvery, simple, little essaying voices
wimple,

And Night and Dawn imingle in Glenmornan.

* This hill has, in consequence, received the name of
"Holy Hill."

"CALLED TO THE BAR."

'Tis the eighth morning in "Term-time" (any term of the four you please will do for our purpose), and the High Court of Chancery in Ireland is tolerably full. Three young gentlemen are about to be "called" to-day—that is to say—the Bar of Ireland is about to be increased by that number. My Lord Chancellor hasn't yet taken his seat on the Bench; but he will show himself presently, for it is close on eleven o'clock. Seated in the gallery and on benches appropriated to the junior bar, are several ladies, who are chatting pleasantly, and laughing with smart juniors, apparently not in the least frightened at disturbing the timid echoes of the court, which seem to be so shocked by such levity that they give back the sounds in a subdued and hurried manner, as if they knew something about attachments for contempt of court. The other members of the junior bar present who are not engaged in the agreeable occupation of the gentlemen aforesaid, are standing about or sitting, some conversing with their learned brothers—some lounging lazily with their hands in their trowers-pockets, and staring through their eye-glasses at everybody and everything within their range of vision. Others of a more active turn of mind, are skilfully slicing thin pieces of wood off the benches before them with their pen-knives, or scraping their initials, or carefully paring their nails. Some grey-headed juniors, who haven't yet got into practice, are sitting by themselves, gazing solemnly at nothing in particular, as their memory runs back to the time when they were "called" long ago, and brings up the bright thoughts and high hopes which filled them then, and which expired one by one during weary years of waiting, and left them at last wrinkled, sad, and disappointed men. Two or three rising young barristers in good practice, who occupy seats on the front bench, waiting to have the first case in the list called on, look very busy and responsible with their briefs and books.

Presently three very new-looking wigs are popped out in succession from behind the red curtain which runs on the brass rail to the left of the bench; and the three gentlemen who are about to embrace the legal profession reveal themselves to the public gaze, and take up their positions on the red-cushioned seat within the bar, reserved for Queen's Counsel. We have now the pleasure of beholding the gentlemen whose parentage, position and residence were three weeks ago fully and truly set forth in the public journals in a paragraph headed "New Barristers," in manner and form following, that is to say: "Edward Bruce Jones, B.A., T.C.D., eldest son of Jonathan Jones, of Merrion-square, in the city of Dublin, Esq.; Bryan O'Shea, son of Bryan O'Shea, J.P., of Wildflower Lodge, in the county of Waterford, Esq.; John Thomas M'Minn, T.C.D., only son of the late Daniel M'Minn, of Belfast, Esq."

Quick footsteps are heard behind the red curtain hereinbefore mentioned, and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland appears on the bench, whereupon the members of the bar of Ireland now present rise from their seats, by way of giving his lordship good morning, and the Crier, standing up in his little box, calls "Silence!" At the request of the Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper, who sits at the Registrar's desk under the Chancellor, with a parchment roll before him, the three gentlemen in the new wigs get on the table at which they have been sitting. That official presents them with two copies of the New Testament, one of which, after some fumbling amongst the young gentlemen, is retained by Mr. Jones for his exclusive use and benefit, whilst the other two each take a corner of the second volume. The Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper, having grouped the gentlemen in this picturesque position, proceeds to administer the oath, reading from the parchment roll aforesaid, the three gentlemen tumbling after him all together, and making a sad jumble of the bombastic language of the oath. Having been duly sworn on the true faith of three Christians, without any equivocation, mental reservation, or evasion whatsoever, they come off the table and resume their seats. Whereupon my Lord Chancellor, reading from a list before him, after a brief pause, says (looking at all three gentlemen, as in all probability he doesn't know who's who yet):

"Mr. Jones, do you move anything?"

The young gentleman who owns that name, on being thus addressed, rises, bows, and replies to my Lord, that he does not move anything—an announcement which does not surprise the Chancellor or anybody else, inasmuch as no one expected that Mr. Jones would do any such thing. Mr. Bruce Jones having resumed his seat, the Lord Chancellor makes a similar inquiry of Mr. Bryan O'Shea, and that gentleman rising and bowing hurriedly, being a timid young man, likewise replies in the negative; and the same query having been put to Mr. John Thomas M'Minn, T.C.D., he rises and bows in like manner, and says he doesn't move anything. These three gentlemen are now to all intents and purposes members of the Bar of Ireland, and it is only natural to suppose that sitting there on the cushioned seat, pressed daily by the leading men of the profession, to the temporary occupation of which they have been admitted on this auspicious occasion—with the Lord Chancellor of Ireland looking full at them, and with the consciousness that the eyes of all their lay friends, male and female, and of the junior bar generally, are fixed on their wigs from behind, they feel deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and with the dignity and responsibility of their position. They may feel somewhat nervous and unpleasant too: for what's to prevent my Lord Chancellor, if he took it into his head to do so, from requesting Mr. Jones to favour the Court with an extemporaneous summary, for instance, of the leading principles of the law of real property?

The ceremonial being now completed, the three bar-

isters-at-law leave the court, and retire into chamber to sign the roll and pay their fees; and if you walk into the "Hall" in half an hour after, you will, in all probability, see them standing about eating "buns" and chatting with barrister friends of some twelve months standing at the bar, who, by reason of their superior experience in the profession, talk patronizingly to the new men, and feel entitled to "chaff" them smartly with such inquiries as whether they go in for the seat of the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, or for the Chancellorship, or whether they would be content to settle down with a puisne judgeship, and other pleasantries of a like nature. The writer of this paper honestly confesses that in the course of the day on which he was "called"—for he enjoys the proud privilege of writing Barrister-at-Law after his name; and if it is a fact that that name hasn't been written on the backs of many briefs, he has no hesitation in stating to an intelligent public, that it is entirely owing to the want of discrimination on the part of the attorney profession—in the course of that day he ate three buns of an excessively indigestible composition, and likewise disposed of several oranges, and a dish of gravy soup in the coffee-room. Not that he by any means required or relished such a quantity of nourishment at the time; but because he felt more at his ease whilst so occupied, and not quite so like a new boy at a strange school in a new suit of clothes, as he considers he would if he had sat in one of the courts affecting to take an interest in a legal argument, to be there stared at by his learned brothers who had nothing else to do.

After the gentlemen have been called, the business of the day is proceeded with in the Court of Chancery, and the ladies who had come down special to witness the ceremony, sit a while just to see what it all means, which they wouldn't find out if they remained there until that day twelvemonths. The very heavy will case of *SNAPPLES v. SNAPPLES* having been called on, Mr. Chitty, of the outer bar, rises and informs his lordship that he opens the prayer of the petition. Mr. Coke, junior counsel "at the other side," rises when Mr. Chitty sits down, and informs his lordship that he opens the answer. As a matter of fact neither of the learned gentlemen open anything that any body can see; but his lordship seems perfectly satisfied, and Mr. Sergeant Stock, the leading counsel for the petitioner, gets on his legs, and spreading his brief before him, tells his lordship that this petition was filed on such a day; that it prayed that Digby Wilmot Snaffles might be declared entitled in the event that had happened to the lands in the petition mentioned; that he might be put into possession of them, and that the Respondent, Stephen Stukely Snaffles, might be declared to hold them as trustee for the petitioner. Having thus apprised the court what it is his client wants, the learned gentleman proceeds to state how Digby Wilmot Snaffles the elder, the father of the petitioner and the respondent, before and at the time of his death was seized of certain lands; and how this old gentleman one day made a will, being

at the time, according to his own account of himself, of sound mind, memory, and understanding. Then he reads the will of old Snaffles, on the construction of a certain clause, in which he says, the whole question for the decision of the court turns, and he expresses a confident opinion that the court will have no difficulty in taking his (the learned Sergeant's) view of the case, when he shall have concluded his argument. He submits that it is clear to the commonest understanding that the portions of the will antecedent and subsequent to this certain, or rather uncertain clause, proved to demonstration that Snaffles the elder could not, by possibility, have intended anything by inserting this clause, but what would give his (the learned Sergeant's) client a large property. He runs his eye along the backs of the books standing in file before him on the table, seizes a volume, and quotes a heap of cases, and challenges his learned friends opposite to get over that case of *Scraggs*, which he contends is perfectly on all fours with that now before the court.

As it is by this time evident that there are no more new barristers to be manufactured, the gay bonnets begin to disappear by degrees from amongst the horse-hair, and the learned Sergeant hasn't repeated his argument more than four times when the last female form has rustled out of court; all the lady visitors being of opinion, no doubt, that whatever *Scragg's* case said, it was very wrong for old Snaffles not to mind what he was doing when he made that will, and all convinced that Mr. Sergeant Stock must certainly be right, or he wouldn't take so much trouble about it. If they look in, however, in the course of the day, they will hear the learned leader at "the other side" express his amazement, and actually see him look as if he really felt what he said, how his learned friend who had stated that case, or any body else, could maintain for one moment that Snaffles the elder could by possibility intend anything by inserting the clause in question but that which would give his (the learned counsel's) client a large property; and they will likewise hear him quoting copiously from the books standing in file before him on the table, to show that the Chancellor could not take his learned friend's view without upsetting the long-established principles of that court. Hours afterwards when the court has been abandoned by nearly all but the counsel and solicitors in the case, and when the public is represented by two decayed-looking men in the gallery, who are staring at the Lord Chancellor in a state of gloomy abstraction, Mr. Chitty rises for a general wind-up on the part of the petitioner. He says he is with Mr. Sergeant Stock, and that he doesn't intend to occupy much of the time of the court, for that, indeed, his learned friend (who is now engaged in eating a sandwich from a tin box, and looking over his brief in another case) has left nothing for anybody else to say on the question; nevertheless the petitioner's junior contrives to go on, respectfully submitting ever so many views, until the mind of the court, being evidently used up, the eye of the court consults its watch, and the

court rising, says—"To-morrow, Mr. Chitty," meaning thereby that the court will hear the residue of what Mr. Chitty has to say to-morrow. Whereupon that learned gentleman, who is not at all hurt or put about at being cut off so summarily in the midst of a very close argument, bundles up his brief and his papers, and the Court of Chancery is empty before you could count half a dozen.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TRACTS AND TREATISES ON IRELAND.*

MR. THOM has completed the Collection of Irish Anti-quarian and Statistical treatises, which he has most liberally brought out in a very elegant form, for presentation to learned societies and to his literary friends. The first volume we have already noticed. It contains Boate's Natural History of Ireland; Ware's *Antiquitates Hiberniæ* in the original Latin; Spencer's View of the State of Ireland; and Sir John Davis's "Discoverie," etc. The second and concluding volume now before us, is made up of Sir William Petty's Political Anatomy of Ireland; Bishop Berkeley's Querist, and "Word to the Wise;" Prior's Tracts on Irish Absenteeism; an Essay on the Trade and Improvement of Ireland by Arthur Dobbs, first printed in 1729, etc. This second volume is thus essentially statistical, and a portion of its contents would form a most suitable and curious introduction to the copious and invaluable Irish statistics of the present day, so admirably compiled and accumulated by Mr. Thom himself in his Directory. They embrace all that we know, on official authority, of the state of this kingdom during the two centuries preceding our own; and although great allowance is to be made for the imperfect machinery which then existed for obtaining such information, and for the prejudiced sources from which the information is mostly derived, they shed a most important light upon the history and state of the country. Dobbes's Essay is an elaborate and highly interesting one. Its patriotic design, as the writer explains it, was "to give a true state of the kingdom, and to lay down some hints that may put us upon thinking what may be done for the improvement and good of our country, and to endeavour to rectify the mistakes many in Britain have fallen into by reason of a prevailing opinion, that the neighbourhood, trade, and prosperity of Ireland are detrimental to their wealth and commerce; and that we are their rivals in trade, which we

* A Collection of Tracts and Treatises Illustrative of the Natural History, Antiquities, and the Political and Social State of Ireland at various periods prior to the present century. Vol. II. (Dublin: Reprinted by ALEX. THOM & SONS).

can never be whilst under their government, when all the wealth we gain by the surplus of our industry centres with them." From the author's views, calm as they are, we may derive a notion of the principles of national hostility on which this unhappy country was ruled. It was the age of Swift, and of the first formation of a patriotic party in Ireland. The "Abstract of the number of Protestant and Popish families in Ireland," with which the volume closes, is particularly interesting at this moment, by the contrast which it enables us to make between the census of 1861 and that of 1732-33. This latter was derived from the returns made by the hearth-money collectors, and did not embrace persons living in colleges, hospitals, poor-houses, etc., nor 2000 "certificate houses," which were too poor to pay any hearth-money, nor the army, which amounted to 12,000 men. It was, of course, very imperfect in other respects also; and as the families were designated Popish or Protestant, according to the religion of the head of each family, while the great bulk of the servants throughout Ireland were Catholics, it can afford but an inaccurate estimate of the number of individuals professing each religion. The numbers given under the total are as follows:—

	Protestant Families.	Popish Families.	Total.
Ulster ...	62,624	38,459	101,083
Leinster ..	25,241	92,434	117,675
Munster ...	13,337	106,407	119,744
Connaught	4,299	44,101	48,400
Total	105,501	281,401	386,902

The Protestant families in all Ireland were thus to the Catholic families as 3 to 8; and the total population of the country, allowing 5 persons to each family on an average, was 1,934,510, or taking into account the omissions already alluded to, about two millions.

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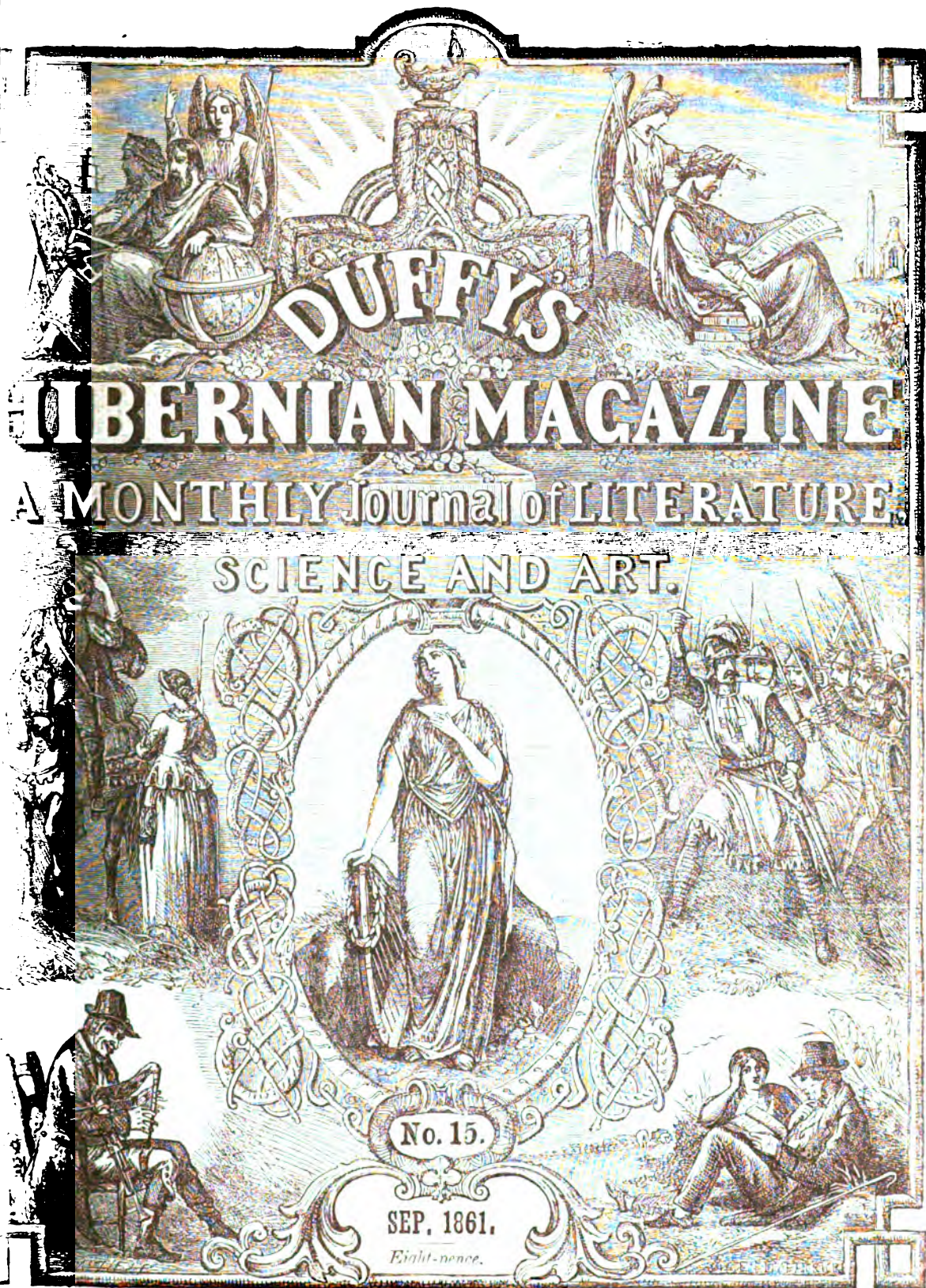
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No. 15.

SEPTEMBER.

1861.

THE DOUBLE PROPHECY;

OR,

TRIALS OF THE HEART.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE CONCLUSION—EXCELSIOR.

WHEN Mrs. Clinton entered, Maria repeated to her the history of the prophecy, and after opening it with trembling hands and a pale cheek, she read as follows :

"There is great good fortune before you, and this will be in consequence of your own virtue and good conduct. You will be a woman of *two titles*, one great, the other greater. I desired you not to open this paper until the day of your marriage, after the ceremony. This I did to teach you the practice of self-denial, and because I was afraid that if you opened it, your belief in the happiness that was before you, and your anxiety to obtain it, might have weakened your principles, and prevented you from working out, without knowing it, the double prophecy that will be fulfilled in your person. Nothing is sure or certain until we are in possession of it.

"JAMES STUART."

"This is a strange and a somewhat obscure prophecy," observed Mrs. Clinton, "but it certainly is not yet fulfilled. *Two titles*, one *great*, the other *greater*; what can he mean by that?"

"Never mind, my dear mother; only let me be placed before the enemy, and it will go hard with me or I shall solve it. The fulfilment of it rests with me, Maria. In the meantime, don't part with the paper; keep it about you until we see what the result will be. I have confidence in that same old prophet, and entertain no doubt, in consequence of what has been brought about for so far, that brighter things still will turn up for you."

Mrs. Clinton then embraced and took leave of them both; but we have not time to dwell upon the heart-rending separation which took place between them, especially between the mother and son. "My dear boy," she said, as he clasped her to his heart, "you are going to mingle in the dangerous tumults of war and battle, and who can say whether your mother's eyes will ever rest upon you again. The path of duty and of honour lies before you, and my last advice to you, and my firm hope is, that you will tread it bravely."

VOL. III.

"Farewell, my beloved mother," said he, "what do I not owe you!"—here he drew Maria towards him, and folded them both in his arms. "Fear not for your son," said he; "if I survive I will win a name, and if I fall I will fall with honour." They then separated.

The affectionate and dutiful girl made arrangements to see her mother before she should leave the country. She accordingly found her awaiting her in Dublin upon their return from the marriage trip to Wicklow. A pension, and a liberal one, was secured to her for the remainder of her life, by her son-in-law; and although the sorrow of separation was natural and overwhelming for the time, yet the happiness and brilliant position of her daughter soon enabled her to subdue it.

Our happy lovers are now upon the ocean, bound for the far East; and there is only one anecdote with which, as it is connected with the destiny of our heroine, we deem it necessary to make the reader acquainted.

"So, my dear Maria," said her husband one day as they traversed the deck, "it seems you can keep your secrets."

"And is it not a rare quality in a woman?" she replied, smiling.

"They say so, at all events," said he; "but the secret I allude to was one that reflected so much honour upon yourself, that I wonder how you could have kept it, and especially from me, above all men living."

Maria looked at him with surprise.

"I do not understand you," she said; "what do you mean?"

"So it seems you rejected an earl for my sake."

"And is that all," she replied; "why, if it's any satisfaction to you to know, I tell you I would have rejected a prince, nay a king upon his throne, for your sake. But how did you come to learn this?"

"From his own lips," replied her husband. "After you had rejected him he came to Dublin, on his way home. I met him at dinner, however, in the Castle, and as we were tolerably well acquainted, we got into conversation in the course of the evening. It so happened that the celebrated beauty, the belle and toast of Dublin, Miss K——, was present, and, of course, her brilliant personal attractions were the subject of much discussion, and indeed the theme of general admiration."

"Clinton," said he, "she is a beautiful creature, no doubt, but I assure you that I am acquainted with another Irish girl, now at a boarding-school in London, with whom, in point of beauty—in point of any thing and every thing—she there could not bear comparison for a moment?"

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"An Irish girl!" I exclaimed; "who can she be?"

"She is a Miss Brindsley," said he, "I understand, of a respectable, but reduced family."

"And how, my lord," I asked, "did you happen to become acquainted with this boarding-school beauty?"

"Through a cousin of mine," said he, "who is at the same establishment, and who is, besides, her particular friend and companion."

"Egad," said I, "you were very fortunate, my lord. Of course you made love to her?"

"I *did* make love to her," he replied, "and I more than made love to her, for I tendered her my hand and offered her the coronet of a countess."

"Then I suppose," said I, "the matter is arranged between you?"

"It is," said he. "Here, my dear one," proceeded Clinton, "I could not describe what I felt. Heaven and earth, thought I, Maria false, ambitious, base, perfidious! However, I constrained my feelings as well as I could, which was a matter of some difficulty."

"And when, my lord, is the happy day to come?"

"Never for me, my dear Clinton," he replied, with a look of the deepest dejection; "never for me."

"Why," I replied, "did you not say that everything was arranged between you?"

"Yes, most certainly," said his lordship; "but the arrangement was this—that she courteously and firmly, but not, I must say, without an exhibition of generous appreciation and sympathy, declined at once, and finally, ever to grant, hear, or entertain my suit. I saw she was immovable, and I withdrew it at once."

"But," I proceeded, "did she give you no reasons or motives for this unaccountable repulse?"

"She did, and as far as I could form an opinion of them, they were highly honourable to her."

"Did she mention any names, or say she was engaged to any one?"

"She mentioned no names," replied his lordship, "and the only further reply necessary, is to say, that she has left me utterly without hope. Her ascendancy over every one who approaches her," he added, "is as wonderful as her beauty."

"Generous man!" exclaimed Maria, "he would not betray a confidence which was after all but a slight one. I *did* admit to him that my heart was not my own to give, and this admission I made to satisfy him that his case *was* hopeless, so far, at least, as I was concerned. And, indeed," she proceeded, "you may thank the stars that my heart *was* yours at the time, as I knew of no one who would have had a better chance of disputing it with you, if it had not."

"Indeed I agree with you, Maria. I have seldom seen a man of his class with so few pretensions and so many virtues."

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

They had not been more than three or four days in Calcutta, where it was necessary that Maria should have some rest, especially as the last part of their voyage

was exceedingly rough, when a gentleman, somewhat beyond the middle age, well tanned by an oriental sun, having heard that a Captain Clinton had arrived from Ireland, requested the pleasure of an interview, desiring the messenger at the same time to inform him that he was himself an Irishman. The message to Captain Clinton was correct, as we forgot to acquaint our readers with the fact that he had been promoted to a company while Maria was at school. Clinton and Maria were at breakfast when the message reached them, and the former said—

"An Irishman! We must see him; shall I order him up, Maria, or shall I go down to him?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "let him come up; you know not how my heart warms at the name of an Irishman; do let him come up!"

In a few minutes a very gentlemanly individual entered the room, and bowing, said—

"I believe I have the honour of addressing Captain Clinton?"

"I am Captain Clinton," replied the gentleman; "pray be seated, sir."

The gentleman sat down and said—

"I took the liberty of calling on you, Captain Clinton, having heard from one of your men that you were from Ireland. I am myself an Irishman, and once knew something of a family named Clinton, who lived in C——."

"That indeed is my family," replied Clinton.

"And are you, too, from that neighbourhood," asked Maria eagerly.

"Madam, I am," said he, "and lived, while in Ireland, very near to Captain Clinton's relatives; but the distance between our position in life prevented us from being personally known to each other."

"Dear sir," exclaimed Maria, rising and seizing his hand between hers, "you know not how delighted I am, and I know I may say as much for my husband too, to see any one from that neighbourhood, especially at such a long, long distance from home."

"You are Mrs. Clinton, madam, I presume?"

"I am," she replied, with a proud glance at her manly-looking and handsome husband; "you have friends there, of course, sir?" she enquired.

"Alas, no, madam," he replied; "I had relatives there when I left it, but my wife died soon after my departure from the neighbourhood. I had the account of her death from a cousin of mine who came over here; and as she was the last, and dearest, and only tie that bound me to the place, I felt no wish to seek a country where my home was desolate, and my recollection of it only a memory of sorrow."

"Pray, what was your wife's name?" asked Maria, "perhaps either my husband or myself may have heard of her."

"Her name was Brindsley," he replied.

"God of heaven!" said her husband, starting up, alarmed at the wild agitation of his wife, "what is this? What does it mean?"

"Your wife's Christian name?" shrieked Maria, cling-

ing to the stranger, "and her place of residence, and your Christian name?"

The stranger named them. "And you wear a tress of her hair?" she added.

"Yes, next my heart!" he replied; and to his utter amazement, Maria fell senseless into his arms; she had not even strength nor time to utter a single syllable.

"In God's name," exclaimed the stranger, "what is the cause of this? what is the matter with the lady?"

"Mr. Brindsley," replied Clinton, "it is simply this, that you have my beloved wife and your own daughter now in your arms."

"God of miracles!" exclaimed the man, "this cannot be; but what," he added, staggering back,—*"what—what sensation is this about my heart, that runs all through me by her pressure against me; is this nature recognizing its own? Oh, I cannot stand, I am overcome."*

Clinton caught him under the arms, and drew him over to an ottoman—Maria, even in her insensibility, still clinging closely to him. When he got the stranger placed upon the ottoman, he attempted to raise Maria up, but she clung—still clung to him, and would not be removed.

"She will not leave you," said Clinton; "but do not be amazed—she is your daughter, sir; and when she recovers I will explain it to your satisfaction. She told me all the circumstances on our passage out."

Strongly and rapidly did the tears gush from the old man's eyes, and as he kissed his beautiful child's lips, they fell in torrents upon her face.

"This is not a dream," said he, "but it is—it is intelligible. Oh, I feel the voice of nature proclaim her as my own. Awake, my daughter!" said he, putting his mouth to her ear, "awake, it is your father calls upon you!"

Maria in a few moments afterwards recovered her consciousness, and looking up into the stranger's face, she exclaimed, sobbing aloud, "Arthur—Arthur, it is my father," and for many minutes she smiled, and wept, and embraced him by turns.

They now became more calm, and nothing but explanations were heard on every side.

"And so your name is Maria," he said—"precisely the same that your mother and I had agreed upon to give you.—Oh, that vile and vindictive cousin! what a villain—what a wanton diabolical villain he was, to assure me, which he did with hypocritical tears in his eyes, that your mother had died two months after my departure from the country, so that I considered myself without either wife, or child, or relative in my native place. As for your uncle, Maria, I saw his death in a northern paper, which accidentally came into my hands here. And now, Captain Clinton, all I have to say for the present is, that you will not have a portionless wife. God has prospered me in this rich and bountiful country—a country where my talents, as an accountant and man of business, were not only serviceable to others, but to myself. I was enabled to enter into commercial speculations which were successful beyond my hopes; but of this more

again, and at our greater leisure. In the meantime, before to-morrow's sun goes down, I will pay you, sir,—the generous husband of my child,—the sum of twelve thousand pounds, as her marriage portion."

"My dear sir," replied Clinton, "I do not require it, neither will I accept it."

"Alas," exclaimed Mr. Brindsley, "how often has the very heart within me been wrung by the bitter reflection, that I had not a child to inherit it. On whom else can I bestow it? and I only thank God that she is in existence, to receive and enjoy it. You surely would not deprive me of such a delightful and natural gratification as this."

They were of course obliged to yield, and that matter was arranged and duly concluded, with the usual remainders to children, etc. etc., not so soon, indeed, as her father had said, but in the course of a few days.

Our hero's career in the East, and in the reduction of Scinde, was brilliant indeed, nor through all his marches and adventures did his faithful Maria ever separate herself from him. Year after year he went on, adding laurel to laurel, exploit to exploit, every one more brilliant than another, when one morning his gallant general,—whom Ireland may and does claim as hers in every thing but the accident of birth,—entering his quarters, said—

"Sir Arthur Clinton, I am happy in congratulating you upon the honours which you have so nobly won, and to you, Lady Clinton—quite as good a soldier as your gallant husband—allow me also to present my most cordial congratulations; our gracious sovereign has not forgotten him."

"I do not understand you, Sir Charles," exclaimed Clinton, "will you be good enough to explain yourself?"

"Explain!—why damn it, that you are a Knight of the Bath, my boy. I beg your pardon, lady Clinton, for swearing in your presence, but, by G—, if ever a man deserved the honour, that chap there—your husband does; and I am to invest him the day after to-morrow, on which day both you and he must dine with me."

The husband and wife looked at each other, and both seemed thoughtful, if not amazed, for both reverted at the moment to the strange and mysterious prophecy.

When the blunt and brave madcap left them, "Maria," said her husband, "will you look once more at that strange prediction?"

"No," she replied, "not until your good sword shall have been buckled on you, as a true and gallant knight." Neither did she until that ceremony was completed, when she was the first to congratulate him, after which they both read it over, puzzled as to what it could mean by the *greater title*.

At this period the war in India was far from being over, and much glorious labour remained before him who had earned his honours so well and nobly. Not long after this he was engaged at the siege of—, where, whilst gallantly leading on his brave troops, he fell, covered with wounds and glory, leaving a name behind him which will ever be enshrined as a great and

brilliant one in the military history of the empire. True, affectionate, and faithful to the last, he bequeathed his immense property to the woman who had won him by an affection so disinterested, generous, and heroic.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONCLUSION.—EXCELSIOR.

WE will not attempt to describe all that Maria—for we shall still occasionally call her so—felt on the death of her brave and gallant husband. The only consolation she experienced lay in the reflection that his death was an honourable one, and crowned his bright career becomingly. She had now no inducement, however, to remain in the East. The wars were over, Scinde was won, and she resolved once more to seek her native country. She accordingly arranged her affairs, and after taking a last look at the monument which she caused to be erected over the remains of her hero, she bade adieu to the land of the sun for ever. On arriving in Ireland she found that death had been busy with others as well as with her husband. She had been many years absent, and was not surprised to find that her father, who had returned to Ireland, and mother, were both dead, her father having bequeathed a portion of his property to her, and the rest to distant relatives. They had not been long dead when she reached Ireland. Mrs. Clinton, too, had disappeared off the scene. The death of her brave son struck her down, and she survived him only a few months. From the moment she heard of his fate she never raised her head; the blow overcame her, and after struggling in vain for a short time, she at last sank under it. Nor was this all. The pious and amiable historian, who had taken such a benevolent interest in her fate, and who proved himself such an active agent in promoting her happiness, was now himself the subject of history, which, indeed, did not neglect him. Her situation was, at that moment, peculiarly isolated and lonely; for, although she entered society, and graced it by her presence, still there was no heart around her in which she could claim a kindred spirit; and to a mind constituted as hers was, it is one of the severest trials of life to live alone in the world. She felt this, but the feelings resulting from the solitude of her life were without a remedy. She felt besides, however, that she was not, and that she ought not, to live in vain, and with this impression strong upon her, she adopted the best possible plan for reconciling herself to life and the world. This plan was the practice of private charity and beneficence. To discharge the duties of life well, and as became her wealth and rank, Lady Clinton felt herself called upon by a generous principle which she could not resist. To this call she nobly responded, and it is impossible even to guess at the full extent of the good which she privately accomplished. Still this was far from being sufficient to fill up the reasonable demands of a heart so full of kindness and affection as hers. She wanted a companion—a friend who could enter into her spirit, who could cheer her solitude, and alleviate the painful monotony of her

life. But where was she to find this? Such an individual, whether man or woman, must possess a rare combination of the virtues and best qualities of our nature: a cultivated intellect, a generous and appreciating spirit, gentle and refined feelings, together with those every-day sympathies, without which life is dry and barren of its highest enjoyments.

She was still comparatively a young woman, but the scorching sun of the east, and the wear and tear of a life which had shared in all the toils and privations—in all the burning and exhausting marches, and in all those rapid changes of position and season which are incident to military duty—all these, we say, told upon her person. Her complexion of course suffered, but she thought not of her beauty, nor of the effects which the toils and perils she had undergone might have had upon it. Her heart was engaged in deeper and nobler feelings, and in the duties to her husband which she resolved to discharge, and from which, to the last moment of her existence, she never shrank. At the present period of our narrative she was still a handsome woman, the brilliancy of whose beauty was gone, but there still remained a serene and mellow expression, tinged, however, with a melancholy spirit that was still full of a sweet and dignified charm to the beholder, and gave ample proof of what she must have been when the light of youth was upon her.

Two or three years thus passed away, and she moved on through life quietly and beneficently, without ever launching into the whirl of dissipation and fashionable extravagance as many another woman possessing half her wealth would have done. Still she did not keep aloof from society, for she could not forget what was due to the memory of her husband and to herself as his widow.

“Truth is strange—stranger than fiction.”

One evening, when she had been nearly four years at home, leading the calm, unassuming but benevolent life which we have described, she was asked to a party of rank, where many of the high and noble were assembled. It was a dinner party, and she was given to be handed down to the dining-room to a certain Irish nobleman, who had about a few years ago succeeded to the title of his father. Before that title descended to him, he had been an earl, so that the reader need not ask what his title was on the evening in question.

After many years' absence, especially under such peculiar and trying events as our heroine had encountered, it is not easy to remember a countenance upon which many changes have taken place, especially when such meeting happens to be accidental and unexpected. The nobleman in question had been abroad, and travelled, as a man often does, who wishes to forget or leave behind him some source of secret care or disappointment. He too was much changed; but there was a tone of grave cheerfulness about him which harmonized in a striking and extraordinary manner with the feelings and melancholy temperament of his companion. A kind of unaccountable sympathy seemed at

once to have sprung up between them; and what was still more strange, sometimes—from time to time—certain tones of the voice and modes of expression struck each of them as being somehow or other not unfamiliar. Nothing further happened until after the gentlemen had retired to the drawing-room, when the nobleman in question placed himself beside his dinner companion on a sofa, and resumed the conversation. Before this, however, Maria had got an opportunity of closely scrutinizing his features while in conversation with a gentleman, and his identity with her former lover when she was at school, flashed upon her. She immediately recognised him, and felt somewhat tremulous and agitated. After he had sat by her for a while—

"I know not how it is, Lady Clinton," he said, "but somehow I cannot help thinking that I have had the pleasure of meeting you before. The sweet and musical tones of your voice are peculiar; and although I cannot remember where I heard them, still I feel that I have heard them before to night."

She gave a melancholy, almost a sorrowful smile, and replied: "Such, my lord, as the tones of my voice are or were, I believe you have heard them; but you are somewhat changed as well as myself. There is a calm composure about you, that would seem to say that you have thought much, perhaps suffered."

"You are right, Lady Clinton," he replied, "I have suffered: a disappointment of the heart in early life has left me a man who feels but little interest in existence or the world. I sometimes can be cheerful, however, or at least can affect to be so."

"Who could have occasioned *you* a disappointment, my lord? Nothing, I am sure, unless some previous engagement."

"She denied an *engagement*," said he, "but admitted an *attachment*."

This simple reply nearly overcame her. It opened up and brought back such a host of tender recollections—her young and generous lover—his fidelity to her—the bright dawn of life that was then breaking on her, and so many other memories, that for a time she could not trust herself with words.

At length she asked: "But who was this fair one, and where did you meet her, my lord?"

"At a school in London, where I was introduced to her by a cousin of mine. The retrospection, however, is painful, and the principal business of my life has been to avoid the recollections associated with it."

"The girl's name, I think," said she, "was Maria Brindsley."

The nobleman started and looked at her. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "did you know her then, Lady Clinton?"

"Yes, my lord," she replied, "I have a good right to know her, for she that was Maria Brindsley, has now the honour of sitting beside you—but you see what time, and toil, and sorrow have done."

She would have wept, but she suppressed her emotion, from a reluctance to attract observation. The nobleman instantly started up in astonishment,

and turning round, gazed at her with an earnest but respectful look.

"Good Heavens," he exclaimed, resuming his seat, "can it be?—but—yes—yes—it is so—and what a singular interview is this! This—yes—this—but it must be Providence, my dear Lady Clinton,—it must be Providence. Here have I, as if by accident, met once more the woman of whose fate I was so long ignorant—but the memory of whom drove me a wanderer over the world for years—the memory of whom has made me a solitary man, keeping himself apart from his fellows, and looking back upon that mournful disappointment with sorrow, in spite of every effort to avoid it. Yes," he added, "you were then attached, and little I dreamt, either then or since, that the object of that faithful attachment was the gallant man whose bravery has been the theme of every tongue—whose heroism his sovereign so appropriately honoured. Is not this meeting," he proceeded, "very strange—it resembles some incident in fiction."

"But you know, my lord," she replied, "that it has been said that 'Truth is strange—*stranger* than fiction.'"

"So in this instance it certainly is," said his lordship; "but I am glad at all events that we have met. I will not say that it almost gives one a notion of a meeting of the dead; but we have each of us had our sufferings. Yes, I am very glad we have met, and especially if you will allow me the pleasure to see you occasionally. I will look back upon this meeting as Providential. Good heavens, to me it appears like a dream, made up one part of pleasure and the other of sadness."

"I shall be very happy to see you occasionally, my lord. The world, it seems, is not much in the estimation of either of us."

"But"—he paused—"I was about to say," he added,—"but no, I will not give expression to it now. However, I feel that you are very kind in allowing me the privilege of calling upon you. My cousin Emily is a countess. Indeed I have much to tell you about her."

And so he had, or at least contrived to have, and what he had to tell he always told it well, and to the purpose.

Let us now dwell for a little upon the extraordinary and almost incredible peculiarity of the circumstances under which these two most interesting characters met, after a long absence, during which both of them had suffered so much that they had become indifferent to society and all the hollow phantoms of pleasure which it could present. Each required a companion adapted to the isolated position of their respective hearts. The one had loved the other with an affection which followed him, even in her absence, with all the bitter conviction of disappointment. She had at first appeared to him like a vision of beauty—she had deprived him of hope of her for ever—she had disappeared—vanished like the aforesaid vision—left him to sorrow and disappointment, and he never could obtain a trace of her, either as to her fate or existence. He had nurtured her

image in his heart for years—had never expected to meet her again, and consequently fell back into an apathy which threw a gloom over his existence. There is no man acquainted with life who does not know that there are many such individuals of both sexes in the living world. We ourselves have seen and known them. Be this as it may, our readers cannot forget how generously Maria had expressed to Clinton himself, her appreciation of the modesty and principles of the unassuming nobleman, and how she playfully told him that if her heart had *not* been engaged to *him*, what a risk he might have run in competing for it. Was it extraordinary then, that placed thus together a second time, as they were—adapted for each other by their peculiar fates, temperaments and dispositions, and qualified by the past experience of their lives to appreciate and sympathise with each other, was it extraordinary, we say, that frequent intercourse should have produced that result for which our readers, we have no doubt, are prepared? The heart, either of man or woman, is seldom exhausted by a first affection; but although we know that it sometimes is, yet we know also, that the case, though rare, and almost always honourable, is only an exception to the general rule under which, prompted by the great principle of social life and happiness, the heart almost uniformly acts.

Under those circumstances, need we say that one day when they were alone, her noble admirer—it is to weak a word—addressed her to the following effect:

"Lady Clinton, I have been thinking much of the extraordinary position which you and I hold in life—not as regards the world, for there is nothing extraordinary in that; we both hold our recognised places in it—but I mean our extraordinary position with respect to each other. I was once your lover, and you rejected me only because you had a previous attachment. You know the penalty I paid for the love I bore you, and that it has left me until now a lonely man. You deserve all honour for the constancy of your attachment, but do I not deserve something for the constancy of mine? Think of the difference between us then. Your attachment was returned—I had no hope—but I felt that my heart was smitten into everlasting solitude, because you left me *no* hope."

"My lord," she replied, "you had my sympathy even then."

"Yes, but listen to me!—I know I had, and you were good enough to say your respect and esteem—but *now*—considering all that has passed—our feelings somewhat at variance with the heartless ongoing of life—our capacity to understand each other, and to contribute to our mutual happiness—think of this, and of the melancholy claim which my hopeless constancy has upon you, and then ask yourself whether, placed as we are, we should not have our fates united. I am a man, as you know, of high rank, to which my fortune does not bear a relative proportion."

"You need not talk of rank to me, my lord. I never had any ambition for it, nor have I now."

"Alas, how few women could say so! But even so, you know you should participate in it with me; and I know how you would grace it. I do not ask that love which, had your heart not been attached to another, you would, I think, have given me when we were both younger than we are. As it is, however, we are not beyond the reach of that steady and rational affection, which is, in cases like ours, the securest and most permanent. I ask only affection, then, not love—I ask you now to begin where lovers end—for you know that all love ends, in affection, which is a higher and far holier principle. Let us therefore forget all past loves, and begin with affection."

"To me," she replied, "that would be not only an impossibility, but ingratitude to the memory of the dead. Avoid the subject, my lord. I never can forget my first love—it is sacred, and never can be transferred to the person of another. Still you are to a certain degree right, but you should not have touched upon the subject. I never can love again as I have loved; but, my lord, the argument which pleads probably strongest in your favour is the esteem which my affectionate and generous husband entertained for you. I know how we are both placed—I know your rank, yet I think not of it—but what is more, I know your worth, your generous and considerate spirit, and I know that perhaps my esteem, respect, affection, and society, might contribute to your happiness. If you can rest content with those, I shall think it possible, that although the raptures of early love may not be ours, yet the pleasures of a tranquil and not unhappy life may."

"This is as much as I can expect from you," he replied, "and if you had offered more, I would have valued the gift less. You are the same consistent and noble-minded being that you ever were—and that you ever will be;—you can keep that first love sacred, which in your case never should be dedicated to the will or wish of another; yet you can be affectionate and magnanimous enough to make a man happy, because he admires your fidelity to the grave, and because you feel that he deserves happiness at your hands. God bless you then, for you have made me happy already."

"Indeed, my lord," she replied, "you *do* deserve it at my hands, and you are the only man living who could claim it from me with success. Strange," she added, smiling, "that such a scene as this should take place between us after that which occurred in my school-girl days."

"Well," he replied, smiling also, "may I not repeat your own quotation—

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

And in most of the incidents of this tale, so it was and is.

There is little now to be told. The extraordinary incidents of Maria Brindsley's life have come nearly to their close. One, however, remains, which, although the reader may anticipate it, is not the least important in this truthful history. In the general outlines and

prominent facts it is strictly so. That incident was her marriage with the Marquis of——, which took place with only a moderate degree of splendour. Neither of them felt much disposed to indulge in those extravagant exhibitions which usually take place in the case of marriages in high life. It was, however, sufficiently brilliant to do honour to the parties.

After the *dejeuner* was over, or rather before it had concluded, Maria told her husband that she wished to show him a very extraordinary document which she had received from a fortune-teller, when she was only a little girl. "You must come to the next room," for I do not wish to read it to any person but yourself."

"Well my dear," said he, "I shall."

She then read him the document with which our readers are acquainted, and when she came to the words, "one great and the other greater—"

"Is this a fact," he asked, evidently astonished; "because if it be, it is certainly one of the most extraordinary documents of modern times, or perhaps, with respect to fortune-telling, that ever existed."

"Well," said she, smiling seriously and thoughtfully, "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

"Why, my dear," said he, "this is a *Double Prophecy*."

POSTLIMINIOUS PREFACE.

WHAT is birth but an accident of life? a fact over which we ourselves have no more control than we have over the colour of our hair. Here was a young creature whose virtues created her own distinction, and raised her to that position in the aristocracy of her country, which is honoured by her elevation to it. She, instead of bringing to the accomplishment of her high destiny hereditary rank, an honour which comes without effort or the practice of any single virtue, brought the highest qualities that ever graced or elevated the character of woman, to achieve her victory in the struggle of life, wherein she sought no honours, and yet obtained them as her just and appropriate recompense. She is only about twelve years dead, and was an ornament to the rank on which her virtues and noble qualities reflected distinction. The aristocracy, in fact, had much greater cause to feel proud of her, than she had to feel proud of the aristocracy, with whom, however, she was, as she ought to be, a universal favourite. The main outline and general facts of this tale are true; and as a proof of it, we can assure our readers that the heroine of these pages enjoyed during her latter life the highest title, with one exception, which a British sovereign can bestow upon a subject. Well had she deserved it, and we only wish that she had enjoyed it longer.

CONCERNING RINGS.

"Brief as the posy of a ring."

How very few of the many thousands who delight in bedizening their fingers and ears with costly rings ever think of the origin of a custom which, far from being confined to any one class of society, has become universal among all, rich and poor, noble and plebeian! The lady will not think her toilette complete unless a circlet of gold, or if not of the genuine metal, at least something very like it, glistens on her finger or dangles from her ears; and, as for your man of fashion, he will assuredly be regarded as outside the pale of dandyism if he does not display a ring of real or supposititious value on that finger which has been designated, par excellence, as though the ring were essential to it, the *annular digit*.

There is no doubt that the use of rings is of most venerable antiquity, and, indeed, we have only to refer to the various histories treating expressly or incidentally of the manners and customs of the peoples of every clime and age, whether civilised or barbarians, to be assured that they each and all looked upon the ring as an ornament of paramount importance. Nevertheless, we are not to conclude that the ancient Romans or the more ancient Hebrews (both of whom delighted in most costly trinkets), regarded the ring in the light of a mere ornament, invented by vanity, and useless for any really practical purpose. Quite the contrary indeed; for we have it on the authority of Pliny, that the early Romans, long before gold became their circulating medium, were in the habit of wearing *iron* rings, and giving them as *pledges* or securities for the fulfilment of contracts or bargains, just as tradesmen now give promissory notes, when it is not convenient to pay on the spot and in ready money. Securities of this sort would be little worth in our times, and we doubt much if any money-lender would now advance more on even a gold ring, with its diamond or topaz, than what its intrinsic value warranted; and as for the "*iron* ring," it is almost superfluous to state that a person offering such a security would now be treated as not far removed from lunacy. It would appear then, from what Pliny tells us, that the origin of this custom of wearing rings is coeval with that of bargaining or entering into contracts, and that the giving of the ring, whether iron, gold or silver, by way of security, in those primitive times was looked upon just as a bill or bond is in ours. Of this usage, as far as it regards the Hebrews, we have many instances in the Sacred Books, and among the earliest of them we may refer to a passage in Genesis, where Juda asks Thamar what *pledge* she required of him, and she answers, "thy ring." The ceremony of betrothal too, among the pagan Romans, was not perfect or regarded as binding till the bridegroom sent a ring to his affianced; and so conservative were they of their ancient usages, that, as Pliny tells us, the ring given on this most solemn occasion was almost invariably of *iron*, a symbol, doubtless, of the indestructible union of the parties, while it also served to remind them of the simplicity

of their forefathers, at a time when gold was unknown to the latter.

That the ring was not worn by the Italian matrons as a merely personal ornament is evident from what Pliny relates when lamenting the dishonesty of his own times, and contrasting it with the uprightness that characterised the early Romans: "Alas!" says he, "how innocent and simple was the character of our forefathers, how truly virtuous were they in those days when nothing used to be *sealed*! But now every thing in the house, be it meat or drink, must bear the impress of the matron's seal in order to guard it against thefts." From this we collect that the ring worn by matrons was employed to protect the household stuff from the light-fingered gentry who abounded then as well as now.

As to the devices which the Romans caused to be engraved on their rings, we have very minute descriptions of them from Dion, Cicero, and other writers, who thought it worth while to record such particulars. Cicero, for example, tells us that the disciples of Epicurus wore rings, with the likeness of Epicurus admirably cut upon them; and we learn from one of the most pathetic passages which Ovid addressed to his wife from Pontus, the scene of his exile, that she had his likeness on her seal, "set in yellow gold," "*Effigiem meam fulvo in auro*," an object suggestive of tenderest remembrances and disappointed longings, as he himself exquisitely expresses it—

"Whene'er thine eyes behold our nuptial ring,
Ah, may it to thy mem'ry fond thoughts bring;
Gaze on it often, and as often say,
Would heaven our Naso were not far away!"*

Each of the Roman emperors had his favourite device or emblem on his ring. That of Augustus Cæsar was the head of Alexander the Great, and at a later period the mysterious Sphinx—Galba's was a dog's head on the prow of a war galley; and Josephus, in his "*Jewish Antiquities*," relates that King Darius' ring had engraved on it an eagle striking its talons into a dragon. As for the mass of the people, they adopted the likeness of some favourite leading politician or successful military officer; and St. Ambrose remarking on this, states that rings with the likeness of Brutus and Cassius, worn by some admirers of the latter, caused the partisans of Cæsar to slay them as abettors of "Great Julius" assassins.

The Christian Church retained some of the usages which were common to the pagans as well as Hebrews, such, for example, as that of washing the hands when a person was about to pronounce a solemn oath. Pilate, as we know, washed his hands before protesting (most falsely) that he was innocent of the blood of the *Just One*; and it is questionable whether he performed this ceremony from anxiety to conform to a rite then common among the Jews, or in obedience to the custom of the Romans, who thought that they contracted defilement either by consigning the convicted to the execu-

tioner, or shedding blood in battle. Eneas, as Virgil tells us, would not touch "*holy things*" till he had washed his hands of the blood he had spilled in recent combat, and would fain have old Anchises carry off the idols from burning Troy—

"Our country gods, the reliques, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands;
In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,
Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt."*

Without venturing, however, to determine which of those usages (Hebrew or Roman) guided Pilate's conduct on that tremendous occasion, we can affirm that, in after times, it was customary with the Christians to wash their hands before they sealed their oaths by kissing or otherwise touching the book of the Gospels, as we learn from St. Ambrose, who, in his denunciation of Maximus, the murderer of Gratian, tells us that the former "*washed his hands* before laying them on the Gospels, and thus, as it were, stained them the more deeply with innocent blood." Nor was it only when about to touch the Gospels, by way of solemn asseveration, that they had recourse to this formula of ablution, for Chrysostom relates that it was usual to wash the hands before taking up the sacred books for the mere purpose of reading them. "We are commanded," says the great authority just mentioned, "to wash our hands before opening the Book; and thus you may perceive with what reverence we approach such reading."

The usage of bestowing a ring on the bride when her affianced leads her to the altar, is doubtless one of those which existed anterior to Christianity; but we are to bear in mind, that the Church sanctified all the customs which she adopted, and in an especial manner the one of which we have been speaking, after marriage had been raised to the dignity of a sacrament. Clement of Alexandria, who flourished in the third century, makes a marked allusion to this custom, for he tells us that "the Christian matrons used to wear *gold* rings, given to them as pledges of love by their spouses;" and other early Christian writers inform us that rings of this class had engraved on them various devices, emblematic of mutual concord and indissoluble union, such as two right hands joined together. As for the other devices which the married as well as unmarried Christians of the early ages caused to be engraved on their ordinary rings, they were, generally speaking, monograms, or initial letters of the Holy Name, most exquisitely intertwined by the engraver's burin; and in many instances images of the cross, or delicately-cut likenesses of persons famed for holiness of life. St. Gregory of Nissa,† for example, tells us, in his biography of St. Macrina, that she was accustomed to wear a ring with the cross cut upon it; and St. John Chrysostom, in one of his panegyrics, relates that the people of Antioch, out of veneration for St. Meletius, almost universally wore rings with his miniature set in them. The Antiochians, indeed, when ad-

* "Quæ quoties spectas, subeat tibi dicere forsan
Quam procul a nobis Naso sodalis abest."

* Æneid ii.

† Died A.D. 400.

dressing their patron, might justly say, in the words of the prophet Isaias, "Behold I have graven thee in my hands."

The ancient Irish kings and minor chieftains were in the habit of presenting gold rings of considerable value to cathedral and other altars as votive offerings, or tokens of their submission to the ordinances of the Church, and of this custom we have a memorable instance recorded in the "Book of Armagh," (a copy of the Scriptures of the New Testament, made in 807,) where we learn, from a marginal note, in the handwriting of Brian Boru's confessor, that the king, on making a royal visitation to the primatial see, in 1004, "presented a golden ring of twenty ounces as a donation to the grand altar of the church." If space permitted, we might add many examples of similar munificence duly chronicled in the works of Irish annalists; but we must content ourselves with presenting to our readers a rare document relating to four mysterious rings, which were presented by Pope Innocent the Third to King Richard I. of England. It may not be amiss, however, to premise that Celestine the Third, predecessor of the Pontiff who sent this remarkable gift, was mainly instrumental in liberating King Richard from the prison of Dierstein, on the Danube, and that Pope Innocent intended the rings as a signal mark of his esteem for the lion-hearted monarch, whose prowess and sufferings were then the theme of every minstrel in Europe. The Pontiff's letter, addressed to the "illustrious King of England," was written in 1198, and runs thus:—

"Pure gold and rarest gems have ever been desirable objects to mortal eye. Nevertheless, although we are aware that your royal majesty abounds in such things, we, out of our affection, send to your highness four golden rings, having four costly jewels set in them; and it is our desire that, when contemplating their form, material, and colour, you should rather reflect on the mystery they involve than on the mere materiality of the gift. The rotundity of the rings is a symbol of eternity, which has neither beginning nor end, and this one consideration is calculated to elevate your mind from terrestrial subjects to the heavenly—from temporal things to the eternal. The rings are four, and this even number emblemizes that state of self-possession that is never downcast by adversity or inflated by prosperity—a condition of mind which can only be realised with the aid of the four cardinal virtues, namely, justice, fortitude, prudence, and temperance. The first ring, therefore, will remind you of the justice which should pervade all your judgments; the second of the fortitude which nerves us in adversity; the third of the prudence with which you should act in all cases involving doubt; and the fourth of the temperance which should always moderate prosperity.

"As for the gold, it is a type of wisdom, for as gold is the most precious of all other metals, so does wisdom transcend all other gifts, as the royal prophet declares; so much so that, indeed, there is nothing of which kings or princes have more need. Solomon, that pacific king, asked no greater gift of God than to be able to wisely govern the people committed to him. The green colour of the emerald represents faith; the celestial blue of the sapphire, hope; the ruby, charity; and the splendour of the topaz, virtuous works of which our Saviour has said, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven.' We have therefore

in the emerald a type of what we should believe; in the sapphire, that for which we should hope; in the ruby, that which we should love; and finally, in the topaz, a model of our life, in order that, ascending from virtue to virtue, we may at last attain to our God, who is in Zion."

He of the Lion-heart received this present with profoundest reverence, and returned his affectionate thanks to Pope Innocent thus:—

"We are justly proud of your condescension and benig- nity, and would fain express our gratitude personally were it in our power to do so, rather than through medium of letters or ambassadors. May God long preserve your per- son to His Church."

The superscription of the king's letter runs thus:—

"To his most excellent Lord and universal Father Inno- cent, by the Grace of God Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church, his Majesty's most devoted son, Richard, by the same Grace King of England, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, etc., etc., with all reverence, greeting."

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE ESPLANADE.

BY FRANCES CROSBY.

MY worthy friend, Dr. Wisehead, had just returned to Ballydoyle, from a tour through Belgium and Germany. As a matter of course, he was full of his travels. No- thing could be more to my taste, for next to the actual enjoyment of travelling, I love that of a comfortable chat with a person fresh from places I myself have already seen. So the doctor and I got on capitally. Unfortunately he, like so many voyageurs, had set out on his pilgrimage with full faith in the infallibility of the great high-priest, Murray, and adhering zealously to the rubric compiled by this dignitary, had visited all the places pointed out to him and his fellow-pilgrims as fit shrines for the exercise of their devotion, ignoring al- together all other claims for homage or admiration.

Naturally enough, he and I differed occasionally on matters that came under discussion. I, being an inde- pendent maiden lady, in no wise bound to yield my opi- nion to any living being, save on conviction; and being, moreover, at least as well able to judge of things in ge- neral as the worthy doctor, stoutly upheld my views, to the no small amusement, as I could perceive, not only of Sophia and her husband, but also of my nephew, Alexander, and the rest of the children. But I had the comfort of carrying my point whenever I wished to do so, though, to be sure, there was no great difficulty in this. For, *entre nous*, the doctor is a Wisehead in name only; and I think I may say, without being un- charitable, that his *heart* is the more valuable part of the good man, and the wiser part too.

The doctor being an old friend, we do not stand on ceremony with him, and while we talked, we feminines worked away—I remember a time, indeed, when the genteel folk of Ballydoyle would have stared aghast at the idea of ladies being asked out to tea and bringing their work with them. "A poor compliment to the hostess;" they would have thought it, forsooth. Then,

elderly ladies used to sit with their hands before them, enjoying their tea, and, while they sipped, giving scope to those agreeably caustic remarks, that the cup "that cheers but not inebriates" has the quality of extracting from the glands of the tongue; finding no better occupation for their eyes, meanwhile, than to criticise their neighbours' dresses; calculate the price of Mrs. O'Dowd's magnificent *moire antique*; wonder how much per yard the handsome lace to Mrs. M'Sweeny's cap cost; and ask themselves how on earth little Mrs. Churchill, (whose husband is as poor as a *church mouse*, you know, and who is herself like the *little old woman that lived in a shoe*,) how on earth that poor little woman could afford to wear such expensive things!—or, to look even closer, and ejaculate a mental "Well, *I never!*" on making the deeply-interesting discovery that Miss Arabella Bradley wore *false plait*s; or that the Widow Simpson, who had lately taken to wearing the most becoming of little caps, and who had on that heading been jocularly accused of "setting her cap" at the new curate, who seemed particularly anxious about her soul's health, had merely assumed those appendages because her *back hair* was turning quite grey, while the front continued youthful!—and here, once and for all, I beg distinctly to state, that these remarks are not personal, and I don't allude to any one in particular. And after this, if you will persist in feeling offended, I feel myself perfectly justified in saying that "if the cap fits you may wear it."

In a quiet, sociable town in Belgium, where, from time to time, I have spent a good portion of my life, and where, indeed, I was educated, I have often made one in a friendly *r union*, where, while the young people amused themselves *  leur gr *, the elder ladies, married or single, had for employment the making of "*tapiss rie*." Not in the figurative sense in which this expression has come to be used by the *grand monde*, but literally, and in downright earnest; the good ladies, sensible souls as they were, brought their work, and amused themselves with it while they chatted. And it is really wonderful how much more pleasantly and charitably the hours pass thus than when idle fingers want to get into other people's pies right and left. Too often, I must confess, that when we, daughters of Eve, congregate for idle gossip, the wily serpent, scandal, contrives, under one guise or another, to creep in amongst us, whispering smooth speeches and suggestions, until our idle fingers itch again to clutch the forbidden fruit of our neighbour's faults and follies. A fruitful theme, as we all know, but like unto the fabled fruit of the east, fair and tempting without, but all ashes and corruption when in the mouth.

Well, in due course of time, a goodly sprinkling of white hair and an occasional necessity for donning a pair of venerable-looking silver-rimmed spectacles, aided to crown with success my efforts to gain a certain influence amongst my little coterie in Ballydoyle. Then I brought on the *tapis* my views concerning *tapiss rie*, and never ceased until I secured for them a sure footing. I never stopped until I saw all our elderly ladies, who were not ashamed of the title, appear at our social tea

parties fully armed with work-bags and housewives. And, having once set the needles agoing, they have become as necessary to our society as the magnetized needle to the mariner. I am happy to state, as a pointed illustration of my theory, that by the aid of our needles we have been able to steer pretty clear of such shoals and quicksands as I have already alluded to.

But this time the needle has led me from my course. I must get back as quickly as possible to the point from which I veered.

Well, where was I? I was about to tell, I think, that from the first I had been longing to run away from Murray; escape from the beaten track, and lead the way to the dear, queer, quaint old town, where so many happy years of my life were spent. But, goodness me! I might as well have thought of making a lap-dog of George's big Newfoundland, all rough and gruff as he is, as to attempt to draw that heavy, old Dr. Wishead anywhere but where he wished to go. So I left him to lumber on in his own guise, only now and again giving a twitch at my leader's coat tails, when I thought it really incumbent on me to put him right. And suddenly, to my infinite satisfaction, he turned, of his own accord, right into the path where I wished to go, and said:—

"On my way to Cologne, I stopped a night and part of a day at a town near the frontier, called COURTRAI. I dare say you also passed through it, Miss Crosby, when going to Germany."

"Of course I did!" I cried, throwing down my work in my delight. "Why, I know every inch of it as well as I do Ballydoyle itself—better, I do believe. Why, I was educated there!"

"Indeed!" said the doctor; "then, I suppose you feel interested in it—very naturally so."

"Of course I do, doctor!" And I energetically pulled off my spectacles, and laid them on the table. "Of course I do! and no wonder; had I never been at school there, I should love that dear, old, old-fashioned Flemish town."

(Here Master Alexander gave a sly nudge with his elbow to his cousin Georgina, and I caught the words—

"Aunt Fan's hobby! Now she's mounted and armed cap- -pie, to tilt for the honor of Courtrai!"—Impudent boy, that Alexander; but he makes me laugh, and at myself too.)

"It is very clean and neat," said the doctor, politely; "and the hotel at which I stopped, in the market-place, was really comfortable in its way—which, it must be admitted, is very different from ours."

"Very different, indeed!" I assented. "I do not wonder at your praise of the *Lion d'Or*. The very first night I was in Courtrai I spent there, and I remember lying awake for ever so long, listening to the chimes from the belfry of St. Martin, close by. And then I was up at sunrise, standing at my window, and gazing down on the Grande Place below; watching the women in their coloured kirtles and trim little caps, and the men in their neat blouses. Dear me, how well I remember it all! How clearly I can remember watching the sun

rise, from the moment when its rays tinged the tops of the houses, leaving the street still gray in shadow, until it poured in a golden stream into the whole place, lighting up gloriously even the solemn Hotel-de-Ville, so hoary and ancient. You saw that, doctor?"

("Aunt Fan's hobby has wings, it seems, as well as Pegasus;" whispered my dutiful nephew to his cousin; "she's soaring to the poetical now.")

"I saw it, yes," said the doctor; "but I must own I was not much struck by it. To my mind, our own tholsel is far and away superior to any Hotel-de-Ville in Belgium. Dingy, dirty-looking old places they are, in my humble opinion. Why, take the very best of them—that in Brussels. Never, in all my life, did I feel so miserable as when looking at it. A gloomy building; dark, dismal, and as crooked as a ram's horn."

("Hear the gad-fly buzz!" muttered Master Alexander, aside.)

"Crooked, doctor, crooked!" I exclaimed; "the Hotel-de-Ville of Brussels *crooked*!"

"Just so—why, the tower is not in the middle, and is not that being crooked? And don't you know that when the architect, Jean Van Something, saw how mighty ugly it looked, after all his trouble, he at once put an end to his life! And nothing would ever persuade me that our own tholsel, with its neatly white-washed-walls, and elegantly-painted stone-work, done by order of our worthy mayor and council, is not a deal handsomer than any one of their dingy, old Gothic buildings. And the cupola of our tholsel is right in the middle, Miss Crosby."

There was no disputing this triumphant oration, and as I had hard work to keep my countenance, I thought it wiser to leave the matter as it was; and, basely deserting the partisanship of the Hotel-de-Ville of Brussels, I returned to the subject of Courtrai, and indulged in the praises of the various objects of interest it contained.

"The beefsteaks were almost as good as I could get at home," quoth the doctor, magnanimously; "but of the town I must say that, while there, I saw but the belles and heard but the bells."

("Bravo, gad-fly; Pegasus is fairly stung, and Aunt Fan unseated!" chuckled my nephew, with his usual running commentary. And he and Georgina laughed so prolongedly that I fairly lost my temper, and, catching up my spectacles case, I hit him a smart tap on the nose, and bade him hold his tongue while his elders were speaking. Then, leaving him to rub the insulted member most ruefully, I asked the doctor for an explanation of his rather enigmatical speech.

"Why, faith!" he said, chuckling, "it's easily explained. It struck me that the 'belles' of Courtrai were by far the most prominent objects in the town, for their hoops exceeded in dimensions, twice over, any I ever saw before or since. *Striking* objects they were too, I assure you, as my shins could testify for many a day after. Well, and now for the 'bells.' Sure, you know all about them yourself, Miss Crosby, since they kept you awake too. Bother them for bells! Of all the

confounded nuisances I ever met, they were the worst! Night or day they never ceased their clatter—why, they were worse even than the noisy peal in Bruges—no wonder people should talk of them. The tongues of the famous Billingsgate fisherwomen are nothing compared with theirs. They fairly addled me; they gave me a headache by day, and rendered my night sleepless. So no wonder, between the strokes of hoops on my shins, and strokes of the bells ringing through my brain, that Courtrai should remind me chiefly of 'belles and bells.'"

"Hoops and rings," added my brother-in-law, joining in the doctor's hearty laugh; "and faith, doctor, you have rung the changes on them this time to some purpose."

"And the gad-fly has a sting too," muttered Alexander, the incorrigible. I could hold out no longer; the matter had become too ridiculous. So I laughed as heartily as any at the worthy doctor's witticisms, and still more at his undisguised enjoyment of the same. And I do relish a hearty laugh at times, and can see no reason why a good laugh should not be as wholesome for an old maid as for a young one.

"Well," I said at last, "you may laugh, but Courtrai is a town full of objects of interest, rich in antiquities, most quaint and curious in many respects."

"And, speaking of Courtrai, Aunt Fan," said Georgina, "reminds me that you promised to tell us a story connected with it; a ghost story, I think."

"About that old house you told us of, you know, Auntie," added Alexander; "the old house that was called the 'Maison Noire.'"

"And I have not forgotten my promise. I have written out a translation of the manuscript I told you of, and you can have the story now whenever you wish. "You know, Courtrai is Aunt Fan's hobby, my boys," I could not help adding.

"Ha! So you heard that?" he cried, laughing. "Well, Aunt Fan, you know listeners *never* hear good of themselves. But, suppose you tell us the story now; you can work away while you tell it."

"Yes—the first part, my boys; but you forget that my manuscript is at home. Besides, you think only for yourself in making such a request. Some other evening you shall hear it."

Everyone uniting, however, in the wish to hear the promised tale, I settled the matter by inviting them all to drink tea with me on the following evening, when they should hear it from beginning to end. Next evening, therefore, I was prepared to fulfil my promise, and after tea, I related to my little circle of listeners the following story:—

The Couvent St. Nicolas is in the centre of the town of Courtrai, but the pensionnaires are not, for that reason, eternally cooped up within its precincts. Once a week, in my time, at least, weather permitting, we were accustomed to spend the day at a country-house belonging to the convent, situated about a mile from the town. We used to leave the pensionnat after the primitive twelve o'clock dinner, and only return when

the shades of evening made us think of going home, "pour nous coucher avec les poules," as we used to say.

Leaving the Rue St. Nicolas, wherein the convent stood, our way to the Porte de Ghent, by which we left the town, led us through the Esplanade. On our left we had a triangular piece of ground shaded by tall trees, beneath which the poorer children of the town used to congregate. On our right was the row of houses fronting the Esplanade. From end to end these houses were very old, and of curious construction. That they had once upon a time, in their palmy days, been occupied by people of rank, was evident; for over the doorways, or set high in the peaked gables, were coats of arms, now adorned with thick coats of coarse paint; the said arms being as nondescript and fantastic in form and design as the houses themselves—and that is saying enough for them. Singular and attractive were those old houses to me, with their oddly-shaped chimneys, crowding and jostling each other in a decidedly quarrelsome way over the sharp roof-tops, and with pointed gables all agape with the smallest, ugliest, and most ingeniously distorted windows I ever beheld.

Whatever may have been the rank of the original owners of these desirable residences, they had now sunk so low as to serve as the dwelling-places of the poorer artisans and tradespeople of the town. Here, on a summer's day, we used to see the women seated in every doorway, clad in the universal woollen petticoats, short jackets, and neat caps of their class. And with persons spotlessly clean, and the ménage in such order as only Flemish women can maintain, the worthy souls, comfortably seated on low chairs in their doorways, with their lace cushions on their knees, could conscientiously indulge in a little social gossip, carried on their own uncouth but dearly-cherished tongue. Most heartily did they enjoy it, to judge from the hideous clatter of tongues that assailed us as we entered the Esplanade. Clack, clack, clatter, clatter! I wonder has it ever occurred to linguists to trace a striking likeness between the sound of a number of Flemish voices set agoing, and that produced by the clappers used to frighten away birds?

The first house in this street, as you passed into it from the Rue St. Nicolas, was one far superior to the rest in appearance, while in point of antiquity it seemed hardly inferior. This, of itself, must have struck the passer-by, but the house was rendered still more remarkable by the air of gloom and neglect that overhung it. Nay, more astounding still in a neat Flemish town, the windows were begrimed with dirt, and doorways and window-sills formed snug abiding-places for spiders, whose housekeeping arrangements were on a scale of the utmost liberality—a liberality even savouring of ostentation.

It was a high house, although divided only into two stories. The roof projected far beyond the first story, and this beyond the ground floor, roof and projections being supported by columns. This in a great degree served to protect the building from the ravages of the weather, and possessed the additional advantages of affording a practical encouragement to the tribes of

weavers and spinners that had established such flourishing colonies in the windows and doorways. But whatever may have been the advantages resulting from this mode of construction, it certainly had the effect of giving a most ghostly aspect to the house, owing, in a great measure, to the black and gloomy appearance of the deep sunken and overshadowed windows.

Every thing about that dismal, dirty house, had a certain characteristic of mystery and gloom. The very trees that lifted their heads over the roof were anything but cheerful objects. The heavy boughs that rose massive against the sky, never danced or swayed in the summer breeze, but bent and bowed sullenly, as if forced to do so when they would have preferred to stand still and motionless: the dull, leaden-looking leaves never glistened or laughed in the glorious sunshine that turned all else to brightness and gladness. On the fairest days of summer those ill-conditioned trees loomed there grim and dismal, casting their long black shadows over the deserted house, and reminding one involuntarily of the heavy plumes that nod so dolefully over the cold corpse within the hearse they surmount.

Much as my curiosity had been aroused, an incident occurred to add to it considerably. One day as we paused before the deserted house, there were unwonted signs of life about it. For the first and only time during my visits to the place, the great porte cochère stood open, affording a full view not only of a square hall within, leading into the court-yard or garden, but also of a second deserted house, very similar in construction to that without, but in a still more ruinous condition. The court-yard was spacious, and planted round with rows of tall poplars, but it was now a wilderness, wherein rank grass and weeds, and tangled plants and shrubs, choked up the stone basin in the centre, and flung their rampant and matted branches round the broken, weather-stained remains of statues and stone vases.

At the end of this wilderness, fronting the street, was the second house, raised upon a terrace, of which the stone balustrade was almost entirely covered with dark crawling ivy, whose gnarled stems coiled in snaky black folds round every particle of stonework they could seize upon. The house itself, like the one without, was but two stories high, and was in like manner protected from the weather by a far-projecting roof. The windows were all shut up, and the walls were stained and begrimed, and moss-grown. A vine that had once adorned the front, and festooned the gallery that ran round the house, now trailed its neglected branches upon the ground, grovelling amongst the dank grass and noisome weeds that throve there. A dreary, desolate spot it was, even on that glorious summer afternoon, and I was not sorry when we had passed out of sight.

The funereal old poplars within the court-yard produced in me a sensation of chilliness I could not conquer. I used to look up at them as I passed, thinking that they sullenly preyed over the desolation on which they gazed. It appeared to me that they were there as guardians of some mystery over which they brooded. I conceived

they used to nod their grim heads at me gloomily, and that they kept saying in a triumphant, ill-natured, boastful way: "*We* have it, and will hold it! It is our secret—*ours! ours!*" and then I used to nod at them again, and say: "Is it indeed—*yours, yours!* I'll find it out, spite of all your holding. Mark my words, I'll find it out before I stop."

But I didn't, for all that, at least not that time. I had begun, as was most natural, by asking all my school-fellows if they could tell me anything of the desolate old house on the Esplanade, but one and all declared their profound ignorance. Then I went to the different mistresses, and cross-questioned them, but with no better success. Then I turned to the lay sisters, the servants, the very labourers at the country-house, but all to no purpose. I was forced to own myself foiled. And whenever I passed those spiteful old trees, they were sure to cry, "*We* have it, and will hold it! It is *our* secret—*ours, ours!*" until I could hardly bear to pass at all. And then they used to wag their heads in sullen triumph, and scoff at me as I went by, in a manner that was most aggravating to my feelings. But to the very last I said, "Never mind, I'll find it out yet!" For all that I finished my time at school, and left Courtrai to return home, without learning anything about it.

Notwithstanding the frequency of my visits to Courtrai, it is only within the last year I have attained a satisfactory and complete triumph over my old enemies, the secret-holding poplars. Indeed it was only during my last visit that I arrived at the knowledge that enabled me, in my turn, to wag my head scoffingly. When I received an invitation last summer from my old friend, Clara von Couden, (who had lately established herself as "*dame en chambre*" in the dear old convent,) to spend a month with her, you all know how glad I was to accept her invitation. Beside the great pleasure of seeing my old friend again, and spending some time with her, I had to look forward to the additional enjoyment of our reunion within the walls of the Pensionnat where our friendship began. And certainly I did not lose much time in preparations. I was with her almost as soon as my answer to her letter. Unlike too many school friendships, ours had lasted through all the changes of years, through all the cares and disappointments that fall to everyone's lot in this life. We had much to talk over, and much to tell, and we were both heartily glad to have for "*trysting place*," the old convent of St. Nicolas.

How my heart jumped when I found myself once more within the dominion of the colossal "*Broeren-Torren*," that, like hoary genii, keep watch and ward over the ancient town of Courtrai! How I welcomed the well-remembered voices of the sweet carillon—(here I could not, for the life of me, restrain a contemptuous glance at the tasteless stigmatizer of the bells)— chiming almost continuously from the venerable steeple of St. Martin, and ringing out a cheery greeting to one who loved them so much. Arrived at the Grand Porte of the Convent, I was almost out of my wits with joy. I looked up and bestowed a nod and smile of recogni-

tion on the benevolent St. Nicolas, who, in pontifical robes, mitre, crosier, and all, daily and hourly presides over the ablutions of three chubby urchins in a tub, whose infant minds he recreates in playing with them a sort of "*bob-cherry*" game, by holding suspended over their heads a large golden apple. Some other time I may treat the children to an account of the "*Fête de St. Nicolas*," with the legend this unique sort of group-ing is intended to hand down to the pious wonder of a simple-minded posterity of juvenile Belgians.

You may readily conceive what a pleasure it was to me to spend some time in the abode of my girlhood. The good nuns there are a long-lived community, for out of all those I had known when I first entered as pensionnaire, long enough ago, I only missed one on my return now. I could almost forget the years that had elapsed, and imagine myself young again. Ha! that seems to amuse you little bodies there; but, I assure you, I was once as young as any of you!

Of course, Clara and I paid an early visit to the country-house I have spoken of, and, of course, we passed the Esplanade on our way. There stood the old house, if possible, dirtier, and blacker, and more dismal than ever. And there were still those aggravating poplars, with their eternal burden of "*We* have it and will hold it! It is our secret—*ours, ours!*" And, for the hundredth time or so, I nodded back my defiance of—"Wait! I'll find you out yet!" But, sooth to say, I was sadly puzzled to know by what means I should succeed in coming at the famous secret of the surly old trees.

I was still pondering over the matter when my companion, as if in answer to my thoughts, asked me if I remembered how anxious I used to be to find out some story that I said *must* be connected with the old house we had just passed. I replied that I remembered it well, and that I was just thinking of it; that I was still convinced there must be some mystery to discover, and that I was as anxious as ever to search it out.

"In that case," said my friend, "you will soon have an opportunity of satisfying yourself as to the existence or non-existence of anything of the kind. I have become very intimate with the present owner of that house, who is a Béguine here, and I have promised that you and I should lunch with her to-morrow."

So pleased was I at the prospect that I looked back at the old poplars and cried, "*There! I told you!*" most triumphantly and gleefully. And though they did their best to frown me down, I maintained my position most satisfactorily.

To one of the quaint, little, Dutch-gabled houses in the square of the Béguinage it was that we went to visit on the following day. This first visit led to others, and, before I left the town, Mademoiselle Camille Hermann and I had become great friends. We were as different as two women could possibly be. The Béguine was grave and reserved, and of a melancholy cast, that threw its shade on every thing she said or did; her very smile was unutterably sad. And I? Well, I believe I need hardly mention, that Frances Crosby is

neither grave, reserved, nor much given to sadness. Nevertheless, as I said before, we became very good friends; so much so, that on my venturing, after a time, to express a wish to learn something of the old house on the Esplanade, its owner was so kind as to write out for me the following narrative. And that this was no light favour, must be evident to any one who reads it. This narrative it is which I am about to read for you, and you will remember that it is the story of the old lady herself; an exact translation from her manuscript:

THE BÉGUINE'S STORY.

"I had one sister, Estelle, gentle as a lamb, merry as a little bird, beauteous as an angel. A face truly angelic was hers, with its soft, white skin, rose-leaf cheeks, large, sweet-looking blue eyes, and long, floating, golden curls framing it in. A sweet child was our beautiful Estelle, so mignonne, so spirituelle, so loving. My sister, my little sister, why didst thou ever leave me?"

"We were always together, Estelle and I. I never forgot my mother's sweet, pale face, and mournful gaze, when on her death-bed, long, long ago as it seemed, she had bidden us love one another ever, and had charged me, as the elder, to be a second mother to poor little Estelle. And I kept the pledge then made well and faithfully; did I not, thou dear one, now, I trust, in heaven with her to whom I gave it?"

"Our father, a wealthy merchant, was but little with us, but we were never lonely while we had each other. Estelle was a strange child in some ways. She used, at times, to sit for hours, building castles in the air, indulging in all kinds of romantic fancies. That was her nature, and people cannot change their natures. But after a time, even her nightly dreams became imbued with a certain tinge of the romance that pervaded her being.

"Without any apparent suggestive cause for such dreams, they began to run, almost nightly, on an old house belonging to my father, which for years had been uninhabited, owing to its gloomy and old-fashioned construction: It had been built by some Spaniard, who afterwards married into our family, and from whom we were, on the paternal side, descended. My sister had, perhaps, found something romantic in this very vague story, and in this way her imagination may have become excited; but farther than this there was no apparent reason why, for three months of her life, all her dreams should be in connection with this gloomy old house.

"This was the more curious, inasmuch as we had neither of us ever been in the house, and from the street we could only see the *maison du concierge*, originally occupied by the domestics, the family occupying a house divided from the street by the outer building, and by a large court-yard or garden. This much we had heard from my father, when on one occasion he happened to speak of his worthless property on the Esplanade, which he depaired of ever turning to account.

"But in her sleep Estelle nightly visited the old place,

traversed the garden, entered all the rooms, and went through various adventures connected with it. After the first night, the appearance of the house never varied in the least, and from Estelle's descriptions I had soon learned the interior arrangements, as she saw them. It was quite a subject of amusement to us at the time. One day the fancy occurred to Estelle that she would really enter and examine the scene of her dreams. She wanted to see, she said, how far her nightly visions might be depended on. So we got the keys from our father, and set out on our visit, attended by an old servant.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE MYSTERIOUS WOOR:

A LEGEND OF THE LAKE OF BEALATHA.

BEALATHA'S LAKE is a fair sheet of limpid water, in the west of Clare, within a few furlongs of the fierce Atlantic, whose foamy waves at springtide, when impelled by furious sou'-western storms, almost wash over the intervening level, and mingle with the crystal flood of fresh water. There is not in the scenery of the lake a great deal to attract the attention of the admirer of the picturesque. It has beauties, indeed, but they are tame and homely; and not many, accordingly, of the summer-season sojourners at the beautiful neighbouring watering-village of Killybeg, who visit the wild scenery of Moher's towering cliffs, turn aside from the high road to see and admire the placid lake of Bealatha. If, however, they knew the strange legend connected with that sea in miniature, very many of them would be sure to approach its sloping shores, and take a pleasant sail upon its glassy surface; and satisfied that the reverse of disappointment would be the result of half an hour so passed, we will run the risk of offering the inducement, by relating the eventful tale in the pages of this MAGAZINE.

The lake is centuries old; but tradition carries us back to the date of its origin. Ages ago the waters that now cover a surface of many broad acres, were confined beneath the earth, with only a limited outlet for their swelling volume. That orifice was a well that supplied the wants of a stately mansion, pleasantly situated on the side of a gentle eminence. And the lord of the mansion was a chief of substance and of mark, who mustered fifty battle-axes at the call of his feudal superior, for his own defence, or for aggression upon an obnoxious neighbour, as circumstances might have directed. Cathal Mor was rich in corn and kine; proud of his old and noble descent, and pleased in the possession of three fair daughters, who promised to transmit his line through the noblest in the land, for the fame of their beauty went abroad, far and wide, and princes paid court to and wooed them. But Cathal Mor na Traigh (of the Strand) was not at all well at ease. His spirits were often depressed, and his brow was overcast with a cloud of gloom, which those who were, or affected to be, in his confidence attributed to the want

of a male heir to inherit his revenues and transmit to posterity his ancient name, as well as to an imputed presentiment that he was destined to be the last survivor of his ancient race. Be that, however, as it may, Cathal desired, with extreme ardour, the marriage of his daughters, though the eldest of the three had scarcely completed the eighteenth year of her age, and the youngest had numbered only fifteen summers; but though Noula, the firstborn, might mate her with the son of her sire's feudal lord, who held sway from the ocean to the Shannon, and eastward to the Oallan range of mountains, the chieftain's son was not the man of her choice. She had, even at eighteen, fixed her affections firmly elsewhere, but this was not known to her father. When pressed to receive the addresses of the young lord of Corcumroe, she pleaded her youth, and an alleged promise made to her mother on her dying day, not to marry till she had entered her nineteenth spring, as reasons sufficient to defer receiving the suit of the noble young lover; and Cathal, having revered the memory of his young wife, who had died in the fifth year of their marriage, respected the injunction of the mother, even though he may have doubted the sincerity of the other excuse. He accordingly affected to be content with the promise of Noula, that before her twentieth year she would bestow her affections and her hand on the man of his choosing; and forbore, thenceforward, to press her upon the subject.

But Noula's affections had been, as we have said, already cordially bestowed upon another, and, notwithstanding her solemn promise to her father, she had firmly resolved to bestow her hand also where she had given her heart. And, sooth to say, the heart of Noula was a malign gift, of sinister effect; for though pervious to love, it was cold and callous; and wild ambition had a greater share in securing her regards than the love which she professed for the object of her attachment. Noula was pre-eminently beautiful, but her beauty was of a severe cast, and of a stern order. She was tall and well formed, had raven hair, and dark eyes of piercing brilliancy; but tradition, which is often a tolerably faithful chronicler, has transmitted down to us the significant fact that her suitors were influenced more by the ambition of winning so famous and froward a fair one, than by the mild influences of sincere and legitimate love. Bulwer Lytton's description of Lucretia appears to apply with peculiar appropriateness to the eldest daughter of Cathal na Traigh, who whilst professing to respect her father's plans for disposing of her in marriage, secretly contemned the brilliant destiny to which he would elevate her, and revelled in the delusive belief that she had herself selected a far more enviable one. Her reason for indulging in this fatal delusion was thus established:

Her seventeenth birthday was a glorious one in the end of May, and the fair morning of that important anniversary found her at an early hour enjoying the gentle breezes that blew over the wide Atlantic, upon the cliff that towered aloft from the rugged beach a short distance to the rear of her father's mansion. She

was accompanied by her sisters and a couple of their maids, some few years their senior; but being staid and thoughtful beyond her years, she suffered her companions to wander away from her side over the smooth, springy turf of the cliff, to a considerable distance, where they became hidden from her view by the undulations of the ground. Seating herself upon the smooth sward, she found in the wide expanse of green ocean before her very little to interrupt the even current of her thoughts, which had then no definite object. The easy sweep of the seagull, or the croak of the raven, or the lulling sound of the wavelets—for waves then there were none—falling lazily upon the beach, had nothing of interest for one familiar from infancy with a scene that might attract and gratify those less intimate with its peculiar charms; and Noula was about resuming her saunter in the direction of her companions, when indescribable astonishment, intermingled with some degree of alarm and unwonted delight, chained her to the spot. These various and somewhat contradictory sensations were occasioned by hearing, as if from beneath the ground at her very feet, a voice attuned to song—a voice of surpassing sweetness; so far more melodious than anything she had ever heard before, that, even though she was what in our day would be called a strong-minded woman, she half doubted its being human, and felt for a time inclined to attribute it to some syren of the deep, basking upon the rocks beneath her in the morning sun. She had risen more than once to satisfy herself regarding the character of the divine vocalist, by glancing over the brow of the cliff, from whence after a while she knew the voice proceeded, but the fear of interrupting the enchanting melody held her back, and it was not till the song had ceased that she gave way to her curiosity. And how strangely was that strong feminine feeling gratified! Meeting her anxious gaze, as she looked over the sloping precipice, were a pair of eyes of almost celestial lustre. Their hue was that of a sky seldom witnessed in our clime; and they belonged to a youth of a beauty of form and features so rare, that Noula had not conceived, much less ever seen, anything to compare to it. She had known youths of noble presence, of graceful mien, and manly prowess in profusion; but a youth of such charms of person and voice as stood before her, like the creation of a pleasant dream, she had never beheld, nor could she have believed that there dwelt on earth so perfect a mortal.

The words of the song which the stranger had chanted were in a tongue which Noula did not understand, but he at once relieved her of all doubt as to the possibility of holding converse with him by addressing her courteously and gracefully in her own language. He marked her agitation, apologized for being its involuntary cause, and hastened to gratify her curiosity regarding him by informing her that he was of a land and a race different from her own; that circumstances, which it would then take too long to explain, had brought him to these shores, and that the length of his sojourn in the island depended upon other circumstances upon which it was not necessary then to enter. He

added—for flattery is as old as our race, having had a share in producing the troubles of mortality—that circumstances had indeed been propitious, since they had procured for him the present interview, which was as agreeable as it was unexpected, and expressed a hope that they would continue benign (which they should were she to aid in shaping them) and enable him to improve the acquaintance, let him hope, so happily formed on that auspicious morning.

Noula was fascinated by the voice, manner, and aspect of the stranger, who paid her these courtly compliments; but she was very proud, and she resolved upon showing the enchanting youth that mere advantages of person, apart from birth and position, would not tempt her from the path of duty, which her race had followed from generation to generation for many ages past. "I am," she said, "a daughter of a noble house of this land; yonder is my father's mansion, and its hospitalities are cheerfully at the service of wayfarers of every rank, whilst those of knightly degree are ever welcome to the board of its lord. I may not hold further converse, with propriety, with a stranger, without my father's privity. My sisters and our maids are at hand, and it is now time that I should rejoin them;" and she was about to tear herself from the spot, when the stranger's enchanting tones fell again upon her ear, rendering it almost an impossibility for her to force herself away.

"Lady," he said, "let me enjoy your attention for a few moments longer. I know your condition and the ancient fame of your line. I am also aware of the free hospitality of your father's house, but for the present I cannot openly court the acquaintance I am so desirous of forming, by at once partaking of it. Circumstances, however, may change so as to facilitate my reception by Cathal Mor na Traigh; and, in the meantime, may I hope that here, in open day, and almost within earshot of your own people, I may expect an occasional repetition of the pleasure this unexpected interview has afforded me? I know," he added, on observing her hesitation, "that I prefer this request under a disadvantage, whilst refusing to disclose my name and rank; but believe me, lady, that both are such as do not forbid free intercourse with those of your station. Accept, then, this assurance as an excuse for granting me a few repetitions of this meeting."

Noula, on hearing the approach of her sisters, retired without having either promised or refused compliance; but she retired with a flushed cheek and palpitating heart, and had much ado to conceal from her companions the violence of her agitation. To avoid meeting the enchanting stranger was out of the question; but was there not danger in the half-stolen interviews he proposed? Why did he conceal his name and rank, and what brought one of his pretensions and noble bearing to wander, almost to skulk, amongst the rocks of the remote coast bounding her father's domain? These were questions with which she tormented herself, but of which she could afford no satisfactory solution; and on retiring to rest on the eve of the day following, she

had all but vowed not to see the stranger alone any more. But her dreams were of the youth, and his melodious voice rung in her ears during the hours of her uneasy slumber; and on rising on the morrow at an early hour from her troubled repose, she felt herself governed by an irresistible desire to see and know more of the mysterious stranger.

And see him she did, again and again, and each interview took place nearly at the spot on the brow of the cliff on which the ravishing apparition first met her astonished gaze; but in vain did she seek to discover who the stranger was, or whence he came. He easily parried her questions on these points by mysterious hints of proud lineage and lofty state, by which he inflamed the ambition of the aspiring maid as much as his superhuman personal charms attracted her love. And so she sated her eyes by gazing upon his godlike face and perfect form; and her ears drunk in the melody of his voice; and she hurried to meet him morning after morning, resolving constantly that each interview should be the last; but she continued daily trampling every such resolution under foot, and gradually losing her scruples about the impropriety of her stolen meetings with him, in the hope that fate had decreed that she was to share with him state and power, for she believed him more than his vague hints implied. And she looked with sovereign contempt upon the suitor of her father's choice, alliance with whom would render her an object of envy with many a maid of the royal blood of Heber the Fair or Heremon. She had heard of regions farther north than her own, inhabited by a fair, hardy, adventurous race, who roved over the seas, and made spoil of chattels upon land and water; and her fancy found in her mysterious lover a prince of this daring, aggressive race; and to reign at once queen of his affections and his realm was an aim worthy of the soaring pride of Noula; and she cherished the desire of accomplishing this aim, with a tenacity of purpose in perfect keeping with her wayward nature. She asked not how the stranger had found suitable accommodation upon a rugged coast, which afforded none for miles upon miles save her father's mansion. She contented herself on this head with the belief that he was under the special protection of the gods of his country, or that his prow lay concealed in some neighbouring creek; and she forbore to press his visiting her home, fearing that the less severe and more loveable beauty of her sisters might shake his constancy to herself—for even when the race of man was thousands of years younger than now, the human heart was fickle, and selfishness was one of its most predominant instincts.

There was high revel in the halls of Teach na Traigh, and men of name, and worth, and substance were the guests of the hospitable Cathal Mor; and the chieftain's daughters, Maev and Slaine, were surrounded by numbers of the ladies of the land, and enjoying the respectful regards of the noble youths of the assembly. And well did the subdued loveliness of the youthful maidens merit the marked and rival attentions lavished upon them to the envy of no inconsiderable number of the

ladies of all ages ; for even then there were managing, intriguing, matchmaking mothers, as well as daughters, who, when verging on twenty-one, wondered why the men did not propose. But Noulá was absent from the festival, and to the enquiries as to the cause, the reply that it was her turn to guard "Thobar an Bheoir" proved all-sufficient in accounting for her absence, even on such an interesting occasion. Every one there and then knew the nature of this duty ; but as it is possible that but few, if any, of the readers of this history of the lake may have ever heard anything about it, it is only right to offer a few words regarding it, by way of explanation.

Ages preceding the remote period to which this narrative refers, a wanderer, footsore, travel-stained, and weary to sickness, with feeble step, and tattered garments, sought food and rest at more than one house in the district—then flourishing and fertile—known now as the bleak and barren portion of the Barony of Burren : but he sought relief in vain, for the virtue of hospitality was in its infancy in those days, and it was a long time in coming to the fulness of perfection of ours. But the wayfarer tottered on ; and on the approach of evening he sought refuge in an outhouse of a farm homestead, from which homestead he had been rudely repulsed, as from more pretentious residences. Under the cheerless roof of the barn he found, to his apparent surprise, a man, a wanderer like himself, but whose condition was still more deplorable ; as, in addition to being weary from long travelling, he was wounded also, having fought valiantly in a war recently concluded between the kingdoms of Connaught and Leinster. The first occupant of the hut welcomed the new comer to share his couch of heather, and his fare of coarse bread and stale beer, which was all that he had to offer, unless the stranger chose to accompany him to his home, where he intimated he could treat him more suitably to his hapless condition, and his own inclination, notwithstanding the sad predicament in which, by the hazard of war, he was then placed. The new-comer accepted of the present relief, and partook cheerfully of the simple fare ; after which he stretched his stiffened limbs by the side of his friendly host upon the fresh heather, where he passed a tranquil night ; and the repose of some hours restored his wonted strength ; for on the morrow he appeared quite a new man, altogether different from the feeble wanderer of the preceding night. The young, generous soldier would have questioned him, but he dexterously evaded all questions. He expressed gratitude warmly for the timely aid he had received ; and turning towards the east, from whence his course had led over night, he, with a vehement solemnity that awed his host, implored a blight upon the district that had spurned his craving ; and barren, and blighted, and wild it is to this day, as any one may see whose business or pleasure leads him to visit the locality. "As for you, fair youth," he said, turning to the young, wounded warrior, "who have won in this place the seeds of a virtue that will flourish and bear abundance of good fruit throughout this land ;

I have a blessing destined to prove beneficial to your race from generation to generation. Take this staff, and lean upon it with confidence, for it is a prop that will prove of more relief to your wounds than the mildest balsam. Arrived at home you will wed a maiden of worth and wealth, of gentle blood, and great beauty. Your crops and your pastures, and those of your descendants, will flourish beyond comparison with those of your neighbours, or theirs. But the home of your fathers, and the mansion of your destined bride, are old ; and you will build a new one half-a-day's journey due north of an altar of sacrifice. And when your new home is completed, you will build a cave of cyclopean strength, but elegant interior, whose dimensions will be five arms' length in every direction ; and in the cave you will place this casket [producing a small metal one of simple make] which will prove the talisman of your prosperity, and of the well-being of your line from age to age ; and on the day that you come to inhabit your new home, you will strike this staff into the ground at the root of a stunted ash, and the orifice will spread and sink into breadth and depth ; and from the well thus formed will flow for ever liquor that would defy the magic skill of the Thuatha de Danans to distil beverage to rival it, from the blooming heather ;* and your name will become honoured by the good and dreaded by the wicked in the land of your kindred. But," he continued more impressively, "such blessings as these are not retained, even when conferred as the reward of bravery and virtue, without some risks and hazards, though fortunately in your case they are not severe nor many. On the anniversary of this day some member of your race must keep watch from the portal of the cave over the magic well, from the hour of sundown till the dawn of the morrow ; and no woman may enter the cave or cast eye upon the casket upon any account. Non-compliance with these simple conditions would be truly disastrous."

With this warning the stranger left the hut, and soon vanished from view beyond a neighbouring hill.

The soldier, too, went on his way, and made good progress with the aid of his staff, from which he derived supernatural support ; and he pondered upon the words of the stranger ; and any doubts of their good faith that may have crossed his mind vanished on finding with what vigour and absence of fatigue he travelled on his journey, after receiving the gift of his last night's companion. And he made his way to his home beyond an arm of the Shannon, where he was received with joy and great honour, for the fame of his exploits in the late campaign had preceded him ; and because of his gallantry they called him *Felim Trean* (the Intrepid). And the words of his mysterious guest in the hut in Burren came to pass. He married in due course, a fair and virtuous heiress, who brought him the rich lordship of Corca-Baisciunn. And on going half-a-day's journey, due north, from an altar of sacrifice, he came to a pleas-

* Tradition has it, that the heather in the good old times yielded liquor of the finest quality to the distilling process of the period.

ing site for a princely residence, which he erected in good time. And he hewed out of the living rock a cave of the prescribed dimensions, in which to place the priceless talisman, which he had in the meantime strictly concealed from female eye. And on striking the gifted staff into the ground at the foot of a stunted ash hard by the cave, a well revealed itself instantaneously, and there flowed from the well a sparkling fluid more grateful to the palate than the fabled nectar of the gods. And Fortune continued to shower her favours upon the line of Felim, and its sons and its daughters contracted alliances with the daughters and the sons of the princes of the land. And Cathal Mor was now the lineal representative of this favoured race.

And now the reader knows as much of the cause of Noul's absence from the feast as the guests of Felim; but she was not guardian by lot, which was the usual mode of selection, on the night of the revel, but from her own choice, on the pretence that she would not deprive either of her sisters of the pleasures of the occasion.

The merriment and the joy, however, were not general on that night. There was an air of constraint about the manner of the chief, as if, in deference to his guests, he affected the pleasure and the happiness he was far from feeling. And the teller of pleasant tales was silent; and no note of melody issued from the instrument of the producer of sweet sounds; and the song of the bard was hushed; and the druid shunned the converse of the old and the young, and half hid himself in a nook of the wide hall from the general view. And as the hours passed away the oppression of spirits, and the sinking of hearts, appeared to have become contagious, for the wildest of the revellers became heart-heavy and thoughtful, and the loudest mirth merged by degrees into moody silence, and every face wore an expression of gloom.

The chief made an effort to rally the sunken spirits of his guests, but his appeal to his teller of merry tales only produced a romance of disaster and dread; and the bard would sing no enlivening theme; and the notes of the producer of sweet sounds more resembled a funeral chant than those suited to a festival. And Cathal felt discouraged and displeased; and as a last resource, he appealed to the druid. And the priest of the pagan faith replied: "I have been, O chief! deep in the study of the web of fate, but the science of the seer is unequal to the task of unravelling its perplexing intricacies. The warp is straight and strong, and has a definable term, like the career and the end of a virtuous race; but the woof appears shadowy and impalpable, nor I do believe the far-seeing sage of fame, Mor Eolus himself, could see his way through its hazy mazes. But for my part, my beloved lord, I would construe the oracle thus: The male line of Felim Trean will terminate—ah! that it should be so—with the illustrious Cathal Mor; and the fair daughters of his house will perpetuate his race through other channels of worth and purity. In this way may the texture of the future blended with the past be clearly made out."

"And in that, oh priest!" exclaimed Cathal Mor, "there is nothing to repine at. I have long looked upon myself as the last male representative of my race, and prided me in the suitors of note and worth who have sought my daughters in wedlock." And the guests cheered up once more, and the revel was about recommencing, when, as we shall see, it was terrifically interrupted.

Meantime Noul kept strict and faithful vigil. But she thought of the mysterious and enchanting stranger, whom she had not seen now for some days, and who she feared might have taken his departure for his native realm. And this thought saddened her heart, and her spirits grew depressed, and she began to regret her absence from the hall, when, at the witching mid hour of the night, she heard, almost at her very ear, that vocal melody whose magic sweetness had entranced her very soul on the brow of the cliff. And she became filled with joy as she listened to the voice of her mysterious lover. But where could he be? She could not see him, yet every place around was exposed to her view, and the moon shone full and clear. On recovering from her astonishment at his mysterious proximity, she turned to the cave, and felt satisfied that the voice proceeded from the vault. But how could the stranger have entered that place, the secret of whose opening no mortal knew save her father? Alarm again seized her, and even the voice of the youth would scarcely have withheld her from flight, if to its influence had not been superadded her sense of the great duty which she had voluntarily undertaken to discharge. And while she was perplexed between love, admiration, doubt, fear, and hope—for each of these possessed her in turn—the adamant door of the vault gave way, and the youth stood upon the threshold, more beautiful in the light of the moon, and in the reflection of a rosy glow of subdued light that pervaded the cavern, than he had ever appeared to her before. Noul reflected upon the secrets of the vault, and nearly every other feeling was immediately lost in her fears, for the safety of her family depended that night upon her faith and her fortitude. The sons and daughters of her race had for centuries discharged the trust of that vigil, and would she, the proudest of them all, fail in fulfilling the responsible duty? No! And her resolution to stand at her post was confirmed on beholding, by the light in the cave, inscribed upon the opposite wall in the Ogham character, words to this effect:—

"Obedience strict to the injunction of fate
Will give to the race of Felim Trean prosperity,
To him and to his most remote posterity
Will belong much honour, and wealth, and estate.
But watch well the flow of the magic tide—
Let not woman's eye the casket behold,
Lest the race of Felim fall in its pride,
And the stranger's gift be too dearly sold;
The Son of the Air may not meet with the Daughter
Of Earth, save for havoc by fire and by water."

The stranger spoke in a tone of melancholy. "Lark, you have formed a resolution to abide by your duty, which is good; but duty to-night requires from you

a strength and firmness of resolve which it is given to few mortals to possess. I am that stranger whom your soldier forefather relieved, as you have heard, in the lowly hut by the wayside, and who rewarded him and his race with rich gifts, which you are destined to perpetuate to the end of time, or to annihilate for ever this very night. Though under a ban of our gods, which cannot be removed except by mortal aid, I have not been deprived of the power of winning such aid by benefiting mortals. I have rewarded many in all parts of the world, but have been always disappointed in receiving the return that would set me free to associate again for a space with man, during which I would propitiate the gods, and share in the beatitude of the just in immortality."

He ceased, and Noula hastened to ask what mortal could do to relieve him, stating that for her part, had she the power, nothing he could impose, consistent with the honour of her name, would deter her from aiding him. And he answered her: "The process of relief is simple, involving no dishonour; and requiring nothing but devotion and nerve to go through with it successfully. It is nothing more than that a beautiful maiden should apply her lip to this brow, and kiss from off it the impress of fate;" and uncovering his head he pointed to a dark stain upon his brow, and Noula was about to spring forward to wipe it out with her lips, when, horror of horrors! instead of the youth that had charmed her by the superhuman graces of his person, there stood before her a monster of such hideous aspect, of such inconceivable repulsiveness, as made her recoil several paces in terror and overpowering disgust. There was not a trace left of the beautiful youth. The fated mark was on the monster's brow; but instead of a slight stain it glowed as if it opened into a furnace; and around it crawled horrible worms of living flame, which extended their indolent march over the entire person of the terrific object, that bore the barest outline of the human form. And a voice, terrific in its tone, as if produced by a clashing of the elements, cried to the horror-stricken maiden, "Your lips, your lips to the spot, and I am saved; the safety of your house depends upon the sacrifice!" but the voice drove her farther and farther as it spoke from the object of her loathing; and she would have closed her eyes and her ears, but could not control the sense of sight or hearing. "Courage!" cried the horrible thing in a no less horrible tone; but Noula had only courage to express her disgust, and to denounce, as a hideous and malign impostor, the ten thousand times worse than brute form that appealed to her for relief. And the monster said, in a tone less dreadful than that in which his other words were spoken, "I would have it otherwise," and vanished from her view, leaving the fair youth in the place where he had stood; and the youth said to her: "Lady, the form was not of my creation. Now place thy lips upon the mark of doom." And Noula joyfully complied; but her lips had scarcely touched the youth, when he vanished through the ground, and the warning inscription in the cave came out in full relief in letters of fire;

and the casket upon which her eye fell now for the first time began to expand into large dimensions; and the monster, stepping out of it, appeared once more before her in all his revolting hideousness, and repeating, "I would have it otherwise," vanished in a flame through the vault, which he rent asunder, and the walls of which glowed as glows red-hot iron; and the waters of the well flowed in torrents from its mouth; and when Noula sought to cool with them her burning lips, she found them horribly bitter to the palate; and though suffering agony beyond mortal endurance, she flew to warn her father of the danger that menaced him and his guests; but on approaching the mansion she saw it was in flames, and the guests were flying about in the most dreadful alarm and confusion, and to add to their horror they heard the sound of the rushing waters, and saw the angry flood threatening to annihilate them in its tempestuous flow, and every one fled from the approach of the flood; and a few who had fleet horses made their escape to the uplands, but many perished in the waters; and on the morrow of that fatal night a broad lake spread its volume of dark waters over the deep valley, and the mansion of Cathal Mor was hidden fathoms beneath its waves, where, like the round towers of other days 'neath the waters of Lough Neagh, they may be seen in very dry seasons at the present day!

But the spirit of Noula continued to haunt the banks and the neighbourhood of the lake, and woe to the wayfarer whose fault or ill-fortune led him to traverse the range of her evil dominion after the hour of rest with the peaceful world. The hapless mortal—so runs the legend—upon whose brow that unquiet spirit set its burning lips, was doomed to death by slow tortures of the most agonising character; and so the benighted peasant whose way lay by the Lake of Bealatha, took good care to make a long detour from the fatal highway, or, neglecting such precaution, fell the victim of his foolhardy temerity.

Centuries rolled away, and the mysterious donor of the gift to the ancestor of Cathal Mor, bestowed his favours in the course of ages upon other objects of merit, but was ever disappointed when he came to demand the sacrifice, the refusal of which by Noula proved the destruction of the house of Cathal. But the power of the wanderer and his need of a sacrifice ceased upon a certain winter night in the bleak month of December, on the occasion of the birth, in a lowly refuge at Bethlehem in Judea, of the son of a humble virgin, whose nativity caused the whole hierarchy of heaven to rejoice with exceeding great joy; and the anniversary of which was to be celebrated by millions of the fallen race of man till the term of creation; because the Son of the virgin was the Son of the Most High, come to redeem the erring world! And no more magic lakes sprung forth thenceforward; and other wonders of the ages of darkness ceased with the dawn of that glorious era. Even the Lia Fail,* or Stone of

* Readers of the history of Ireland need scarcely be reminded of the history of the Lia Fail or the Stone of Destiny, upon which the Kings of ancient Ireland used to be

Destiny, at Tara, that gave to our island one of its names, was ever afterwards powerless to repeat the stern protest which it uttered against the desecration to which the coronation upon it of the Plebeian usurper, Cairbre with the Cat's Head, subjected it; and silent it would have remained ever since, even though the merest churl had been crowned upon it, instead of the pure royal race of the Iberian Milesius. And there it may be seen to this day, lonely and neglected, under the Confessor's rude old chair, in Westminster's old Abbey—neglected even by the garrulous guide, save when the national reverence of an occasional Irishman calls the attention of the visitors to the interesting relic of his country, which still fulfils its destiny, since a thin current of Mileadh's blood courses through the blue veins of England's royal house, as genealogists prove beyond reasonable doubt, and to the entire satisfaction of the Herald's College.

And centuries rolled over the world once more; and the footstep of the merciless invader of the North was followed over the Irish soil by desolation and terror, till the stout arm of Brian dealt him a fatal blow on the plain of Clontarf; and the more wily invader from the East came to make encroachments, slow and sure, and a lasting settlement, because no Brian stood forth to oppose his aggressive career. And the spirit of Noola was impartial in its hostility to Gael, Dane and Saxon, each of whom in his turn succumbed to the fatal embrace of its fiery lips; and though it was predicted and believed that any one possessed of the four-leaved shamrock might encounter with impunity and easily overthrow the power of the destructive ghost, no one had the courage to meet an impalpable foe till the beginning of this century, when a scion of the old race, armed with the potent talisman, and fortified, says the tale—but tales are not always true—with copious libations of a spirit no less fiery, though less fatal than that which he braved, met the fierce shade with the firm resolution of putting an end for ever to its fiendish sway, or perishing in the attempt; and as the ghost of Noola was not seen again, and as the hero of the adventure lived many years afterwards to drink to the remembrance of the important achievement, that elevated him to the rank of a rustic hero, we are bound to believe his account of the terrible struggle with the spirit; the more especially as he was found on the following morning, all tattered and mud-stained, lying in an uneasy sleep upon the side of the highway. We have heard the authenticity of the hero's narrative of the encounter doubted, and denied even by some of those who saw with him the shamrock and the black-hafted blade by

crowned at Tara. Its power of protesting against the coronation upon it of any one but a king of the legitimate line, its removal to Scoone (on loan) by a Scotch sovereign of the Milesian blood, and its transfer to England by Edward III., are passages in Irish history well known to all its readers. Dr. Petrie has endeavoured to show that the Lia Fail is still on the Hill of Tara, but, though his opinion is highly respectable, few will concur in it. The stone at Westminster Abbey has but one history, and that is evidently correct.

which it was cut from the green sod; but there have been sceptics in all ages, with whom to reason is useless. Whether the victor's narrative of the battle with his immortal foe shall ever meet the eyes of the readers of the HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE, depends upon the degree of faith which they will accord to this introduction to that rural epic.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that if Noola had had the virtue to overcome her repugnance, and the fortitude to make the sacrifice required by the benefactor of her race, and her mysterious wooer, unalloyed prosperity would be the lot of herself and her posterity to this very day.

LEAVES FROM AFAR.

THE ABBESS.

SAINT Cyril's Abbey, built against the east,
Deep in the Breton pasture lands and vines,
Hoards quaintest legends in its crypts and stalls.

And this is one, the fairest of them all,
But greyer than the crockets and the stoups,
From years; and darker than the iron saints:

In the vast twilights of the Middle Age,
Agnes, the daughter of a Breton peer,
Yielded her soul unto a dream of love,

And worshipped, in the fullness of her heart,
A brave Frank gentleman of some renown;
Tours was his birth-place—Stephen was his name.

A hundred moons waxed mellow through their love;
There came no chance—their morning passion waned;
And, parting, each one sought a different way.

For he went forward to beat down his grief,
Amid the wail of battle and the crash
Of shivered lances, in the ringing wars.

And she laid down the crown of her young life,
And bound her brows with penitential thorns,
And with St. Cyril's nuns sought prayer and rest.

Around the cloisters, clad in raiment fair,
Paced she for many years; and heard the bells
Toll silver offices by day and night.

And Peace fell on her with the falling snow,
And Hope grew in her with the flush of spring,
And Beauty touched her with the summer light.

June passed; and Sister Agnes, revered much,
Was chosen Abbess. On a winter night,
She sat in solemn conclave with her nuns.

On the vast outskirts of the Abbey lands
A bloody battle had been fought at noon;
One lord was slain and one escaped the fight,

And, flying fugitive across the wold,
Wounded, and fainting from excessive pain,
With hot pursuers pressing at his heels,

He dashed his horse into the Abbey gate,
And, striking slowly at the brazen doors,
Cried, "Lady Abbess, prithee, let me in."

As the broad valves rolled inward, he fell down,
Three paces forward from the lintel stone,
And the vast crash rang echoing to the roof.

Out of the dim-lit chapel came the nuns,
Each with a taper in her trembling hand,
The wimpled Abbess walking at their head :

The white procession streamed unto the space
Where lay the wounded man. "Help me," he said,
"Help me, good sisters, to St. Cyril's shrine."

And, lifting him, they bore him to the shrine,
Before which swung, amid the gothic dusk,
A great lamp, ruby as a foggèd moon.

They laid him down upon the altar steps ;
And there he died with one great throb, that sent
The keen scales dancing sharply through his mail !

"Leave me awhile," the Lady Abbess said ;
And through the porches and the chapel doors,
Into the cloisters, thronged the silent nuns.

Round a great statue, underneath the stars,
They paused, and sent their supplications up,
Craving God's mercy on the shriveless dead !

And so they chaunted, 'till the morning glare
Beat on the fretted gables, and the bells
Chimed from the turret tops the hour of prime.

And one returning to the chapel door,
Did cast her eyes upon the holy shrine,
And saw the Abbess kneeling in the gloom :

Gathered the pious sisters to the place,
But unto them she spake not ; she was dead !
With knitted hands and face upturned to God.

Dead in the stainless glory of her youth,
Dead in her perfect faith and innocence,
And in the ministration of sweet prayer !

On the gold collar of the knight was scribed
"Stephen of Tours." The nuns knelt down and prayed,
"Christ, in his saving hyssop, wash their souls."

Lift up your gates, O Heavens, and Thou, O Lord,
Draw back the bars of immortality,
And fold their weary spirits in thine arms !"

SPICE.

A LITTLE altar dark and rare,
A blue speck merged in forest air,
High piled with faggots of white rice,
And black with smoke of lighted spice.

Far down the palm and plantain lands
Shine dusky creeks and swarded strands
Of gracious bloom—shy lavender,
And twilight shores of weeping myrrh.

Flower, lawn, and shrine, and solemn plain
Are phantoms of a happy brain,
That singles from thy dreamy sighs
The breath of myrrh and lighted spice.

Thou walk'st in Indian atmospheres,
Her red stars glitter in thine ears ;
Around thy mournful brows is strewn
The sweet light of a desert moon.

A perfect glory, cold and calm,
Queenly and humble—a bright balm
In which, when half the heavens are bowed,
The morning birds are singing loud.

Dare I to love thee? Woe is me,
I must not touch the fruit I see ;
I thirst beside the holy river
That glittering rolls apart for ever !

Yet, on the thick night overhead,
At times an inner light is shed ;
And, looking in thy mournful eyes,
Back comes the breath of lighted spice.

WORK AND HOPE.

WORLD, I am tired of thy turmoil,
Borne down in thy pitiless wars ;
Or, rising recovered from conflict,
Find no guerdon but bruises and scars.
Black is the past ; but the future
With hungrier terrors is rife—
Thick with the storm clouds of battle,
And thronged with the banners of strife.

For the millions are gathering round us,
And myriads of hands are outspread,
And the clamour of labour-huskèd voices
Incessantly crieth for bread.
And the stalwarth are wasted in patience,
And the trustful faint over their toil ;
For the good of the great earth is little,
Whilst multitudes grasp at the spoil.

What hope is for me, single-handed,
 In the dust, and the glitter, and heat,
 Where strong hearts go down, and are trampled
 By thousands of hurrying feet?
 What prize can be mine in the warfare
 Necessity spreadeth abroad;
 I, armed but with hope in our brethren,
 And the blindest of faith in our God?

From the wild human billows that swelter
 Through the sand-eaten channels of time,
 A small spirit-voice gathers slowly,
 Then broadens in thunders sublime:
 "Work and hope on; for thus it was ever
 Since the cycles of Eden began,
 In the furnace of action God forges
 The tempered perfection of man.

Work and hope; for the wise hand that feedeth
 The brood of the raven, extends,
 Through the gloom and the glare of the present,
 And shapeth unrecognised ends.
 Have faith, and thy trust shall not fail thee;
 It leadeth thy steps to that calm
 Where the springs bubble fresh in the desert,
 And the fountains are shaded with palm."

CAVIARE.

OUR DINNER WITH THE MARQUIS.

My friend Thompson and I were sauntering down Sackville-street one day early in spring a great many years ago, when coming suddenly to a dead halt, Thompson turns full upon me, and exclaims abruptly—

"Have you seen Browntint's Baptiste yet?"

"No," said I, "has he got a Baptiste?"

"A splendid one, let us go now and see it."

Not having anything more interesting or important to occupy me for some time, I assented to the proposition, and we both directed our steps towards Dorset-street, where Browntint then dwelt. Thompson was an enthusiast in everything concerning the Fine Arts. It is scarcely necessary to inform my readers that it does not follow from a man's being an enthusiast on any subject, that he must necessarily possess an intimate acquaintance with, or a practical comprehension of, that subject, either wholly or in part. We are every day in the habit of meeting enthusiasts in political economy, who have a very vague idea indeed as to the purposes, complications, and results of that mysterious science—and enthusiasts, similarly circumstanced with regard to other questions, are neither few nor far between. Thompson was one of these. He had taken it into his head, at a rather advanced period of life, that nature intended him to have been a painter, and although circumstances (over which nature had no control) had perversely made him a banker's clerk, he resolved that the intentions of nature should not be utterly thwarted. He therefore sat down to the

study of several abstruse works on perspective, on optical effects, on the variations of colour, and other kindred matters, and took lessons in landscape painting from a professor, who did not scruple to encourage him in the hope that he might yet become a second Turner. In course of time Thompson was so well satisfied with his progress, that he resolved on becoming an exhibitor, and he accordingly sent into the academy a landscape, "The Devil's Glen by Moonlight," which the professor aforesaid, who had been brought in to give his opinion on the performance, just before it was sent off to Abbey-street, assured Thompson and one or two particular friends who were also invited for the momentous occasion, might be mistaken for a Salvator Rosa, were it not for the freshness of the colouring. It was certainly, he said, altogether in Salvator's manner, which surprised him (the professor) a good deal, seeing that Thompson whilst taking lessons from him (the professor) showed a decided tendency to the Turneresque (this was his phrase) in landscape. He was sure that the picture would create a sensation in the exhibition. This was the only bit of truth in the rascal's whole speech: the picture *did* create a sensation, amongst the newspaper critics at least, although not precisely of the kind which the professor pretended, or which would have been gratifying to poor Thompson. To say that it was condemned would not convey an approximate idea of the criticism which it evoked; many fine pictures being condemned merely because they are painted in accordance with, or in violation of some particular theory or school of Art, to which the critic is opposed, or of which he is a partisan.

"The Devil's Glen by Moonlight" was unanimously ridiculed; it was styled a "pretentious daub—the production of a person evidently unskilled even in the elementary principles of art"—"a ludicrous failure of an ambitious effort * * * more calculated to excite risibility than any severe manifestations of contempt." One critic referred to it in a facetious strain, and suggested that a boon would have been conferred on the visitors to the exhibition, had the artist hung up his picture in the locality which it purported to represent, instead of reserving it for the walls of the academy house. Notwithstanding all this, Thompson's conviction in his innate artistic genius remained unshaken, although he never "exhibited" afterwards, whether through apprehension of exciting another sensation of like character, or because of the rejection of his "works" by the academy people, I am not in a position to assert. He painted still, however, and also took to collecting on a small scale (his domestic responsibilities and limited income prevented the unrestrained gratification of his inclinations in this respect), and in the course of a few years, he had become possessed of two magnificent Titians, a couple of undeniable Guidos, and some half-dozen Claudes, Poussins, etc., the authenticity of which, he used to say, admitted of no question. With regard to the paternity of the Titians, he used to cite as conclusive, a declaration of Sir Charles Craynton, a leading artist, who had the reputation of being one of the best living judges of

the old masters, that if the two pictures in question were not painted by Titian, he (Sir Charles) did not know who the deuce they were painted by. There was no use in suggesting to Thompson, that this was a mere waggish evasion on the part of Sir Charles Crayonton, and in reality left the question unsettled. No, he was convinced that Sir Charles Crayonton meant what he (Thompson) wished him to mean, and was proud and happy in his delusion. Apart from his weakness on the subject of art, Thompson was really a good fellow and a capital companion. But, bless me, here we are at Browntint's door!—we knock, are informed that he is in, and not "engaged." Being familiar friends, we walk straight up to his sanctum, and there find him in company with a gentleman of venerable but distinguished appearance, to whom we are introduced as the Marquis of Molehill. He receives us graciously, and, pointing to a large picture on an easel before which we stand grouped, exclaims in a tone of enthusiasm:

"What a divine work, gentlemen!"

"Exquisite!" says Thompson.

"Beautiful!" say I.

It was the Baptiste, and a really fine specimen of this master. The subject was a large wreath of flowers, painted with wonderful force, delicacy, and charm of colour, and comprising a great variety of floral portraiture. The tulips, roses, and holyhocks (this latter was a flower for which Baptiste seems to have had an especial fondness) were conspicuous for perfection of development, and for the richness and beautiful contrasts of their tints. The centre, as is usual, in these floral pieces of Baptiste, consisted of a pretty bit of landscape, painted in by some cotemporary artist, of whose services he used to avail himself for such purposes. Altogether, the picture was a very pleasing one, but there was certainly nothing in it which enabled me to comprehend the extraordinary rapture of the Marquis, who was reckoned one of the most critical and experienced art connoisseurs of his day. I had never met him before, but he was well known to me by reputation as an eccentric and accomplished man, and a devoted patron of the fine arts. His seat, Molehill Hall, within an hour's drive of Dublin, was described in the guide books, as "remarkable for the picturesque beauty of its situation, and its fine gallery of paintings."

"I tell you what, Browntint," said the Marquis, looking up from his eager scrutiny of the picture, "if I ever induce you to let me have this Baptiste, I'll get you to cut out the landscape, and to paint the portrait of Lesbia, and put it into that wreath instead. Don't you think that a good idea?"

As this query seemed to be addressed to us all three, we all three assented, and in different phraseology, intimated that we thought the idea a singularly appropriate and graceful one.

"Yes," resumed the Marquis, "that would be capital—how the darling would be astonished to see herself smiling through such a charming frame. Browntint, you dog, you musn't be so hard—say 'yes' to what I mentioned, and it's a bargain."

Browntint knew his man better, however, and instead of saying "yes," directly or indirectly, led the conversation ingeniously to a subject on which he knew that the Marquis would be so interested as to forget for the time being his whim in reference to the Baptiste. This was the picture-gallery at Molehill Hall, which he brought upon the *tapis* by inquiring of Thompson whether he had ever seen it, although he knew well that he had not.

"No," said Thompson. "I have never had that pleasure, but I have heard from some friends that it contains several magnificent works."

"I fear, sir," took up the Marquis, "that the merits of my little collection have been over-rated through the goodness of your friends. I shall be very happy to afford you an opportunity of judging for yourself, however, if you will favour me with a visit at Molehill Hall on any day convenient to yourself. I do not think I have ever had the pleasure of seeing you, sir" (addressing me), "down at the Hall?"

I replied that the gratification of inspecting his picture-gallery was yet before me.

"Well, let me see," said he musingly, "this is Saturday—would Tuesday next suit you all three to come down and have a quiet bit of dinner with me?"

Browntint said "yes" on his own behalf, and Thompson and myself severally responded to the same effect.

"Well, then, Tuesday next, gentlemen, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you all; and, Browntint, you shall then say whether I am to have the Baptiste or not. How charming her portrait would look in that wreath, to be sure." These were the last words of the old marquis, as, making a courtly bow, he retired with Browntint, who was profound in his attentions and demonstrations of respect to his distinguished patron. On the return of our artist friend, I ventured to inquire as to the identity of the lady whose portrait was destined to supersede the landscape in the Baptiste, provided the latter became the property of the marquis.

"Egad," said Browntint, "that's more than I can tell you, except that the old fool has several times informed me in confidence, as he says, that he intends her for his wife, and describes her as young, beautiful, and passionately in love with himself. He has never given me the remotest clue to her personal identification, and I should not be surprised if she were a mere airy creature of his imagination, which is remarkably vivid for a man of his years."

"Has he got any Titians?" inquired Thompson.

"Well, you know, Thompson, my boy, there is scarcely a collection of pictures, public or private, in Europe, which has not its Titian or Titians, as to the genuineness of which visitors are positively assured, although it does not follow that the assurance is invariably convincing. Now, for instance, your own two pictures, which you attribute to that great master—and I am not prepared to question the correctness of your conclusion—I have heard persons, generally recognised as good judges, who have seen them, declare to be dubi-

ous, and in more than one instance I have heard them described as very flimsy imitations of Titian."

"Pure jealousy—pure envy," said Thompson; "no one with a particle of judgment, or who had ever once seen a picture of Titian's, could have the slightest doubt as to their perfect authenticity. Did not Sir Charles Crayonton say to me, 'Thompson, if those pictures of your's were not painted by Titian, I don't know who the deuce they can have been painted by.' Is there any going beyond that, I should like to know?"

Browntint, who was rather an amiable fellow, and who knew Thompson's weak point, pressed the matter no further, and we parted, severally agreeing to meet on the following Tuesday evening at Molehill Hall.

Invited to dine with a Marquis! The honour was something quite overwhelming, and so I felt it. Being then a young man of a rather anxious temperament, and possessed of at least the average of a young man's vanity and self-appreciation, it will not be deemed surprising that I looked forward to the eventful day with a nervous pleasure, or that I lost no opportunity of making my pretty numerous acquaintances aware of my newly-created social importance. By a happy coincidence I received two or three other invitations, either to dine or spend the evening out on the same day, and I well recollect the delight with which I pleaded as an apology for noncompliance, the fact of "a previous engagement to dine with the Marquis of Molehill." I was also weak enough to assume a quiet reserve of manner towards persons with whom it was previously my habit to be quite familiar, and I am not sure that I did not cut several, of whose consequence or respectability, I had suddenly conceived an excessively low estimate.

Thompson and I walked out to the Hall together on the appointed evening, Browntint having informed us that his engagements would detain him in town up to a comparatively late hour, and that he should therefore drive out. As regarded the situation of the hall, I found that the guide-books did not err in ascribing to it the charm of "picturesque beauty." The hall itself was a fine, old-fashioned, and apparently spacious mansion, standing in a magnificently wooded park, and commanding a noble prospect. There was that air of neglect about it, however, which one frequently observes in such places when the proprietor has been for a long time an absentee; the pleasure-ground looked uncultured and uncared for, and the flower beds on the terrace were choked up with patches of coarse grass and luxuriant weeds. There was an unusually long interval between our summons with the knocker and the opening of the door, which ceremony was eventually performed by a female servant, of rather severe and scrutinizing aspect, and whose teens were palpably a thing of the remote past. In reply to the usual inquiry, she stated that the marquis *was* in, but that she feared he was particularly engaged. She would take our cards, however, and meanwhile we were shown into a reception room to await the result. The result was the entrance of the

marquis, after the lapse of a few minutes; he bore our cards in one hand, and bowed to us with that expressive look which seems to say, "to what circumstance, gentlemen, am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" He looked at us, in fact, as if he did not know us, and had never seen us before, and this, as may be conceived, was rather awkward for us, under the circumstances. I determined to break the ice, and observed—

"Your lordship was kind enough to invite us, together with our mutual friend, Mr. Browntint, to an inspection of your picture-gallery this evening."

"Oh, goodness bless me! to be sure. I had really almost forgotten—I am, unfortunately, so apt to make mistakes of this sort. Did I say Tuesday evening?—yes; now I recollect—and Browntint, where is he?—will he let me have that Baptiste, I wonder?"

"Here he is now, my lord, to answer for himself," I replied, as Browntint was shown into the apartment.

"Ah, Browntint, do you know I had half forgotten my appointment with yourself and your friends for this evening! Sad thing is it not, to have such a treacherous memory? What about the Baptiste?"

"It was looking as fresh and charming as ever, my lord, when I was leaving town, half an hour ago," replied Browntint, evasively.

"But, am I to have it, you rogue, for what I said? You know the landscape is to be yours, and you will besides have an order for the portrait to replace it. Come, now, is it a bargain?"

"No, my lord, you will have to rise a bit. I can have my price for it any time I say the word, in another quarter."

"Well, gentlemen, let us go and see these poor things of mine; I know you will be sadly disappointed, but, remember, I did not promise you a treat."

Saying this, the Marquis led the way into a spacious apartment on the same floor, opening from the opposite side of the hall. It was finely lighted by two lofty windows looking out on the lawn, and was, therefore, well adapted to its purpose of a picture-gallery. The collection was a numerous, and, for the most part, a very excellent one, consisting principally of modern pictures of undoubted merit, with several family portraits, two of which he attributed to Vandyke. Thompson expressed surprise that a collector of such taste and judgment as the marquis should not have secured a specimen of Titian. The marquis replied that he had been long anxious to do so, but the fact was that there was no such thing as getting a genuine Titian. He had no belief in half the Titians going.

"If your lordship will do me the honour of calling at my little place, at Phoenix Terrace," said Thompson, "I think I shall be able to gratify you with the inspection of two undoubted works of that great master. Sir Charles Crayonton—of course, you know Sir Charles, my lord?—said to me, 'Thompson, if those pictures of yours were not painted by Titian, I don't know who the deuce they can have been painted by.'"

The marquis replied that it would afford him infinite pleasure, indeed, to call and see Mr. Thompson's collec-

tion, which, he was sure, must be a highly valuable and interesting one. At this point the room door was half-opened, and a boy, in a very seedy page's livery, and with a half-suppressed grin on his round, fat face, announces—

"Your dinner is ready, my lord."

His lordship looked embarrassed—but it was for a minute only. Motioning us to the door, he observed, "We will now adjourn to dinner. I am extremely sorry that, owing to my stupidity, I am not as well prepared for you as I would wish to be, but you will take the will for the deed, and acquit me of any deliberate want of proper hospitality."

We all protested, jointly and individually, that it was quite unnecessary for his lordship to make any apologies, or to feel the slightest anxiety on the point to which he referred, and, protesting thus, we followed him to the dining-room. It was a large and comfortless-looking, although well furnished, apartment, pervaded by a want of arrangement, and an air of neglect similar to that existing out of doors. A small table, placed near a sofa to the right of the door, was set forth for dinner, and it was quite evident, from the preparations made, that the emphasis laid on the word "your," by the youth who had announced dinner, was designed and significant. There was no servant in attendance, and the marquis, after a brief interval, putting his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, produced therefrom a small silver whistle, which he applied to his mouth, and sounded an "ear-piercing" call. It was followed by the entrance of the same boy, to whom the marquis intimated that the gentlemen were going to wait for dinner, and that it would be necessary to make provision accordingly in the matter of table requisites. This done, dinner was brought in, and we took our places.

"I hope, gentlemen, that you will like my favourite dish; it happens on the present occasion to be my *piece de resistance*, or, in other words, the only thing I have to offer you, with the exception of a bit of cold spiced beef, which I think I can recommend. This dish is not at all a usual one in Ireland, although why I cannot conceive, as I think it one of the most delicate and savoury of which I have ever eaten; I call it *havre*, but it is nothing more—I may tell you in confidence—than a roast fore-quarter of goat, and, when you have tried it, I feel convinced you will agree with me in what I have said of it. Browntint, allow me to help you to a little *havre*?"

"With pleasure, my lord."

Browntint being helped, Thompson was similarly addressed, and responded similarly. My curiosity was roused, and I watched Browntint closely while the marquis was engaged in dissecting Thompson's "help" from the black and shapeless joint before him. I did so for the purpose of seeing how Browntint relished the delicacy in store for me. After the first mouthful his visage fell, and an expression half of bewilderment half of disgust overcame the characteristic geniality of his countenance. It was momentary, however, for he was too well bred not to seem quite satisfied

with his fare, and, in reply to the query of the Marquis, as to what he thought of the *havre*? the consummate hypocrite declared that he had never eaten anything finer in his life—that it reminded him of venison, although it was, on the whole, a decided improvement on venison, having a peculiar delicacy of flavour which that meat did not possess, even in its best condition.

Thompson and I took our cue from Browntint, and gave "evidence to the same effect," as the law reporters say; but the fact was, that I didn't succeed in swallowing a single mouthful of the atrocious viand, having confined my attention exclusively to the black currant jelly served with it as sauce, and of which I ate a prodigious quantity. The marquis, who "went into" his *havre* with remarkable zest and industry, directed Bob (the before-mentioned boy) to bring in the beef by way of second course, whereupon that knowing youth vanished for a moment, and returned presently bearing a large dish, with the remains of a cold spiced round, from which his lordship helped his guests liberally, but ineffectually, seeing that the beef, which was both old and badly saved, was not only difficult of mastication, but extremely ill-flavoured into the bargain.

"I never take anything stronger than water myself, gentlemen," observed the marquis; "and I am inhospitable enough to restrict my friends to the same simple beverage. There is an excellent filter yonder," (pointing to the opposite end of the room,) "with some of the finest water in Ireland—you can help yourselves if you think proper. Bob, see that the gentlemen have tumblers."

Bob did the needful, and we each, in deference to the suggestion of our eccentric host, proceeded to the filter and drew forth a glass of deliciously cool water, (it was the only good thing I had tasted except the currant jelly,) which we duly imbibed with a genuine relish.

"We will now, gentlemen, have some dessert; you will excuse my not having it served at table, but I am accustomed to partake of it in a rather primitive way myself, and I am sure, from what I have seen of you," (looking at Thompson and me,) "and from what I know of my friend Browntint, that you do not care to be made strangers of."

We all declared emphatically that his lordship was quite right, and that nothing was farther from our wishes than that his lordship should deviate in the remotest degree from his customary family arrangements, on our account.

His lordship then led the way out of the room, up stairs to the drawing-room floor, then down a passage to the left, then up a little winding staircase to the right, which terminated in a little landing-place, about the size of the table at which we had just fared so sumptuously. Here having arrived safely, the marquis produced a key from his pocket, with which he opened a door, and bowed us into one of the queerest little rooms I had ever seen in the whole course of my life. It was filled with all manner of curious and incongruous odds-and-ends—carpenter's tools, old violins, flutes, and French horns, picture-frames, and pictures without frames, mathematical

instruments and telescopes, a model of a man-of-war, fishing-rods, a blunderbuss, pistols, boxing-gloves, several large meerschaum pipes, a suit of armour and a large two-handed sword were amongst the objects which I noticed. A chest of drawers and an old deal table were the only pieces of furniture, and on the latter were ranged several boxes of raisins and drums of figs, towards which the Marquis pointing as we entered, requested us to help ourselves. Having a strong natural partiality for fruit of all kinds, but more especially for figs—having made a very wretched dinner, (for bread and black currant jelly, however well adapted for a light lunch, are not exactly the thing to satisfy a hungry man) and labouring as I did under an overpowering conviction that the Marquis had treated us three very scurvily, it will, I imagine, scarce astonish the reader to be informed, that I made a fierce and well-sustained assault on the fig-drums. I ate plentifully of their delicious contents, (they were as fine as I ever tasted) and then proceeded at intervals, as the attention of our host was diverted, from my proceedings, surreptitiously to fill my pockets with more. "How shocking!" the reader exclaims: but I am heedless of any reproach on the subject, and even yet, after the lapse of many years, look back on that incident with no feelings of compunction. The old marquis showed us an excellent example also, but neither Browntint nor Thompson profited by it to the same extent, or so unscrupulously as I. This phase of our entertainment over, the marquis informed us that he never indulged in either tea or coffee, feeling convinced, he said, that both beverages were highly deleterious in their effects, and he could not therefore invite us to partake of them. Of course we took the hint, and prepared to leave. In the hall his lordship sounded his whistle, and on the appearance of Bob in answer thereto, called for his hat, announcing at the same time his intention of walking to the gate with us, as the evening was a fine one. He was feeble in his paces, but wonderfully acute in intellect, and although he affected, when it suited his purpose, to have a failing memory, it was quite evident from his conversation that such was not the case. He displayed an extraordinary recollection of Shakspeare and the antient classics, with the most apposite quotations from which he illustrated his observations on men and things. Taking leave of us at the gate, he observed, with a sudden burst of feeling, "Well, gentlemen, I have lived far beyond the prescribed limits of our human existence. I have, on the whole, enjoyed life as much as most men, and now I feel how worthless and profitless is the gratification of what we call our intellectual tastes, at the sacrifice of the smallest social duty. It is well to be an admirer and patron of art, but the man who professes to be this,

and yet has failed in the fulfilment of his duty to those dependent on him, is, indeed, not to be envied for all his fine tastes and elevating experiences. I have known such a man, gentlemen! Ah, Browntint, you rascal! you have never given me an answer about the Baptiste after all. Well, well, poor Lesbia! we must only get some other wreath for you, I suppose. Good night, gentlemen."

"What a chance he has of my Baptiste, to be sure," said Browntint, after we had passed out of hearing.

"What an extraordinary old man!" I said.

"Strange, indeed," assented Thompson.

"I know I am confoundedly hungry," resumed Browntint; "and here is the 'Molehill Arms,' let us go in and have supper."

We went in and had supper accordingly, and afterwards drove into town, rather amused than annoyed by the incidents of the day—an amicable state of feeling to which the consumption between us of several tumblers of punch—I forget the exact number—I have no doubt materially contributed.

I never met the marquis after, and never received an invitation to dine with him, or any other person of such distinguished position since. For a long time I was bored by my friends with questions, as to how I had enjoyed myself with the marquis? what company I had met there? whether he lived in very splendid style or not? questions which required no little dexterity and fencing with the truth, to evade as I desired. At last the facts leaked out through some source or another (Browntint and Thompson both solemnly declared that they never "budded:" I know I did not) and then my existence became for a while almost intolerable. "Who dined with the marquis?"—"who can tell us the meaning of the word *havre*?"—"who ate the figs?" these and various other interrogatories to the same effect, I was continually assailed with wherever I turned, and at length I was obliged to gather all my merciless tormentors together, at a grand banquet by way of a peace-offering, after which I enjoyed a tolerable immunity. The queer old marquis died a few years afterwards at Molehill Hall, and as he had no direct heirs, the illustrious title is now extinct.

Thompson eventually gave up his collecting mania, and took seriously to botany, which he found a much less expensive pursuit than the purchase of occasional Titians and Correggios. His two fine specimens of the former master he disposed of for the sum of eighteen pounds, notwithstanding the oft-quoted opinion of Sir Charles Craynton, that if they were not painted by Titian, he (Sir Charles) did not know who the deuce they could have been painted by.

GUILLAUME POSTEL:

LINGUIST, PHILOSOPHER, AND AUTHOR.

THE most favourite image of life is that image which finds its similitude in likening it to a ship voyaging on a treacherous ocean. From the earliest times to the most recent, we meet with this fancy in all literature, and yet it never has grown trite out of all this use. In that era of convulsion which presaged the reconstruction of modern Europe out of the broken fragments of the Roman Empire, a writer, whose mind most powerfully influenced that recuperation, has found in this image the most beautiful and varied application to his own troubled life amid that epoch of storms. In an exquisite epistle to Leander, Bishop of Toledo, Gregory the Great makes his existence like to a ship, old and decaying, "*Vetustam ac putrescentem navim*," is his expression. Then he pictures it surrounded with all the difficulties of a tempest-tossed sea, upon which he is driven towards wreck, whilst he weeps remembering the quiet shore he has left in its peace far away. In the introduction to his *Dialogues* he exclaims: "I see myself tossed by the ocean and broken by the tempest. I look back towards the sunny strand." Thirteen hundred years have swept away since those words were written down by him who blended the laurels of earthly fame with the radiance of a saintly aureole; yet human nature is unchanged to those impulses, which true once, are true for ever, and in all places. Here, in a summer morning, in that furthest island of the West, known to the voyagers of his time, across the wrecks of sixty generations of the human race, come feelings which quicken into our thought with the same flush as thrilled in the heart of the Roman prætor in the days of the Lombard invasion. About to tell the story of a life which drifted to misfortune as a bark drifts on a shore of shipwreck, we recur to an image very old—so old that it was used often by one who saw the children of England sold in the market-place of Rome for slaves, who lived in such far times that he beheld the ancestors of the polished Frenchman of our days naked as the Hottentots and uncivilised as the Kaffirs, who regarded the intellectual Teuton as a very demon of destruction, who beheld the Goth the lord of Spain, and saw the barbarian prince and dictator of the world. The record—which we preserve in our pages is a record, brief and meagre—of a life which was freighted with a dower of opportunity and yet was castaway—castaway as many a brave argosy upon hidden rocks in the troublous sea.

On the twenty-fifth day of March, in the year 1510, after mass, in honour of our Lady, had been sung in the church of the little hamlet of La Dolerie, in the parish of Barenton, in the heart of impetuous Normandie, the good villagers had gone to enjoy the recreation afforded by the holiday. The children went to the woods in troops to gather chesnuts, or in that other child's amusement since the days of Adam's firstborn, seeking for birds' nests. The fathers of the village sate

in the porches of their doors, finding it bliss enough to be at rest. The housewives cooked the evening meal with all the native skill of the humblest French *cuisine* in every house of the village all but one, where the wife of Jacques Postel lay in maternal travail. There the wisewoman sat beside her patient, and kindly neighbours came from time to time, anxious for the announcement of the birth, and willing to perform the neglected household offices for the goodman, who had gone to the lonely church to pray. At length when the twilight came on, and the children were gathered in their homes, the news went round the humble community that a son was born to Jeanne and Jacques Postel. There was the usual gathering and the usual merry-making in due time. The good Curé came to sit at the humble board on the day when he baptized the child Guillaume Postel at the little church, and augured good things for the soul which entered this world under the auspices of his Blessed Lady, and the commotion thereafter subsided in the same fashion it always subsides when the charm of novelty is worn away. Then Guillaume Postel got on very much as children always get on who are not heirs to a wealth of the world's goods.

There is no record of his early doings or his early sayings, though the child had the greatest of God's gifts—the endowment of genius,—genius which broke the bonds of poverty, which soared in a wild flight of erratic glory afterward, and in the most intellectual nation of the age, rose beyond all rivalry. There is a record of his early misfortunes. On his eighth birthday, Guillaume Postel sat down by a hearth whereon no fire was lighted; the shades of evening fell on the weeping child, desolate and lonely, mourning the loss of his only friends—the father who provided him with bread, the mother who taught him to pray, and quickened in his soul the impulses of intellectual power which was so fatal a gift to him. The plague had swept the happy village. The good Curé had fallen before it in the midst of his labours. The people for whom he prayed and laboured were almost all gone, and the few survivors had no sympathy amid their own griefs with the orphan child who wanted so much. Out from the dismal home in the pleasant hamlet, where he first saw the light, Guillaume Postel now went forth to seek his bread from charity. Whither he wandered during six years there is no indication; but at the end of six years he is found at another village near Pontoise, teaching school. From whom he derived the education, which enabled him to take that position at fourteen years old, how he derived it—houseless, friendless, and poverty-stricken as he was—is a mystery; but the probability is that he was self-taught. Here he remained for some time extending his own knowledge, and filled with the purpose of proceeding to some of the colleges of Paris in order to avail himself of the facilities for intellectual progress afforded by them. From his scanty earnings he laid by a sum which would suffice him for this purpose, and resigning his charge, shut up his school, and set out on his eventful journey. In order to save expense in Paris, he associated himself

with some other students, but he soon found cause to regret such an event. On the very first night of his residence amongst them the dishonest rascals decamped with his only worldly possessions—his money and his clothes. It was in the depth of winter, and thus robbed of everything, Postel had to remain for very shame in the tumble-down old house his fellow-students had rented, naked and starving, until he was discovered in that state and removed to an hospital, where he remained for two years. At the end of this period he came forth, clad in garments of rags, which had been given him for charity, and filled with his old determination of mental improvement. He went into the country, as it was harvest-time, and was engaged in agricultural labour in Beauce. Here his industry was so great, that he came back to Paris when the harvesting was over clad in a decent costume, and with means to pursue his studies. But knowing that the money he had could not last long in the necessary expenses of college life, he found a way of extending his resources, by acting as servant to some of the professors of the College of Sainte Barbe. His progress in this institution was marvellous. In a short time he outstripped all his classfellows, and distanced every competitor at collegiate distinction. The reputation of his erudition spread beyond the college walls; the story of his poverty and trials gave a touch of romance to his fame. In that time when learning was a true test of intellectual power, great as the difficulty of attaining it, his name reached within the gates of the royal palace. Francis the First—Francis the magnificent—Francis, the first gentleman in Europe, summoned the scholar to the foot of the throne. He was charmed with the youth of the gifted genius; he was touched with his misfortunes, and he determined to afford him opportunity to display his powers of mind. The result of the royal interview was a literary embassy upon which Postel was sent to the East. Whilst there he collected many valuable manuscripts which yet remain evidences of his care and judgment. On this mission he spent the best part of two years. Upon his return he was received with marked distinction at the court, and was appointed royal professor of languages and mathematics. No appointment was more judicious; he knew perfectly the dialects of the East, most of the dead languages, and all the living languages of the civilised world. Until the days of Mezzofanti the earth never saw such a linguist. He had a great and varied genius beside. Gifted with a wonderful memory, a graceful vivacity of intellect, an uncommon penetration, the peasant of La Dolerie became the admiration of the intellectual world of Europe, and the special favourite of its most magnificent monarch. Francis, the king, and the Queen of Navarre, regarded him as the wonder of their age. Charles the Ninth loved to call him his philosopher. The favourite of a court, he became the honour of learning. When he taught in the College of the Lombards, so great was the number of his auditors that the lecture halls could not contain the crowd which congregated to hear him. They

had to be assembled in the court-yard, and from a window above, this fortunate scholar delivered his orations to his audience. The charms of his expositions consisted in the excitement and interest which he created in the mind of the hearer for any of those subjects upon which he expatiated, the peculiarly beautiful language in which he conveyed his vast knowledge, the clearness with which he placed the details before the enquirer, and the happy style of illustration in which he fixed them upon the memory. A very young man, he enjoyed the honours of literature and the deference of power for many years, until he became involved in his friendship for the Chancellor Poyet in the vengeance of the Queen of Navarre and the Duchess D'Etampes—against that functionary—the former the sister of the king, the latter his mistress. And this occurred when Postel was yet only thirty-two years old. This event changed the course of happiness in which Postel's life had been directed, embittered his days, drove him into exile, and heaped trial upon trial upon him, under which his intellect in some measure gave way, and his genius lost the direction of his judgment.

The Chancellor Poyet was one of the most learned and eloquent men in France.¹ Great in his influence at the Court, he had always used the power it gave him to serve Postel, who was in some sort his protégé. There was much to bind the two men together. The Chancellor, old and powerful, felt the memory of the days of his own struggle of youthful genius plead strongly for the gifted peasant-philosopher. He recognised and admired in Postel mental powers beyond those which had rendered him so successful in life, and he determined that every step which he could make easy for the path of the rising genius, should be smoothed as far as his exertions could effect. It was by royal favour he owed the advance of his own talent to one of the first offices of the state. When young and comparatively unknown, he had been chosen by Louise of Savoy, the mother of Francis the First, to sustain her pretensions against the Constable de Bourbon. His eloquence gained her cause, and the Princess obtained for him the appointment of Advocate-general. From this point of his career, his life was a continued success. Step by step he rose, until he attained the dignity of Chancellor of France. In the enjoyment of that position, he found Postel, poor and gifted, when he had the power to advance him, and his kindness was showered upon the head of the friendless man. To his exertions was mainly due the favour of the French Court, which had such influence on the advance of Postel afterwards. To his honour, be it told, that when the Chancellor was degraded and ostracised from the Court, he remained true to his old friend, and remained true when he knew it meant ruin to himself.

The matter happened in this way. The Chancellor having received a command from the King, to decree some letters of form which he had at first rejected, although accompanied with a recommendation from the Duchess D'Etampes, met with the Queen of Navarre, who asked a favour from him. The Chan-

cellor, feeling the sting of the recent use made of female influence with the King, replied to her request in a tone of chagrin. "This all comes," said he "of ladies meddling at court. Not content to exercise a despotic empire, they desire to dominate over the highest magistrates, to make them violate even the strongest laws of the realm." The chancellor only intended here, to make allusion to the influence of the Duchess over Francis, but the Queen of Navarre took them as an allusion to herself. She turned towards the apartments of the duchess, and with her, agreed to ruin the Chancellor. Their plans succeeded so well that he was arrested in 1542, he was deprived of all his dignities by decree of Parliament, declared unworthy to retain any office under the Crown, mulcted in a fine of one hundred thousand livres, and confined during five years to any district commanded by the king. There is no doubt that many of the charges brought against the Chancellor were substantiated, but there is no doubt that they never would have been laid against him, but for the enmity of those ladies.

It was to this fallen man that Postel attached himself, with a rare and honourable fidelity. When the tongue of scandal was loudest against him, Postel stood up to defend him everywhere. His voice was heard in this cause of gratitude from the professorial chair, and in the echoes of the throne. He never hesitated as to which part he should take, and stood alone in defence of his benefactor and friend. Under such circumstances the shadows of adversity fell around him once more, and the Queen of Navarre, irritated by his exertions for Poyet, had him deprived of his places, and drove him from the country.

Obliged to quit France he went to Vienna. There he remained during some time, but the enmity of the royal lady drove him away from that place. He journeyed to Rome, and in the Eternal City he became a Jesuit; he remained free from the designs of persecution in the asylum of that metropolis, whose glory it is, that its gates were never shut upon the unfortunate. During nearly two years, Postel was without a single cause of trouble as far as his position was concerned. He enjoyed every adjunct of contentment except one, and that one was tranquillity of mind. Symptoms of aberration of intellect manifested themselves in his conduct here, so far that he was deprived of his faculties, and placed in a *Maison de Santé*. In this house he was kept during one year; at the end of that period he was given his choice of departure, whither he pleased. He chose to go to Venice. Here he met with an old maid, remembered in his works as "*la mere Jeanne*," who took advantage of the fallen intellect to trample upon it. Poor Postel would seem to have become in this woman's hands an instrument for perpetrating folly. She filled the shattered genius with the notion that the redemption of women was not yet accomplished, and that her effort was needed for the work. Drifting into idiotcy, the scholar, the philosopher, the man of acute reason, became the sport of a charlatan. Filled with this extravagant and foolish notion, he published a work about

this ancient Joanna Southcote, entitled, "Some very wonderful victories of women of the New World, and how they ought in consequence to command all the world, even those who rule the Old World." The Venetian government had him arrested in consequence of his strange doctrines, and the scandal they created; but finding him to be insane, they opened his prison gates and bade him go forth, on the condition that he should leave their city. Again he made his way into Germany; and went to the court of the Emperor Ferdinand, who received him with great kindness, and had him appointed to a chair in the University of Vienna, where he taught with his old reputation for some time. But the great mind was a wreck, driven about at the sport of the sorrows that haunted him. Volume after volume issued from his pen, filled with new errors, which stamped him as a madman. He fell into astrology, and became lost in its maze of error; he read the rabbins, and wandered away into drivelling folly. He proclaimed that one day women should rule the world. He asserted that the soul of Adam had entered into his body; and that he held the secret of perpetual youth. He declared that the angels were sent to him from heaven, and that one of them, Raziël, had revealed to him the divine secrets. With such extraordinary wanderings of intellect, poor Postel lost his classes, and saw at last not a solitary student before his desk. Then came the longing of home on the benighted intellect—the fair and glorious land of his people arose before the vision of the broken exile, and he rose up, determined to seek the country of his love. He bade adieu to the prince, whose kindness even his follies could not overcome, and set forth for home. Home—poor broken-hearted genius! he sought a grave amongst his kindred—for his time in the world grew short—his wanderings were nearly over. Home at length he came, and wrote a retractation to the Queen, who established him once more in his old position of professor to the Royal College.

But his mind had lost its stay. For many a year the sport of the breath of misfortune, he had been driven from all those ties which secure the soul from drifting into error; and now he had no chart of principle to guide him, for the light of reason was gone for ever from his tortured gaze. He made use of his opportunities to spread his follies; and in charity he was placed, as in an asylum, in the monastery of Saint Martin-in-the-fields, near Paris. Here the kindness of the good monks smoothed the passage of the disappointed man, on the road which ends at the gate of eternity. The calm and cheerfulness of the life he led quieted the disturbed and broken heart. The clouded intellect grew bright in the light which descends from heaven; and illumed by faith, purified by sorrow, the reclaimed visionary died in that peace which is of God. The hand of revolution has swept away the traces of the monastery and of the cemetery wherein a hospitable piety gave him his grave. The footsteps of time have trodden on the ashes of his memory, and almost blotted them out. Of all the varied and remarkable works of this man, so renowned in his period, there are not over the world ten men who

have glanced at them in our day, although they were once the glory or reproach of his age. We have recalled his memory here to suggest a homily upon earthly fame, and to tell the weakness of brightest gifts.

This was truly a child of genius. Such was his facility for acquiring any language, that he boasted of himself that he was a naturalised citizen wherever the sound of human speech was heard. His intellect was varied in its powers—he was distinguished as a philosopher, as well as a linguist; and his knowledge of mathematical science was unsurpassed in his century. This vast mental ability became his passport to the halls of princes, where the graces of his conversation and the ingenuousness of his manner made him a favourite. Born in the humility of poverty—he had overcome, by the force of his talents, the terrible obstacles which barred his advancement. Whilst yet a very young man he had attained the greatest fame, and had extended his reputation wherever learning was prized in the world. Author of a perfect flood of books, which deluged the literature of his time—the man dreamed of immortality. Who, in the heyday of his early fame, could doubt it? No one had greater opportunity, and none seemed to have higher powers to win it. Now a few lovers of antique curiosities possess some of the quaint volumes, which had their birth of his prolific brain, and the reputation which was so wide-spread has almost its only resting-place on the title page of tomes which are never read, and which, as one by one of their curators drop away, may, by some ruder souls, be disposed of as mere rubbish. Then, indeed, the fame of a great genius is utterly lost, his labours disappointed, and his life a ghostly shadow, dimly seen far down through the distant years. This is a poor human cast-away; let us read the lesson of his life solemnly.

What is existence, after all, but a frail ship voyaging upon the treacherous waters of time. Just as evanescent, just as uncertain, just with as weak hold of memory. Many and many a bark goes over the sea, laden with great hopes, and sailing before the breeze, with sunshine in its track, and prosperity smiling before it. Some go down in unknown seas, and never reach land again. Some founder in the terrible grasp of a wild cyclone, and some are dashed on hidden rocks, which strand them on destruction. Others, more fortunate, go their courses through the appointed journeyings, and, at last broken up in harbour, they fall to pieces under the rave and fret of that sea,

“Whose waves are years,
Brackish with the salt of human tears.”

The wrecks of the lost life are hidden away as ever were the broken timbers of a shattered argosy. A few scattered memories flung by accustomed doors tell the tale of ruin. A record on a tombstone, like a merchant's entry—a talk of ventures in haunts familiar—and the end is come! Then there is the earthly oblivion, which shadows men and things. Invoices and bills of lading are sold, many a time, for waste paper, and fall into that perdition of usefulness wherein their facilities are reck-

oned by their worthlessness. So tombstones wear with the wind and rain—grow defaced in the heats of summer, and the frost of gloomy winter nights;—the hind needs a hearthstone, and he takes a sepulchral monument—the barbarian wants to light a fire, and he finds an old book—remnant of a lost fame. Need we pursue the parallel of the moralist of the Cœlian hill further than this, in our application of it to the story of a shipwrecked life?

REMINISCENCES OF A WANDERER.

FRENCH AFRICA—A DESERTER.

“Tiens! lieutenant! something tremendously heavy has fallen on deck!” I observed to a French officer who lay near me in a hard berth on board the steamer *le Castor*, as we were awakened about midnight by a loud, sharp noise over head.

“Soyez tranquille—’tis only a cannon-shot,” answered my companion drowsily.

“A cannon-shot! what can that be for?” I exclaimed.

“Parbleu! we are in Africa; there goes the anchor,” cried the lieutenant, as the rattling of the chain cable running out now reached our ears.

“In Africa!” I shouted, jumping from my berth, and rushing half-dressed upon deck.

I was, of course, perfectly aware that the African coast was our destination, and that a few days' voyage from Toulon must have conveyed us thither, yet the announcement came upon me by surprise. In Africa! was it possible? At the present day, when travelling has become such an easy and commonplace relaxation, I could find few to sympathise in the emotions which I felt. But to me, then, travelling was at once a novelty and a day-dream of happiness. In early life my horizon had been bounded by some intersections of thickset hedges, save where a ridge of blue hills broke in upon their monotony, and where one bright speck of the distant sea was visible; but there I feasted my youthful imagination, many a day, with the narratives of famous travellers and circumnavigators; I fancied that that speck of sea was the doorway to all that was wonderful and interesting, and that there was no happiness like that of visiting foreign climes. I set out on my journeying, with all the naïveté and enthusiasm of youth; and here I was, after many wanderings, many difficulties surmounted, far from old familiar scenes, in that land of mystery and romance—the country of the Ethiop and the Moor!

The glare of a revolving light first met my eyes as I ascended the deck of the steamer, and when its dazzling effect subsided, a vast whitish object resembling a hill covered with snow to its base, stood before me. This was the famed city of Algiers itself. Bismillah! it filled my heart with joy to behold it; and at length when I was driven below by the chilling breeze—for it was January, and at such a season there may be chilling night breezes even in Africa—I retired for the remaining

hours of the night to dream of turbaned Moors, ferocious corsairs, veiled beauties, and various other things which the names of Algiers and Africa suggested to the imagination.

I was not slow next morning in preparing to disembark; but with the exception of myself, all the passengers seemed to have some definite object for their journey. I had none. When we landed, all, except myself, had friends to meet them, or else proceeded without loss of time to their several destinations. I was left alone on the jetty amidst a group of young Negroes and Arabs, who quarrelled among themselves for the carriage of my scanty luggage, and stunned me with their uproar of guttural sounds, all of which were quite unintelligible to me. A company of soldiers who had landed from the steamer were among the last who left, and perceiving that I was then the only European who remained on the spot, I awoke from my indecision, and suffered a lank young Arab, with a short bernous or hooded cloak hanging from his head, to carry my portmanteau, which he had already wrested from a couple of Negroes, and to accompany me I knew not whither. He addressed me repeatedly in Arabic, inquiring, no doubt, which way I wished to go, but I was even with the fellow, for I answered him in Irish—a language which, I am sure was just as strange to him as his was to me.

For a while there was no great difficulty, as there was but one way to get out of the place in which we then were. We accordingly proceeded under the great vaults of the old Moorish custom-house, and along the Mole, where it seemed hopeless to apply for information to any whom I saw; and then by the Rue de la Marine to the Place du Gouvernement, which was still crowded with market-people, as it was early in the forenoon.

Up to that time—it was then the fourth year of the French occupation—the Moorish character of Algiers had been very slightly altered. Names of streets had been changed, but the streets themselves remained the same. A vast number of old houses must have been removed to clear the open space called the Place du Gouvernement, but only half a dozen European houses had yet been erected there; the lines of fine buildings which have since nearly encircled that spacious square were not yet even contemplated; and the streets of Bab-el-Ouad and Bab-Azoun, now elegant and convenient thoroughfares, did not yet contain even one European structure. The mass of the population was also Oriental. There were people of all nations scattered among them, and the French soldiers were numerous enough, but in the throng which now surrounded me, those who wore "Christian" costume were comparatively so few as to be lost among the swarthy followers of Moses and Mohammed.

Keeping a watchful eye on my Arab porter, who, indeed, followed close enough in my wake to remove all suspicions of any dishonest intention, I looked about for a European of respectable appearance, and at length accosted one whom I saw looking listlessly at a group

of Arab market-people wrangling about some affair of a few centimes.

"Pardon, Monsieur," I commenced, interrupting the stranger's study, at the same time that I raised my hat a few inches from my head: "*Auriez vous la bonté de me donner quelques renseignements sur—*"

"No entendo Frances, Señor; soi estrangero," said the stranger, interrupting me.

I bowed, and knew just enough of his language to mutter his own popular "*C—jo!*" as I turned away.

I commenced repeating my question to a person whom I met a short distance from the former, and had also got about half way through it, when he too cut me short.

"Ich bin Deutsch," said the second stranger.

"A plague on this modern Babel!" I exclaimed in my own vernacular, and darting off at a tangent, with my Arab porter still close behind, I entered the street of Bab-el-Ouad—I thought I should like to take up my quarters in a street with such an Eastern name—and after proceeding about a hundred yards further, the thrice-welcome word "*Auberge*" caught my eye on a board extending across an extremely narrow passage to the left. It was the sign-board of a *hostellerie* at No. 8, Rue du Commerce. The landlord was a dirty Marseillais, and every thing in his inn was filthy and inconvenient, the cold of January not having been able, as I soon discovered, to affect the mosquitoes in the dingy bedrooms with their annual torpidity; but the advantage of being somewhere where one could make their wants understood covered for the nonce a multitude of faults.

Every one has heard of the Irish peasant who, having gone as far as Boulogne in search of his absentee landlord, was astonished on hearing the children talk French, which the biggest boys going to school in his own country found it so difficult to learn. Something akin to his astonishment were my feelings when I heard the Algerine *gamins*, with their shaved heads and red skull-caps, call one another by such outlandish names as Mohammed and Ibrahim, Aroun and Hassan. A man might be much more comfortable at home; not a doubt of it. But these strange sights and sounds were some compensation, methought, for much discomfort; and few circumstances amused me more than to see those ragged and sunburnt little Alis and Omars pulling equally ragged and diminutive Mohammeds and Aboubekrs by the ears, while they and other namesakes of the illustrious Orientals were rolling together in the dust by the road side.

I had now ample opportunity for examining that strange mass of low, flat-roofed, white-washed houses, which, piled above each other, in a triangular form, on the steep side of a hill, constitute the city of Algiers, and upon which I had gazed with wonder the preceding night from the deck of *Le Castor*. The base of the triangle extended along the shore, and was formed of the street of Bab-el-Ouad, or Water-gate, to the west, and that of Bab Azoun to the east, with the Place du Gouvernement in the centre; these thoroughfares, together with the Rue de la Marine, which leads to the

Mole, being the only places within the city walls through which any kind of wheeled vehicle could pass. All the other "streets" were either steep, filthy, and irregular flights of steps, leading to the higher parts of the town, or dark and intricate passages traversing them at all angles; and these "streets"—for we must apply that term to them—were frequently not wide enough to allow more than two foot passengers to walk abreast, and were often covered in completely by the projection of the upper stories of the houses. Goods of all kinds, building materials, rubbish, etc., are conveyed through these passages in hampers, on the backs of donkeys, and the passenger is frequently arrested in his progress by a train of some thirty or forty of these donkeys, driven by Arabs or Negroes, who shout incessantly, "guarda, guarda!" while he has no other resource than to hold his back as firmly as possible against the nearest wall, and make the best effort he can not to be carried away by the deluge of donkeys and drivers. Sometimes the streets are too narrow to allow two persons to pass each other without an accommodating movement edgewise, an encounter with donkeys at such points being a serious affair; and, on the whole, this labyrinth of narrow, crooked passages would be perfectly inextricable to a stranger, unless he took care to guide himself by the acclivity or declivity of the ground.

The domestic architecture of the Moors is still the same as that which they imported into Spain more than a thousand years ago, and which is, to the present day, the ordinary style of Cadiz, Seville, and Grenada. The houses rarely exceed two storeys in height, and consist chiefly of a small open court in the centre, surrounded by covered galleries, supported by slender, twisted columns, with horse-shoe arches, the narrow chambers opening into these galleries, and seldom having any window towards the street. Immediately within the outer door is a small vestibule, furnished with rush matting, where, in the houses of Mussulmans, male visitors are received, the only peep that can be obtained into the interior, being that which the prying Franks get by peering over the parapets of the adjoining houses, or of those situated higher on the hill side. This practice of "peeping" had been carried to such an extent, after the French occupation, and had interfered so fatally with the domestic peace of the Mussulmans, that these latter sought refuge in the highest parts of the town, and such of them as were able emigrated, as soon as they could, to places unpolluted by Christians. Previous to the conquest, the Moors were engaged in commerce or piracy, or in the least laborious trades; they had no taste for agriculture, although the rich men among them had villas in the neighbourhood of the city. At the time to which I refer, however, all the villas had become deserted, and had fallen into ruins; and few of the race remained behind except the very poorest, who, with their indolent habits and the increased prices of the necessaries of life, were generally unable to make out a subsistence without relief from the state.

It is on the Place du Gouvernement that the motley

population of Algiers can best be studied, and I firmly believe there is not another spot of the same size in the world where such a medley of races can be found at any given moment. There we meet the Berbers and Kabyles from Mount Atlas, Bedouins of the Sahara, Arabs from the neighbouring villages of the Tel, with their respective garden or mountain produce for sale; Israelite pedlars, with their wares spread out beneath little ragged awnings; phlegmatic Moors, with cloak on shoulder and pipe in mouth; lounging Koulonglis, with snow-white turbans; Negroes, male and female, whose nakedness is scarcely covered, and who were transformed by the French conquest from slaves to servants; French soldiers of all arms, and their pretty vivandières; hungry Poles, who have nothing to do; German agriculturists, who came to colonize the land; sharp-looking French speculators, of dubious honesty; roguish Maltese servants, belonging to the Genoese *trattorias* or to the respectable houses of the quartier de la Marine; also plenty of Maltese fishmongers, sailors from Majorca and Sardinia, swarthy Catalans, dark-eyed Spanish girls, with high combs and mantillas; Mauresque women, all enveloped in white muslin; pensive-looking Jewesses, with their *sarmaks*, or cone-shaped bonnets; an occasional Greek, Egyptian, or Syrian, and heaven knows how many other representatives of distinct nationalities and races. It is a glorious place for a lecture on ethnology; scarcely any type of the human family is absent; a man with any amount of observation becomes an ethnologist there in spite of himself.

One sunny morning, a week after my arrival, I was enjoying my usual stroll on the Place, and listening to the babel of strange tongues around me, when a familiar tap on the shoulder called my attention to the very unexpected presence of an old acquaintance.

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" I exclaimed; "what on earth has brought you here, Manzoni, and in that garb?"

"Well, I was just about asking you the same question," was the reply.

"But, you perceive, I wear my own clothes, such as they are, whilst you have put on the livery of the King of France."

"Then, the mystery is the greater on your part, for, as to mine, my dress sufficiently explains why I am to be met at Algiers."

"Well, I must confess," I rejoined, "that nothing of a very practical nature has brought me here; but, Manzoni, I am grieved to see you in a soldier's uniform. Have you abandoned the arts?"

The young man shook his head.

"And the feuilletons?" I added.

"They would not supply clothes and bread," he said, bitterly.

"And your sister; where does she remain?"

"My sister continues in the employment of Madame C—," he replied; "mais moi, mon ami, moi—vous voyez"—and the poor fellow struggled to suppress a tear.

After a moment he continued—"Finding that it was utterly impossible for me to be of any assistance to her,

flooding too, that I could never hope to succeed as an artist, and that my scribbling in the feuilletons could scarcely keep body and soul together, I engaged myself as a private in the Foreign Legion, to be sent on the African service, and they have already raised me to the rank of sergeant fourrier. But this kind of life disgusts me."

"You may, however, calculate on speedy promotion," I observed, with an effort to afford consolation.

Again Manzoni shook his head despondingly.

"Heaven preserve you from knowing what the life of a soldier is!" he said. "To a man of intellectual and literary habits it is intolerable; but," he added hastily, "I must away to the *Etat Major*; this day I am in town on duty, but next week I hope to obtain permission to come in on my own account; and, in the mean time, come to see me at the *Maison Carrée*, where our battalion is stationed. Come, and you shall be welcome."

So saying he shook me heartily by the hand, rejoined some of his comrades, who had been waiting for him, and disappeared under one of the arches of the old Moorish edifice called the *Janina*.

Alas! poor young Achille Manzoni! Though yet only beginning life, he had tasted some of its bitterest draughts. His father, who had fled from his native Italy after one of the popular outbreaks in that country, resided for many years as a political exile in Paris, where he endeavoured to eke out an existence as a second-rate, or rather third-rate artist; and at length he died, leaving no other patrimony to his two orphan children, Achille and Madalena, than a mental cultivation and refinement of ideas far, very far, above their means. Shortly after his death his daughter was taken as an apprentice by a respectable *couturière*, in the *Rue St. Denis*, and Achille endeavoured, though, as it appeared in vain, to obtain employment in his father's profession. Under these circumstances, the step he had taken was, perhaps, the only one that remained for him.

I did not neglect paying my friend a visit at his quarters, although I was not prepared beforehand for the difficulty of reaching there. The *Maison Carrée* is an isolated fortress, situated between five and six miles to the east of the city. The way thither lay from the gate of *Bab-Azoun*, by the camp and village of *Mustafa*, and over the deep sands which cover, to a great distance, the shores of the crescent-shaped bay, at the western horn of which *Algiers* is situated. Sometimes, among the low sand-hills, the view was cut off on every side, and the danger of meeting a small party of *Kabyles* in such a position was by no means a trifle. Little, indeed, did I know its exact value at the time I first ventured there. However, after halting for refreshment at the Moorish coffee-house of *Hammah*, and crossing the shallow waters of the *Haratch*, by its fine old Moorish bridge, with Gothic arches, I entered the gate of the *Maison Carrée*, a few minutes before the dusk of evening set in. One of my first proceedings, after seeing my friend, was to inquire where I should find a lodging for the night. I had no knowledge whatever of the nature of the coun-

try, but my friend took me outside the gate before cannon-shot, and from a small eminence showed me all its dreariness. All around the fortress extended a bleak and pathless wilderness, as far as the eye could reach; there was no hospitable roof to afford shelter; and, except the fort itself and the line of block-houses extending to the *Mitidja*, and which marked the actual limits of French occupation at that time, no human habitation was visible. Thus, I was glad to share for the night the rough hospitality of the soldier; listening all the evening to stories of the war, and then retiring to rest in a hammock, slung from the roof of a bomb-proof gallery, to be awakened in the morning by the sound of cannon and beat of drum. In fine, I was led to understand that my walk from *Algiers* that evening was a rash proceeding, and one which few Europeans would have been willing to undertake alone.

It was not long before the period of my visit, when the neighbourhood of the *Maison Carrée* had been the scene of some fearful incidents, which were related to me on this occasion. A foraging party left the fort at an early hour one morning, and directed its course towards the plain of the *Mitidja*, but they had not been gone much more than an hour when a distant sound of musketry announced to their friends behind that they had encountered some *Hadjoutes*, or wandering tribes of *Kabyles*, from *Mount Atlas*. A detachment was immediately ordered from the fort, for their relief, but, unfortunately, it was entrusted to the command of an officer destitute of the bravery necessary for the occasion. The report of musketry continued to guide the march of the reinforcement, and the steps of the brave fellows who hastened to the relief of their comrades were neither slow nor measured, but when they arrived at a spot whence the sounds of the battle were distinctly audible, the commanding officer suddenly ordered a halt. He called his subalterns about him, and said he did not think they were in sufficient force to expose themselves to an enemy of unknown strength. The position which they then occupied was strong, and if their comrades could fall back upon them, they might be able to sustain them; but if one officer chose, by his carelessness, to march his men into an enemy's ambuscade, he did not see why another should risk his in a rash attempt to rescue them. The other officers dissented from the dastardly opinion, and hinted at the barbarity of suffering their comrades to be massacred within their very hearing, without making an effort to succour them. The men, on understanding the nature of the deliberation, went farther still; they murmured aloud, and showed an inclination to break their ranks, and run, against orders, to the scene of slaughter; but the commanding officer was inexorable, and, riding along the line, he swore that any man who dared to leave the ranks would be shot that instant. Thus did the detachment remain under arms and immoveable, on the brow of a small eminence, for about half an hour. The firing was becoming less frequent, and the men imagined they could distinguish those shots which were fired from the French muskets, and which were gradually becoming fewer and

fewer until the firing altogether ceased. They still remained a while watching anxiously for any of their comrades to appear in the distance, but to no purpose. Not one of these ever returned to relate the incidents of that bloody conflict. The detachment then marched back to their quarters in gloomy silence; but the account the men gave of their own proceedings on their return produced fearful excitement within the ramparts of the *Maison Carrée*. The soldiers murmured loudly against the conduct of the officer, and even against that of the detachment in general for not having acted against orders; and the fortress might be considered in a state of mutiny, which the other officers, in their disgust for the cowardice of the commander of the reinforcement, did not take much pains to repress. In the evening the men took a bloody and barbarous vengeance into their own hands. They went out in small parties to the bridge over the *Haratch*, lay in wait there for any unfortunate Arabs who were returning to their *dashekra*s or villages, from the market of Algiers, and murdered them, without mercy and without exception. It mattered not that these poor Arabs belonged to friendly tribes, or that they lived under the protection of French laws; the infuriated soldiery were resolved to avenge the death of their slaughtered comrades upon all who wore the haik or the burnous; and being unwilling, from a fantastic notion of honour, to stain French swords and bayonets with the blood of the unarmed, they tied stones in the ends of stockings, and with these rude weapons dashed out the brains of their unfortunate victims, whom they first pulled defenceless from their camels. This brutal work of death was carried on to a late hour, and I am not aware that it was ever investigated by the authorities.

My friend, Achille Manzoni, looked ill and dejected during my visit at the *Maison Carrée*. He was reserved, as we were seldom for a moment alone, but I observed that he was treated with respect and deference by all, even by his superior officers, and that he was regarded as a gentleman and a man of education, although placed by circumstances in a subordinate rank in the French army. It was some days after when I received a visit from him at the house of old Mardochai, in the street of Locdor, whither I had removed from the filthy inn of the *Rue du Commerce*. I was leaning over the parapet of the terrace roof, looking out upon the vast and tranquil bosom of the Mediterranean, and upon that strange city, the greater part of which lay beneath me—sometimes, too, being unable to prevent my eye from resting on a fair Moresque, who sat unveiled to take the air on a neighbouring terrace—when my musings were interrupted by my friend's voice in the small central court below. I went down to receive him, and at his suggestion we descended towards the gate of *Bab-el-Ouad*, and thence strolled out into the country.

Immediately outside that gate of Algiers was once the great Moorish cemetery, covering nearly as much ground as the city itself. Each tomb was enclosed with a wall, and in many instances assumed the shape of a

small mosque or marabout. One of the first proceedings of the French after the conquest was to demolish these tombs, the Mohammedans being permitted to remove the bones of their deceased friends to a new cemetery at a greater distance from the town, and the site of the old being cleared to make room for a botanic garden and a *Champ de Mars*, or military parade. This place has since been converted into a magnificent suburb, and the old boundary of the city in that quarter has quite disappeared; but at the time I refer to the work of improvement had been little more than begun, and a great many of the Moorish tombs still remained, though in a neglected and dilapidated state.

Having passed these old Mohammedan sepulchres, we next traversed in our walk the Israelitish burial ground, distinguished by its small, nearly flat, and whitened graves strewn over the surface of the field; and continuing our course in the direction of the Garden of the Dey and the *Pointe Pescade*—our path enclosed by high hedges of aloes and Barbary fig-trees—we reached a place about two miles from the city, where the road approaches within some hundred feet of the steep seashore. In this solitary spot was the then small cemetery of the Christians. A few melancholy-looking wooden crosses peeped over the brow of the sea-beaten precipice, the murmur of the waves was heard from below, and the whole aspect of the place, on that heathenish shore looking towards the distant land whence the Christians came, was exceedingly mournful.

'Tis singular," observed Manzoni, "that our path this evening should have lain through so many of the dwellings of the dead! I have often walked this way, and yet I have never remarked before that it is almost a continued necropolis. Perhaps," he added, sorrowfully, "it is only among the dead that we shall ever meet again."

"Why," I replied, "that is a supposition which, in this ephemeral life of ours, we might make at any of our meetings; but surely there is no more reason for it now than at any other time. Who would have thought that we should meet, as we have done, on the shores of Africa?"

"Ay! true; and under such circumstances! Dio mio!" he ejaculated, "under such circumstances! Amico," he added, "'tis fortunate indeed that I have met you. You will make some inquiries about my fate, and you will bear some tidings of me to the only one in Europe for whom I now care."

"My friend," I rejoined, "you seem overwhelmed with sadness. Your nerves are, no doubt, affected by ill health, and as it is getting late we shall leave this lonely spot."

The sun, which stood low over the summit of Mount Boujareah when we were setting out, was now, indeed, descending into the waves beyond the headland of Sidi Ferruch, and it was time to think of returning to the city.

"My nerves are not affected, and my health is good," he said.

"Then perhaps you are in love," said I, laughing, and trying to rally him on his low spirits.

"And what then?" he replied. "People sneer and rail at love in others, forgetting that they have succumbed to it themselves. For my part I would set little value on the man whose heart has not at some time or other throbbed with the pulsations of pure and fervent love."

.. "Well, be it so; but surely, Achille, your heart has not been captivated by any of those shapeless masses of white muslin we see moving through the streets of Algiers—I mean the Moresque ladies. Your taste, I am sure, is too good for that."

"You do me justice," he said, with a slight smile.

"Well, Achille," I said, still bantering him, "now that we have come at the nature of your ailment, why are you so dejected, man? Mind, I am not led by any curiosity to inquire into your secrets; but I detest your moping lovers. They always think that their own case is one of peculiar difficulty and misfortune, and they sink at once into despondency."

"My case unfortunately affords too much cause for despondency."

"She is not a Moorish beauty, you say?"

"No."

"Then, perhaps, some soft-eyed maid of Israel?"

"You are wrong again."

"Well, I am not inquisitive, and I shall not probe your feelings any farther."

"Amico," said Manzoni, "I have sought this opportunity to disclose to you my feelings. I must tell you my secret; and, although you may laugh at me outright, I must begin by telling you that I am hopelessly and desperately in love with an Arab maid. When you have heard all the circumstances of the affair you will, perhaps, be more ready to excuse my present state of dejection."

"Forgive me, Achille," I said, "if I have treated too lightly a matter which is so important to you; but this affair of an Arab girl savours so much of romance that it interests me deeply."

"I shall tell you all about it," he rejoined, "and that in as few words as possible."

He then proceeded, without any interruption from me, to narrate the following particulars:—

"About six months since, in the march of the army by Millianah, to subdue the tribes of the Cheliff, a small force of about five hundred men, of whom I was one, was detached to execute a razzia on some Arab villages, and to scour a difficult defile in the chain of Little Atlas. The duty was a perilous one, and was performed with a spirited dash. The spoils which we carried off consisted of a few hundred heads of cattle, and only twelve prisoners, whom we discovered in a ravine concealed at no great distance from a village which we had just committed to the flames. Of the prisoners three were old men, as many more were children, and the remainder were women, two of these being evidently persons of distinction, and four being negroes, who appeared to be their attendants. Of the

two superior women one was a young girl of surpassing loveliness. Amico mio! she was one of the most beautiful creatures in human form which eyes have ever beheld. Her figure was light, graceful and elastic; her features were cast in the finest oriental mould, and her large, soft eyes, moistened with tears, betrayed, in the midst of sorrow and terror, such intelligence and such gentleness of soul as might have belonged to a maiden reared in the lap of Christian refinement. She was wounded in the arm, and all her fellow-prisoners seemed most anxious to alleviate her suffering. The wound was inflicted in a singular way. In the affray which ensued upon the discovery of the prisoners and other hostile Arabs in the ravine—which, I should tell you, was overgrown with prickly fig-trees and wild olives—this girl's father was among the first who fell mortally wounded, and her brother, a fine athletic youth, then fired at her point blank to prevent her from falling alive into the hands of the Christians. However, he only wounded her near the shoulder, and he himself fell the next moment pierced with two or three bullets. It was my lot to be one of the party who had charge of the female prisoners; I showed them all the attention which lay in my power; two or three times I saved this lovely girl from insult; and having, to gratify my natural taste for languages, acquired some knowledge of Arabic immediately after my arrival in Algiers, I was able to express to her my sympathy, and to tell her, without any danger of being understood by my fellow-soldiers, that I would die to protect her from any injury. I cannot tell you what an effect my words and manner seemed to produce upon her. Her looks towards me were full of expression, full of confidence; when I approached the camel on which she rode during the march, she seemed happy, and I felt that if she could love a Christian she loved me. On our arrival in Algiers our female prisoners excited the liveliest interest. I should have stated that the second Arab female was considerably the senior of the young girl I have described, but was also very beautiful, and excited special interest by the gracefulness of her costume and her sad but dignified demeanour. I saw her and her companion but once while in the city, and that time but for a moment. The young girl looked on me as if she had met some dear friend in the midst of a wilderness, and that look has left an impression on my heart that never can be effaced. I was delighted to find a few days after that the prisoners had been exchanged. It seemed, of course, to be an eternal separation between me and one whose image had become the very idol of my soul; but still I was delighted, because I thought that she was thus removed from danger, and restored in safety to people of her own race. From that moment I have thought of nothing but her; strange ideas have taken possession of me; strange projects rise up in my mind, nor can I expel them from it. You may call it infatuation, madness, anything you please, but, my dear friend, passion is a terrible thing, and when it has obtained possession of our poor, weak nature, 'tis all in vain to struggle with it."

"Achille," said I, at length breaking in on his wild statement, "that is a false and dangerous maxim. We can and must struggle against our passions; and remember you have duties——"

"Amico mio! I pray you do not argue with me; your arguments may puzzle my reason, but cannot reach my heart."

"Then what do you propose to do, Achille?"

"Escape to the mountains."

"You mean desert to the Arabs."

"Desert implies dishonour; the word sickens me."

"Yet it is, nevertheless, the true term to describe such an act."

"Remember," said Manzoni, with earnestness, "that I am not a Frenchman. I have entered this service as a momentary expedient, driven to it by necessity. I detest this soldier's life. I like many of the gallant fellows with whom I am associated, but I loathe the military profession. Under ordinary circumstances I would rather die than have a stigma cast upon my name; but the position in which I am now placed changes everything, and I can see no dishonour in the course which I propose."

"And your chevrons," I remarked.

"I shall tear them off, or try another expedient to get rid of them," he replied impatiently.

"Achille, you are mad!"

"Not so mad either," he rejoined. "I shall make my way to the mountains—those blue precipitous heights of Atlas, toward which my longing eyes and my yearning heart are turned every day since I met my loved one; I shall find the spot where she dwells; I shall perform some service for her tribe to win her hand, as I know that I have already won her heart; I shall penetrate with her to some oasis in the great southern desert; perhaps I may be able, by some circuitous route, to return with her to Europe, and there introduce to my beloved sister my glorious Arab bride. O amico mio! with such a prospect before me do not say I am mad!" and the poor fellow pressed my hand fervently in both of his.

"To me the case seems hopeless," I said.

"Full of peril, but not hopeless," he rejoined; and as we had by this time entered the city, and reached the Place du Gouvernement, he bid me a last adieu, having previously committed to my charge a locket with his hair, and an amber bracelet, to give his sister whenever I should return to Paris.

Some months elapsed before I heard anything more of Achille Manzoni; for, cognisant as I was of his intention, I did not wish to be seen making inquiries about him; but it appeared that in a day or two after our interview he disappeared from his quarters; having previously, as I subsequently learned, caused himself, by an intentional act of disobedience, to be reduced to the rank of private soldier, and thus to be relieved from his responsibility of sergeant fourrier. Months, as I have said, elapsed, and I had indeed almost ceased to think about my unfortunate friend, when one day a soldier of the Foreign Legion made me

out with some difficulty, and told me that my Italian, as he called him, and another deserter, had been captured in Mount Atlas, habited and armed as Bedouins; that they had been tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot; that several of the officers had made intercession for poor Manzoni, but in vain. The discipline of the army was very rigid, and with fresh hostilities impending, the authorities were resolved just then to enforce it with the utmost rigour. In fine, that the two unhappy men were to be shot at an early hour next morning, and that Manzoni had desired to have, if possible, one moment's interview with me before he died.

I was thunderstruck and horrified at this intelligence, and lost no time in hastening to the camp of Mustafa, where the head-quarters of the Foreign Legion then were. Without much difficulty I obtained access to the cell of the condemned man. I could scarcely recognise my unhappy friend. He had got his head shaved among the Arabs, and although the hair had commenced to grow, he was still nearly bald; his features were haggard, and his complexion perfectly browned by the sun of the Sahara; he wore nothing but loose trowsers and a coarse, soiled shirt, which hung open about his neck; his hands were manacled, and he sat on the side of his pallet with his back turned towards the entrance. Three armed soldiers were on guard within the apartment.

What a change from the independent, highminded, cheerful, handsome, intellectual, and elegant young fellow whom I had known in Paris about two years before! I could hardly find utterance when I entered, and at length I only said in a low voice:—"Manzoni, I am grieved to the heart at this scene."

"I know that, my friend," he murmured; "my fate is a sad one."

There was no use then in upbraiding him, or reminding him of past advice, and the result of headlong passion. We both remained silent, and while I held his poor manacled hands tightly grasped in mine, he looked affectionately and with a sort of sad smile into my face.

"Now, Achille," I said, "it only remains for you to recall some of the sweet religious impressions of your boyhood. Now is the time for them, and it is well that a little time yet remains."

"I cannot pray," he answered; "I have been too long wicked. Will you pray for me?"

"Let us both pray," I observed; and although he first showed some reluctance, he did kneel; and we repeated one of those sweet litanies in which his voice had often joined in his early years. The prayer touched his heart; his tears flowed, and when we arose he pressed my hand most tenderly.

At that time religion was in a fearfully low state on a great part of the Continent; a chaplain was almost an uncalled-for officer in the French army: his sacred functions were scarcely thought of by the men, unless when a few companies were marched on Sunday mornings to the *messe militaire*, while the band amused the audience with the overture to *Robert le Diable*, or some

other operatic airs. But, thank God, all that is changed, and the generation which was then growing hoary in the gloomy ways of infidelity, has nearly passed away. Poor Manzoni had been carried away like others by the baneful spirit of the age, but happily it was not difficult to revive in him better feelings. I did not attempt to usurp an office which did not belong to me, but I rejoiced that the few words I ventured to speak produced, by a merciful grace, a happy impression. He promised me that he would take ample advantage of the chaplain's visit that evening, and that he would employ the few hours which remained to him in a suitable manner. He had nothing, he said, to tell me, but to entreat that I would give his last fond love to the one friend whom I knew, on my return to France—to tell her all, and to try to excuse his misfortunes. He finally begged that I would not come to witness the scene of the morrow—he made no allusion to the object of his unhappy flight to the mountains, nor did I ever hear whether he had succeeded in finding the beautiful Arab girl by whom his affections had been captivated—and thus we parted for ever in this life.

I resided at that time at the place called the Swedish Garden, little more than a mile outside the walls of Algiers, on the road to Delli Ibrahim. The way thither lay by the Fort de l'Empereur, which commanded the Casbah, or Palace of the Dey, at the highest point of the city, and which was, in its turn commanded by still higher land within cannon-shot, to the south and west. The place where I was stopping was, indeed, the site of some of the batteries planted by the French invading army, in 1830, against the said Fort de l'Empereur, the capture of which immediately secured the city to the conquerors. This place, which owes its name to the circumstance of being the property of the Swedish consulate, is beautifully situated, on one of the most elevated points of the sea-coast ridge of high land, which is generally called Sahal, but sometimes bears the name of Mount Boujareah, especially at that part where it rises still higher, near its western extremity. The view is magnificent, extending very far seaward, on the one side, and embracing the entire panorama of the Little Atlas, with the intervening plains of the Mitidja, on the other. The city, indeed, is concealed from the eye by the brow of the eminence; but the entire semicircular bay is visible, from Algiers to Cape Matifou, with the white breakers which perpetually line that coast, and the sand-hills, which extend considerably inward from the shore, and the camp of Mustafa, and still farther on the village of Kouba, and beyond it the low banks of the Haratch, and the Maison Carrée in the distance.

Often have I looked upon that gorgeous scene from the grating of an eastern window, when roused by can-

non-shot at the dawn of day; and listened to the military band which played in the camp, far below, while the first glories of a bright southern morning were bursting from behind the craggy summits of Mount Atlas. And it was just such a morning which followed my last interview with Achille Manzoni. The loud booming of a cannon echoed, as usual, through the hills: then followed the beat of drum and shrill note of trumpet sounding the reveille; the camp was soon alive, and with palpitating heart I listened to its movements, for nothing was yet visible there but the white walls of the huts which covered many an acre of surface. In the mean time a white fog lay upon the Mitidja like a sea; the haze in the gorges of the mountains began to assume a delicate tone of ultra-marine, mingling imperceptibly with the warmer purple and carmine tints of the summits, above which floated in the pure, sultry atmosphere a few slender streaks of cloud, which were first vermillion, then of a bright yellow tinge, and then of molten gold.

While the gorgeous face of nature, so full of calm, majestic beauty, was undergoing these changes, the movement in the camp of Mustafa was becoming more and more active; columns of troops were to be seen passing and repassing; squares were formed, and the rattle of drums was incessant. I could not understand the military pantomime which was passing on the sands, far below me; but my heart sickened at the preparations, a chill went through my veins, my knees trembled, and my teeth chattered as if from cold. At length all seemed for a moment silent and at rest—the drums had ceased; I thought I could perceive some small, indefinite objects close to the sand-hills, where one side of the vast, hollow square of military was left open down to the sea. Could these be the two condemned men, awaiting the signal for the firing parties to send them into eternity? I prayed with all the fervour I could command. I prayed, indeed, all that morning for my unhappy friend and his companion in misfortune. Hush! again the roll of a drum! and again silence! Two small clouds of white smoke burst in the midst of the hollow square, then a horrible pause of five or six seconds before two sharp sounds reached my ear, almost together—but, before these sounds arrived, the souls of Achille Manzoni and his wretched comrade were before their Eternal Judge and Maker!

Thus man's work in this affair was finished. I left Africa soon after, and I confess that this melancholy episode, and the sad duty which still remained of disclosing to Madalena Manzoni the fate of her unhappy brother, were among the most painful circumstances which I encountered in my wanderings. Others, if permitted, I may hereafter recount to the gentle reader.

M. H.

A WAIL FOR EOGHAN RUA O'NEILL.

(TRANSLATED BY ERIONNACH.)

[The following is a translation of a very rare Gaelic Dirge for the great Chieftain. We have met with no copy of it but one, which is in T. Connellan's collection—a rare book at present. The following, we believe, is the first translation ever made of it, and as it is close both to metre and matter, our readers will obtain a correct idea of the original. T. Connellan's copy is in some parts irregular, and seems to be a faulty version; nevertheless the thoughts are very striking. It has been attributed to O'Carolan, but as the song intimates personal acquaintance with the hero, and as O'Carolan was not born till after his death, that is out of the question. It may have been the composition of O'Connellan, who was also a celebrated musician. The song itself appears to have been written to music, and we have heard a dirge in Ulster called "Carolan's Lament for Eoghan Rua" which in reality may have been the composition of O'Connellan, and may match the song.]

I.

A MOST great loss is thy loss to me,
A loss to all who had specc'h with thee;
On earth can so hard a heart there be
As not to weep for the death of Eoghan?
Och, Ochón! 'tis I am stricken,
Unto death the rest may sicken,
'Twas there the Soul who all did quicken—
Ah, and Thou in Thy grave!

II.

I stood at Cavan o'er thy tomb,
Thou spok'st no word thro' all my gloom,
O want! O ruin! O bitter doom!
O lost, lost heir of the House of Niall!
I care not now whom death may borrow,
Despair sits by me, night and morrow,
My life, alas! is one long sorrow—
And Thou in Thy grave!

III.

O child of heroes, heroic child!
Thou'dst smite our foe in the battle wild,
Thou'dst right all wrong, O gallant and mild!
And who liveth now—that Eoghan is dead?
In place of feasts, alas! there's sighing,
In place of song wild, woe and crying,
Alas! I live with my heart a-dying—
And Thou in Thy grave!

IV.

My woe—is't not a surpassing woe?
My heart is torn with rending throe;
I wail that I am not lying low
In silent death, by thy side, Eoghan!
Thou wast most skilled all straits to ravel,
And thousands brought'st from death and cavel,
They journey safe who with thee travel—
And Thou with Thy God!

V.

My days shall count but a short, sad space
Till I, 'mid saints, shall behold Thy face,
Nor meet to grieve in that holy place,
But rejoice before the self-chosen Lamb.
O, then I ne'er shall fear to sever,
O, from thy side I'll wander never,
Singing the glory and peace for ever—
And we with our God!

A MORNING NEWSPAPER.

BY J. M. M., T.C.D.

Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.

THERE is no description of literature so universally read as that furnished through the medium of newspapers, and yet, strange to say, but very little is known by the unreasoning public of the complicated *modus operandi*, by means of which the materials are obtained and shaped both for their information and amusement: and of the amount of talent and labour requisite to keep up a supply adequate to the increasing demand in this age of rapid progress. Ceaseless activity pervades every department each hour of the twenty-four, an enormously expensive staff, consisting of editors, reporters, readers, compositors, machinists, messengers, *et hoc genus omne*, are engaged in never-ending toil. Whilst the more fortunate reader is enjoying undisturbed repose, or dreaming, perchance, of the events of the day just closed, the wires of the telegraph—that marvel of modern inventions—are brought into requisition, and during the sittings of Parliament, for example, a constant stream of words is borne on the subtle fluid from the “greatest assembly in the world” to the hands of compositors in the remotest parts of the United Kingdom, to be by them “set up” for the paper of the following morning; scarcely has the speaker resumed his seat before his eloquence, which must first filter through the sifting process of transcription, is permanently recorded for perusal at the breakfast table. This is a costly item in the expenditure of the establishment, and leads to the employment of a vast number of persons who must possess education and intelligence for the accurate discharge of their duties. London, it is almost needless to assert, is the great centre from which emanates original editorial articles, and those who have experience of the press cannot fail to be struck with the fact—not creditable to Ireland—that the remarkably able “leaders” which appear in the *Times*, *Herald*, *Morning Post*, *Daily News*, and *Saturday Review*, some of Irish authorship, are frequently reproduced in this country in a diluted form, and far from improved by the ingredients added thereto. Some Irish papers are, of course, free from this charge of wholesale plagiarism, and are written with spirit and independence. With the solitary exception of the “*Times*,” the London papers show an extremely intimate knowledge of Irish affairs. To please a certain shallow class of narrow-minded Englishmen, there is often an unbecoming severity of tone adopted in dealing with what are called the faults and peculiarities of Irishmen, and this is the more apparent in its columns which are disfigured by unmeaning prejudice and malignant sarcasm whenever this well-abused country is the subject of comment. Still even the most patriotic Hibernian must admire the ability of the writing, which is further enhanced by the absence of cliqueism, a defect very visible nearer home. The successful journalist must be gifted with tact and aptitude, and should also undergo steady training to qualify for the profession. It is a fatal mistake to sup-

pose that he can be had ready made. Pedants with no well-defined vocation, and barristers whose legal lore has been suffered to lie dormant and unappreciated by indiscriminating solicitors sometimes attempt an “article,” and usually fail ignominiously. Their place is probably filled by an unsuccessful schoolmaster, or a fossil grinder, who has spent the best years of his life and exhausted his energies in the dreary torture of “cramming” for University term and honour examinations—men who being, generally speaking, unacquainted with the ways of the world, are betrayed at times into ludicrous blunders. Vexed by the depressing effects of disappointment in their new career, they try to write smartly, and hopelessly mar their contributions by unjustifiable personalities and blunted irony, the miserable substitutes for reason and common sense. They, in short, model their essays after the fashion of our Transatlantic brethren, who are so prone to indulge in coarse invective, and impotent threats against individuals as well as public bodies. The compilation of a daily newspaper is an essential—possibly, all things considered—the most essential element in its production. It is, nevertheless, an undertaking which the impromptu editor of the calibre just described affects to despise, on the ground that it is too mechanical for the man of genius, whose province it is to wield the pen, forgetful, peradventure, that there can be no more contemptible occupation than that of writing under the withering influence of proprietorial dictation, in order to pander to the whims and court the fleeting popularity of a party. People, however, of more expansive understandings, with wisdom to reflect and courage to arrive at their own conclusions, are aware that in selecting for a newspaper there is a wide field for the exercise of literary taste and judgment. To cater for innumerable varieties of minds day after day, and succeed in bringing out a paper which will prove interesting, and, at the same time, instructive, is not so easy as some imagine. Simple as this is thought to be, it involves vast trouble, anxiety, and watchfulness, if only to avoid the reprinting of stale news. To wade through files of journals from all parts of the habitable globe, and cull scraps from each, is not a trifling routine; and it would, indeed, be irksome to a degree were it not for the remarkable and stirring incidents which are momentarily brought to light. An editor, if a keen observer, has opportunities which few enjoy of forming enlarged and clear views of human nature in all its manifold phases. He has under his notice, as it were, an epitome of the current proceedings of the world. All its horrors, trials, temptations, pleasures, and utter hollowness pass in review before him. “Man,” it is said, “is the measure of all things;” and truly the range of an editor’s intellectual powers is deemed to be illimitable. He is looked upon as a person of prodigious versatility, and, therefore, expected to enlighten mankind on every conceivable topic which may arise in the minds of his numerous interrogators; he is, in fact, treated as a living encyclopædia, from whom every description of information can be extracted at will. Familiarity with the leading

characteristics of public men is certainly indispensable to anyone who desires to take a correct survey of every political question which comes to the surface. A glance at certain organs would suffice to convince any candid reader that the prevalent habit of mixing up religion with nearly every question discussed is one of the chief banes which has ever tended to impede the advance of Ireland, and the effect of this vicious custom is to propagate everlasting discord, and sow undying enmity between children of the same soil.

As soon as the editor of a metropolitan daily paper has made his choice of news, in which he had been engaged for several hours, he is waited upon by the foreman of the compositors' department, a functionary without whom the paper would never spring into being. Having previously concluded his calculations, he announces the quantity of space open, and on getting the necessary modicum of matter, retires gorged to his office, in order to digest it, and immediately commences the puzzling operation of preparing for the morning publication. The large metal table at which he stands whilst performing this task, resembles a chess-board on which an animated game is being played, and is in a state of bewildering confusion. Copy is strewn indiscriminately over every part of it; reports of railway and crinoline accidents, meetings, murders, suicides, shipwrecks, battles, banquets, trials, abductions, breach of promise cases, robberies, assaults, popular lectures, musical criticism, reviews of books, meteorological and market returns, letters of indignant citizens, births, deaths and marriages, are heaped together in one common ruin, forming an indescribable chaos. Were an uninitiated stranger to enter, when the foreman is distributing diminutive fragments of manuscript to the all-absorbing compositors, he would entertain serious doubts as to the possibility of their being moulded within a few hours into a paper, wonderfully free even from errors of punctuation. The foreman referred to is a strict disciplinarian. Silence is rigorously enjoined in the ranks over which he presides. Though his duties are exceedingly onerous, still he has an unaccountable desire to meddle with every other branch of the concern, impressed with the delusion that nothing can go right which he does not overhaul. It is, however, but fair to say, that his sharp eyes occasionally detect serious omissions, and instances of neglect, which are inseparable from newspaper labour; but which, if allowed to escape notice, would sorely test the reader's patience. He has, of course, a high estimate of his mental qualities, and covets the privilege of altering a *Times*' article or the Queen's speech. In his judgment the latter is a very inferior composition, and with the utmost difficulty he restrains himself from adding two or three touches, so that it may be more in accordance with his ideas of literary elegance. He abounds in obsolete precedents, which are quoted whenever he wants to check what he regards as the ruinous innovations of this restless period of the nineteenth century. Despite these little excusable weaknesses, he is a wonderful man. At work night and day, he seems never to seek sleep, and

yet looks as brisk and fresh at noon as if he had taken the "round of the clock." To revert for an instant, before concluding this imperfect sketch, to the reporters, who have many claims to consideration and gratitude, it may not be amiss to inform the fault-finding portion of the community—a legion so ready to bestow advice, that valueless commodity when applied to matters of which they are wholly innocent—of the trying ordeal which these members of the "fourth estate" have to undergo. A metropolitan morning paper, which does not appropriate largely the news supplied by its contemporaries, has at least eight reporters. These gentlemen are mixed up in all sorts of agreeable and disagreeable events, and speedily learn to put the proper estimate on men and manners. Their minds are kept on the stretch and over-wrought for hours during the day, but their hardest work begins after midnight. The ink of their reports is still wet whilst they are being printed for circulation. The egotistical and floundering demagogue is their unrelenting enemy. A man who is proof against the plainest hints that he is tiring out his hearers, and expending uncultivated oratory to no purpose, year after year will expose his unsympathising friends to the infliction of long speeches, which the reporter is compelled to prune and reduce, so as to bring them within the pale of grammatical construction. Then there is the muddy man, whose thoughts are enveloped in an impenetrable mass of inappropriate diction. They have to be interpreted for him, and shorn of empty rubbish. He is likewise unreasonable and unthankful for what is done to enable him to pass muster. Unhappily in Ireland there is, in season and out of season, and notwithstanding the fickle character of our climate, superabundant crops of wild eloquence, in which the tares greatly preponderate. The motto *Res non verba* is reversed. *Vox et præterea nihil* is indelibly stamped on the brow of the majority of our public speakers. They never think that rather more than two hours are spent in transcribing from notes a speech that would be delivered in from twenty minutes to half an hour. Nearly every person connected with newspapers in these degenerate days of reckless competition, is more or less, subject to occasional petty annoyances, which would suffice to sour the happy disposition of Mark Tapley, who was blessed with the unenviable knack of being jolly under the most depressing circumstances, or disturb the equanimity of Job. A reporter especially, is liable to be transformed into a modern Timon, and often tempted to use the "spade." He finds it impossible to please those with whom he comes into professional contact. Indifferent as he is to the religion, politics, or country of the persons with whom he has to deal, he acts towards all with the utmost impartiality. A bigotted partizan or unfair "recording angel" is now seldom to be met with—he is indeed fortunately a *rara avis in terris*. Yet he is ever in danger of giving unintentional offence, if he should exercise a discretion in separating the grain from the chaff, which in spite of the severest analysis, will sometimes inundate his notes, as he discovers to his horror when the small hours ap-

proach. Hosts of men are silly enough to think that their effusions should be preserved with as much care, for an admiring posterity, as the soul-stirring eloquence of the orator of ancient Greece. They cannot or will not see why any distinction should be made between Lord Brougham and a green grocer. In their opinion the same stenographic justice should be done to both. But what broad sheet would be tolerated, if the sifting process were to be abolished? If self-styled orators would only keep in view the following aliter reading of the celebrated lines of the Scotch poet:

“O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel as reporters see us,”

what benefits would accrue to mankind from a judicious silence? How much less talking for talk sake? What a relief to judges and jurors from the painful necessity of listening for hours together to mere word-spinning? What a saving to the pockets of unfortunate litigants, who are obliged to sit out a protracted trial, conscious that every word spoken in their cause represents so many sterling gold coin of the realm. A concentration of ideas would likewise have the effect of keeping well-disposed congregations awake during the sermon, and might, perhaps, prevent young ladies from knitting at meetings and popular lectures, and attend to what is addressed to them from the platform, either for their instruction or to enlist their sympathies in behalf of the societies they profess to support. With an acquired penetration a reporter can tell in an instant whether a speech has been committed to memory or spoken extempore, and should he venture to ask for the manuscript, which, he feels assured, is cunningly concealed in the gentleman's pocket, the latter smiles at being suspected of such industry, and declares that he had been “quite unexpectedly called on to speak, and was not in the habit of studying his subject.” The reporter, of course, does not believe one word of this, and renews his application for the *litera scripta*. The gentleman cannot withstand the offer of being made to appear at full length in print. He cheerfully promises an effort to transfer his thoughts to paper; and having hastily gone away for that purpose, returns in about forty minutes with a speech which could not have been written by the expertest of penmen in less than from three to four hours!! And what specimens of calligraphy are sometimes handed to him for publication—they might be aptly compared to a sheet of white paper, which had been hurriedly traversed by a couple of vigorous spiders, previously steeped in blacking. If the Platonic theory, that pleasure is invariably preceded by pain, hold good, what a happy Elysium is in store for the pillars of the public press.

Our present esteemed Viceroy is a finished and classical orator. His beautifully-balanced sentences fall harmoniously on the ear, the matter is just as good as the style, and his speeches are reported *con amore*, and read with pleasure and advantage. In spite of the unkindly taunts directed against him under the cloak of anonymous writing, he is deservedly popular.

His scholarship is undoubted: his amiability of disposition, courteous demeanour, and genuine desire for the national prosperity and well-being of the country, are assuredly not lost on the impressible, generous, quick-witted, but impulsive people over whom he rules as the representative of a beloved Queen.

Then who does not listen with delight to the more impetuous eloquence of our distinguished countryman, the Right Honorable James Whiteside? Whether in the law courts, the theatre where he won his first laurels, or in the British senate, he no sooner rises than numbers flock together to hear his brilliant addresses, copiously intermixed with flashes of wit and incomparable sarcasm, his great forte. He, too, has had one or two severe critics who have endeavoured to dim the lustre of his fame, but, as in the case of the Earl of Carlisle, the shafts aimed with such damaging intent, have had their venom extracted by the unerring *vox populi*, and fell harmlessly on the contemplated victims. The Lord Justice of Appeal, the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, the Master of the Rolls, Chief Justice Monahan, Baron Fitzgerald, Mr. Justice Christian, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, the present eloquent and kind-hearted Mr. O'Hagan, her Majesty's Attorney-General for Ireland, and the Solicitor-General, Mr. Lawson, are also to be included among the ornaments of the Irish Bench and Bar, of which Ireland is so justly proud, and whose character for learning was sustained in bygone times by Curran, Plunket, the Pennefathers, O'Connell, Shiel, O'Loughlen, Burton, Smith, and Joy. Some barristers and clergymen have glaring faults in speaking, which injure the cause of those for whom they respectively plead; the former use unnecessary repetitions, and thereby weaken the effect of the argument, and both are too long-winded. The reports which deluge the papers at anniversary religious meetings corroborate those remarks with regard to the latter. Were patriots and ministers of every persuasion to confine themselves to their legitimate calling, and be content to preach peace and good-will towards men, Ireland would progress with still more gigantic strides than those which for the past decade have astonished her best wishers, and continue to puzzle her pretended friends. She is gradually discovering that self-reliance is the only lever by which she can raise herself. In spite of ages of misrule and the hundred obstacles which were thrown in her thorny paths, her sons have ever held a foremost rank in every post assigned to them. The army recruited in the Emerald Isle a Wellington, a Gough, and others who led her brave soldiers triumphantly under every clime, and against foes worthy of their steel. The Lawrences were admittedly the saviours of India. And conspicuous amongst the governors of that extensive and densely populous country was the brother of the “Iron Duke,” the Marquis of Wellesley, whose name shines forth in the history of India. The senate has been adorned by the philosophic eloquence and almost prophetic wisdom of Burke. Our not over-partial, self-elected censor, the *Times*, devoted, not many

months ago, an article to an unqualified eulogy of the force of argument and closeness of reasoning which marked the oratory of the late eminent Lord Plunket, "the consummate orator," as Lord Brougham termed him in his inaugural address before the Social Science Congress; and, with characteristic inconsistency, at the next breath sneers at Hibernian logic, and heaps ridicule on an honorable member, by observing that he spoke in "perfectly good Irish"—wilfully ignorant, perhaps, of the incontrovertible fact, that the English language is more correctly spoken in this country than in England. But the theory of the *Times* is, that nothing good can come out of the Irish Nazareth. There are at present on the English Bench four Irishmen, second to none of their learned brethren—Baron Martin, Mr. Justice Willes, Mr. Justice Hill, and Mr. Justice Keatinge. The lamented Phillips and Sergeant Murphy were Commissioners of the English Insolvent Court. Sir Hugh Cairns, the Solicitor-General of England under the ministry of the Earl of Derby, is acknowledged to be one of the first equity lawyers at the Bar, and one of the most powerful and accomplished debaters in the House of Commons. The high reputation of the Irish School of Medicine was also upheld by the representative sent to London in the person of the late deeply-regretted Dr. Robert Bentley Todd, F.R.S., the distinguished son of a distinguished father. His practice in the great metropolis, in the midst of so many eminent physicians and surgeons, was extensive. His valuable contributions to medical literature, the result of great experience and erudition, are a self-erected monument more enduring than brass. And though last, not least, at the higher competitive examinations, Irish students from Irish educational institutions have carried off more than their share of valuable appointments. That their education is sound and general can be seen by reference to the reports of the Commissioners. They stood twice at the head of the list at the Indian Civil Service Examinations, were on one occasion first in Mathematics, Classics, the Mental Sciences, Italian, French and German, English Literature, and the Oriental languages.

If the entrance examinations were made a searching test of thorough preliminary classical teaching, they would react most beneficially on the schools, and by raising the standard of education, enable students from this country to compete with still more success.

This is a pardonable digression naturally suggested by the foregoing remarks. The public then, is a "grasping, grinding" animal, which demands the pound of flesh at any sacrifice, and is never satisfied; but those discontented mortals who are wont to exclaim, "there is nothing in the papers," may be more charitable, when made aware of the outlay of money and wear and tear of human life, requisite to produce that nothing daily for their edification.

THE SIEGE OF DUNCANNON.

In the number immediately preceding this, we devoted a considerable space to the biography of Father Bonaventure Baron, who, we need hardly repeat, must ever rank among the most distinguished of our Irish writers, whether we regard the multiplicity of his published works or the profound erudition which they exhibit. In fulfilment, therefore, of our promise, we now submit to our readers an English version of the learned father's diary of the siege and capture of the fort of Duncannon, a most memorable incident in the military history of Ireland during the seventeenth century. Let us premise, however, that Father Baron was indebted to some friend who assisted at the operations for the diurnal narrative which he turned into Latin, and of which he published two editions, one dedicated to the supreme council of the Confederates, and another (that now before us) which, after being reprinted at Wurtzburg in 1666, he dedicated to his friend, Sir Patrick O'Mulledy, then Spanish ambassador at the court of Charles the Second of England. The value of this Diary will, doubtless, be heightened in the estimation of our readers, when we state, that the fall of Duncannon placed the Confederates in possession of one of the most important strongholds then in Ireland, commanding as it did the entrance to the ports of Waterford and Ross, and enabling them to carry on diplomatic and commercial relations with the shores of France, Spain, and Holland, whence they received from to time large supplies of money, arms, and ammunition. Two very remarkable men—General Preston and Lord Esmonde—are brought prominently before us in this *opusculum* or minor work of Father Baron, and it may not be amiss to say a few words respecting those rival commanders. Preston, had distinguished himself in the Low Countries, where his noble defence of Louvain ranked him among the most celebrated military leaders of his time; but as for Esmonde, who commanded the fort of Duncannon for the Parliament, it would be hard to find in the history of any country a man of more unscrupulous or treacherous character. An apostate from the religion of his forefathers, a repudiator of the woman who was supposed to be his lawful wife, a remorseless suborner of perjurers, a rapacious plunderer of the Catholics of Wicklow; and, in fine, a traitor to the unfortunate Charles the First, he stands out in strong relief among the most flagitious villains of a period when rascality and impious cant may be said to have calminated.

Esmonde's death, as Father Baron informs us, occurred soon after the taking of Duncannon, nor should we omit to state that the success of the Irish was in great measure owing to the supplies of money and munitions sent to them by Pope Urban VIII., through Father Scarampo, then Papal minister to the Confederates. For particulars of the life of this truly great man, the friend and patron of Oliver Plunket, we remit the reader to the admirable biography which the Rev. Dr. Moran has given us of the martyred Primate—a work in

every respect worthy of highest commendation, and absolutely necessary for all those who desire to be intimately acquainted with one of the most dismal and, at the same time, most glorious episodes in our chequered history. Having stated so much, by way of introduction, we now proceed to give Father Baron's narrative of the siege of Duncannon, by the Confederated Catholics, under General Preston, subjoining various incidents relating to the history of the fort itself at subsequent periods.

"Eleven miles south-east of the city of Waterford near where the sister rivers, the Suir, Nore, and Barrow, fall into the sea, stands the fort of Duncannon, on a site so elevated that it commands all ships approaching either Waterford or Ross. Hence when the Spaniards threatened a descent on our shores in 1588, it was thought worth while to strengthen the fortifications of the place. From the fort a narrow neck of land runs out into the sea, and on it there is a tall, slender tower or light-house,* said to have been erected by the merchants of Ross, in the days of their commercial prosperity. The fort itself covers an area of about three acres, and on the face looking seawards it is defended by three batteries, while on that opposite the land it is protected by a deep dry ditch; behind this there was a massive and precipitous rampart hollowed out of the living rock, and on it were two watch towers. There were also two sally-ports, and between them a draw-bridge, which could be raised or lowered as occasion might require. Behind the latter the English constructed another rampart, parallel to the first; and close to the citadel of the fort they raised a third (rampart), faced with earth, and amply furnished with all appliances for making a vigorous defence. In fact, the fort was provided with every requirement, for the English had resolved to hold it to the last, when they discovered that we were bent on taking it; and, indeed, it was well worth taking, for its site, as we have said, was commanding, its structure solid, and whosoever was master of it, must also be master of the neighbouring seaports, and the entire circumjacent territory.

As soon therefore as the supreme council of the Confederates had made every preparation for the siege, and appointed two of their own body, Galfrid Baron, and Nicholas Plunkett, to act as commissioners during the operations, they ordered General Thomas Preston to proceed with the forces destined for the expedition. He therefore marched from Waterford after the feast of the Epiphany, at the head of twelve hundred infantry, most of which were draughted from the regiment of Richard Butler, Lord Mountgarret, and others from that of the Wexford regiment commanded by Colonel Sinnott. A troop of horse numbering eighty, belonging to Robert Talbot's cavalry, accompanied this little army, which appearing before Duncannon on Monday, January 20th, lost no time in pitching tents within musket shot of the fort, where the cavity of the valley afforded shel-

ter against the wind and severity of the winter. Early in the morning the general ordered the soldiers to prepare for work, and he also sent a detachment to take possession of the wind-mill, (then in ruins,) which standing on an elevated site, commanded an extensive view of the low grounds.

Next morning (Jan. 21st,) the English opened fire on our men, and made a sortie with a view to reconnoitre our strength, but they were soon driven back over the narrow intervening space by our engineers, who armed only with their spades repulsed, them gallantly. During the remainder of the forenoon the enemy kept up a brisk fire from their ramparts, till seeing that they were only wasting their powder, they deemed it wiser to desist. Next morning, however, they renewed their fire immediately after sunrise, and then hoisted their vari-coloured ensigns—a very pompous display, indeed; but warned by their previous defeat, they did not venture to interrupt us any further.

Towards nightfall the general ordered our engineers to erect a battery near the mouth of the harbour, from which he could cannonade the enemy's ships; for the latter lay so near the land that they could easily pitch their balls and bombs amongst us. Our engineers therefore, commenced throwing up works, to protect us against all such eventualities, while other detachment, of the same arm carried on the approaches most industriously, the darkness of the night aiding them beyond our expectations. Next morning (Jan. 23), the enemy's ships fired on us, in order to demolish all the works we had thrown up during the preceding night, but their balls fell so wide of the mark that most of them passed over the camp. As soon as the English perceived this they got together sixty men, and made a sortie from the sally-ports on our lines, but were repulsed, and had to run for their lives. During the whole of the following night our engineers toiled indefatigably in completing the *ship-battery*, and, indeed, considering the difficulties with which they had to contend, nothing could exceed the earnestness and alacrity with which they worked.

Next morning (Jan. 24), that battery directed its fire on the enemy's ships, and with such effect that Captain Bell (the commander of the squadron) was compelled to cut his cables, and make for the open sea, without raising his anchor; three other ships, also under his command, were obliged to adopt the same course, losing their anchors, and affording our men a most agreeable spectacle; for at that moment a light breeze springing up and the tide rising, prevented the vessels from getting off, and exposed them to our musketeers, whose steady and well-directed fire seriously damaged the yards, tackle, and hull of the commander's ship, so much so that the very beautiful ensign of the Parliament was literally shot away in a moment. During this action two young sailors went aloft to hoist the *Irish Harp*, but they were compelled to retrace their steps, and were actually precipitated from the shrouds to the deck. At length, Captain Bell, availing himself of a favourable wind, got off beyond our reach,

* Hooker-tower

and cast anchor in safe moorings. Meanwhile a detachment from the fort itself attacked our men in the trenches, but they were beaten off instantly.

Two days afterwards, Sunday (Jan. 26th), the enemy's flag-ship, so terribly crippled in the late action, unable to weather the rough sea, went down with all on board.

On the following day (Jan. 27th), our engineers had worked with such good will and emulation at the approaches that all access to the fort, on the land side, was blocked up; so much so that the besieged could not receive supplies of food or water.

On Tuesday (Jan 28th), three of the ships already mentioned, sailed with the early tide for Milford, to announce how roughly they had been handled by our people. This we learned from a Frenchman, who escaped in a boat from the flag-ship, and was picked up close to our battery. He told General Preston that our fire had done incredible damage to said ship, and that ten of its men had been killed, and many others wounded by the falling of the spars and the balls of our gunners and musketeers.

Next morning there was a continuous firing on both sides, the English thundering from the fort, and we from our works, where one of our guns was struck on the carriage by an iron stake over four feet long.

We were now in the beginning of February, a month of incessant rains, which proved a great obstacle to the progress of our field works. On Sunday (Feb. 1st), towards nightfall, the besieged made a sortie on our nearest approach, but they were repulsed, after losing five men killed, and we two.

The remainder of the week was spent in carrying on the works, notwithstanding the intensity of the cold, and the strong winds which marred our progress. In the meanwhile General Preston had recourse to an admirable stratagem; for he ordered four of his men to proceed at nightfall to the gate of the fort with a large, heavy chest, pretending that they were deserters, and begging to be let in, our men firing blank cartridge after them. Being refused admittance, they laid down their burden, and then hastened back to our lines.

Next morning (Feb. 10th,) a considerable number of the enemy, seeing the chest, came out to seize it, and, indeed, they had reason to rue their rashness; for, after carrying the heavy load into the fort, they proceeded to break it open, and thus, in their hot haste, caused it to explode; for Laloe, the chief of our engineers, had filled it with powder and grenades. Many of the enemy were blown to atoms in an instant, and, as for the chest itself, it was reduced to a heap of charcoal and ashes.

Towards mid-day the enemy sallied out to attack our camp, but they were driven back with loss by our people, who watched all their motions incessantly.

Early on the following morning we opened a heavy fire on the works of the fort, which so shook the walls that our general thought it time to send a drummer to the governor, Lord Esmonde, demanding the surrender of the place. Esmonde, however, not only indignantly

refused the proposal, but, contrary to all military usage, caused his men to fire on the drummer.

During the following three days a continuous fire was kept up on both sides, till, as it were to add to the enemy's consternation, a storm arose which swept the thatch off many of their huts. Astonished at this, they were hardly able to reply to our guns; and their case was rendered still more desperate by one of our bombs, which, falling on some inflammable matter, set fire to three or four of their houses, the thatch of which they were obliged to tear off and fling into the sea.

The enemy's guns, though loaded with light shot, prevented our engineers from completing the approaches, the more so as the stony nature of the soil retarded the zealous efforts of our men in the trenches. As for the besieged, they were in high spirits, deeming themselves safe in the fort, and calculating on supplies from England, although they must have known that our batteries were ready to open on their transports.

On Wednesday (Feb. 19) five ships hove in sight, and cast anchor at Creden Head. This, indeed, was a most welcome spectacle to the besieged, but the vessels durst not approach the fort lest they might be sunk by the fire of our guns.

Seeing this, Preston ordered some boats to be manned for the purpose of boarding the said ships; but the dense darkness of the night frustrated the gallant general's design. The enemy, nevertheless, with the aid of torches and other lights, contrived to throw a quantity of provisions into the fort, that is to say, thirty or forty barrels of salted meat, a large supply of English and Dutch cheese, together with some tobacco, etc., etc. This grieved the minds of our men over much; for if they had had a sufficient number of boats they never would have allowed the said supplies to be thrown into the place. Nevertheless, heaven was pleased to turn this circumstance to our advantage.

Two days afterwards the enemy made another attempt to beat our men out of the approaches, but they failed to do so, and we concluded that their courage was not increased by the recently received supplies.

On the 26th, however, they made another and more serious attack on us, but they met a resistance for which they were not prepared; for after a hand-to-hand fight they were repulsed, the loss on either side being equal. Towards sunset we made an attempt on their outer wall, and drove a strong body of their men right into their sally-ports. In this affair they lost a considerable number of men and a goodly quantity of arms.

On the 1st of March Preston despatched a second drummer with a letter to Esmonde, demanding the surrender of the fort for the king's use and service, as also for the safety of the kingdom. The general in said letter informed Esmond that if he did not yield on the favourable terms which were offered to him, he (Preston) would be obliged to proceed to extremities. To this Esmonde replied, that "he deemed it unworthy of him to treat with such a man—that he held the fort for the king's majesty, and the maintenance of the Protestant religion, and that the king had already proclaimed Preston and

all his abettors to be rebels. "My honour and my conscience," continued Esmonde, "revolt at the idea of surrender, and I would fain learn what letters you can produce to show that you have been authorized to demand possession of the place, which I am resolved to hold to the last." On the following Tuesday a fierce tempest arose, which did serious damage to the ships, but towards evening it grew calm, and the vessels were enabled to take up safe moorings.

March 13, the enemy came out from the sally-ports, intent on beating down our gabions, but our men repulsed them valiantly, many of them smashing their lances on the enemy's cuirasses. Next day Esmonde despatched a drummer with a letter to our general, stating "that he wondered much at his conduct, the more so, as he (Preston) professed loyalty to the king. Take heed," ran the letter, "lest you incur the guilt of high treason; but if you can show any instrument annulling the patents by which I hold the fort, let me see it, and I will surrender the place without further delay." To this Preston returned answer, "that although the king's Irish Catholic subjects had agreed to a cessation of hostilities with Lord Ormond, his majesty's lieutenant, they had no notion of making terms with the parliamentary forces then in possession of Duncannon." He further reminded him (Esmonde) that, not satisfied with dismissing Major Capron and others who were loyal to the crown, he had also received supplies from the rebel parliament, and concluded by telling him that "by surrendering the place he might clear his name of the aspersion of disloyalty, and that if he would not do so, he (Preston) had ample means to compel him.

Saturday and Sunday (March 15, 16) were spent by us in completing the trenches, which gave us command of the enemy's ramparts, and also in laying a mine right under the northern sally-port, which being fired on the following morning, caused a wide breach in the wall. Seeing this, our men rushed out of the trench, and engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy, who fought very valiantly, many falling on both sides. Laloe, the chief of our engineers, however, plied the besieged so vigorously with balls and bombs, that their granaries and thatched huts were set on fire, and burnt down, notwithstanding the efforts which were made to save them. This fight was maintained by besiegers and besieged for three hours, till our general, seeing his men overpowered by the shower of *stone balls* which the guns of the fort discharged at them, caused the retreat to be sounded, after we had lost ten gallant fellows in that fierce conflict. Preston now pushed his brass and iron guns to the very brink of the ditch, and battered down the tower which lay nearest to the inner gate of the fort. This occurred on the festival day of Ireland's patron saint; and no sooner was the tower demolished than Preston commanded a detachment of one hundred and forty choice men to dash into the ditch with scaling ladders and hurdles covered with hides. Some of them were shot down as they hastened onwards, but there were not wanting stout fellows to take their places

and mount into the tower which the enemy had deserted. After maintaining themselves in that perilous position for upwards of an hour, they were obliged to make the best of their way out of it, driven back by a shower of balls and *iron stakes*, which cost us the loss of fourteen killed, and twenty-five dangerously wounded. The very women and children in the fort took part in this bloody contest. As for the enemy, they too lost a considerable number of their men, and among others a Captain Russell, the deputy governor of the fort, who succeeded Captain Lurken, killed five days before. As for Esmonde, he was then in very weak health and very deaf.

Next day Preston demanded a suspension of hostilities, in order that both parties might bury their dead; and the enemy consented to this on condition that our general would allow the corpses to be carried out of the fort. He, however, would not listen to such terms, as all the ground outside the place was now in his power, but on reconsideration of the matter, the enemy adopted his view, and the remainder of the day was passed in peace.

Meanwhile the enemy, seeing their garrison diminishing day by day, and knowing that they had no chance of getting further supplies of provision, began to lose heart; so much so that they soon afterwards demanded a parley, which being granted, Esmonde despatched a drummer with a letter to Preston, requiring him to name those whom he would give as hostages till the articles of surrender were perfected—he (Esmonde) proposing to give a like number. Our general instantly named Father Oliver Darcy,* prior of the Dominican Convent of Kilkenny, and Captain Dungan; and Esmonde sent as his securities his nephew Richard, and the deputy governor of another fort. On the next night both parties subscribed the following articles:—

That Esmonde should, on the 19th of March, surrender to General Preston the fort of Duncannon for the king's service. Secondly, That the garrison would be allowed to march out with baggage, and colours unfolded; thirdly, that each of the common soldiers would be allowed to retain the *third part of a lance*, and the officers all the insignia of their rank; fourthly, that all of them should be provided with a safe conduct to proceed to Dublin or Youghal. Finally, that Preston should hold Duncannon against all enemies of the king's majesty. Of the garrison forty expressed a wish to be conducted to Youghal, one hundred and twenty to Dublin, and the remainder to Wexford, whence they were shipped to England. In the interval Esmonde remained in the fort awaiting a carriage to take him to Dublin, and on its arrival he set out, but had not proceeded far on his journey when he died, and was buried near his manor of Limerick (county Wexford).

On the day agreed upon Preston took possession of the fort, where we found a great store of arms, twenty-two battering guns and some of brass, one of which was so heavy that the English could not move it to the em-

* Afterwards made Bishop of Dromore at the instance of Rinuccini.

brasure, from which it might have galled us severely. Of powder there was not much, but there was abundance of corn, cheese, and tobacco. We found little or no wine, for as the besieged could not cook their meat in sea water, they used the wine for that purpose.

During the siege we lost one very brave officer, who distinguished himself on various occasions; one lieutenant-colonel, three captains and twenty-six common soldiers. We expended during the operations 176 iron balls, 19000 pounds of powder, and 162 stone balls. The enemy's loss, as they themselves admitted, was very great. This memorable siege commenced on the 2d of January, terminated gloriously for us on the 19th of March 1645, owing to the valour and skill of General Thomas Preston, who learned the art of war in Flanders—that far-famed academy of Mars—where he won renown as a brave and experienced commander."

Immediately after its surrender, Preston was appointed Governor of Duncannon, and a very beautiful plan of the siege was engraved at Kilkenny, by Gaspar Hubert, chief of the engineers, who came with the successful general from the Low Countries. This rare diagram represents the fort as it was during the operations—with its three towers facing the land—the trenches of the besiegers, the quarters of Butler, Synnott, Warren, and other officers who acted under Preston, of whom it also gives a very finely-engraved medallion likeness. Hubert dedicated this fine specimen of art to his chief with the following legend:—" *Illustrissimo nobilissimoque Domino D. Thomae Preston, Lageniensis exercitus in Hibernia generali, arcis Duncannon expugnatori gubernatorique.*"

From the time of its capture by Preston till it was finally reduced by Ireton, that is to say, for a period of over five years, Duncannon was held by the Confederate government, and during this interval it was on more than one occasion the head-quarters of the nuncio Rinuccini, who expended a considerable sum in strengthening its fortifications. He himself tells us that French, Bishop of Ferns, advised him to fix his residence in Duncannon, (in 1648,) when the Confederacy was split into two hostile factions; and in the same year we find him there, waiting the arrival of his Dean with despatches from Rome—anxiously watching every sail that appeared on the horizon, till at length he beheld, "from a window of the fort," the long-expected ship entering the harbour of Waterford, after a very narrow escape from the Parliamentary cruisers.* In the report which he presented to Innocent X., the nuncio makes a very affecting allusion to Duncannon, and tells his Holiness that during his sojourn in Ireland there was no place in the whole island more devoted to the Holy See. "So much so," continues he, "that I never refused to furnish it with supplies of money and ammunition, fancying that religion never could be wholly lost in Ireland as long as we maintained that strong hold, standing on the mouth of the river Barrow, and commanding the principal approach to the Irish coast." Under the

guns of this fort the San Pietro,—the frigate which conveyed him to Ireland, rode securely at anchor for three years, and when he was forced to retire from the scene of his luckless diplomacy, the garrison of Duncannon, grateful for former favours, sent the same ship round to Galway,† where the nuncio bade adieu to a land which was about to fall a victim to its own parricidal dissensions.

At length, in 1649, a more terrible enemy than Preston sat down to leaguer Duncannon—we mean Ireton, with whose stern, merciless features Cooper's pencil and Hau-braken's engraving have familiarised us. Repulsed, or rather surprised by a clever piece of strategy, planned by Lord Castlehaven, and boldly carried out by Colonel Wogan, then commanding the fort, Ireton was obliged to raise the siege, after sustaining severe loss; but no sooner had Cromwell taken Waterford, than Wogan was obliged to surrender Duncannon to the parliamentary forces.

Nearly half a century after the occurrence of the events which we have been summarising, the unfortunate James the Second, retreating southwards from the Boyne, took refuge in Duncannon, while waiting for a vessel to carry him off; and a ledge of rock, north of the fort, commonly called "the King's Rock," is still pointed out as the spot from which that imbecile monarch embarked for the shores of France.

SEPTEMBER.

SUMMER for thee her varied riches hoards,
September! fairest daughter of the year.
May's freshness and June's glowing beauty-blend
With August's ripened splendour in thy face;
Zephyr for thee as well wafts odours sweet,
From the far-hidden shrines wherein repose,
The ever-living spirits of the flowers.
For thee as well, her many-toned harp,
Old nature strings, with "no uncertain sound."
Her song for thee is many-voiced as that
Chorus divine, thy prouder sisters heard,
Borne continual from the leafy woods
And mountain solitudes:—to thee she gives
Besides of charms peculiar; in thine air
A tender softness breathes we never feel,
Until thou com'st; upon thy morning smiles
The sun with rosier lustre, and at eve,
Tinges the curtains of his aerial couch
With more resplendent dyes; thy twilight to
A calm more mystic, and a deeper hush
Pervades, as if forebodings of the gloom
And desolation unto which, alas,
Thy glories and thy charms must soon succumb.
We hail thee joyful, fairest of the twelve,
Mindful of by-gone pleasures, with thy reign
Coincident, and hopeful that new joys
Await us now.

H. NICHOLSON LEVINGE.

* Nunziatura, p. 304.

† Ibid, p. 430.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

THE Exhibition of Painting, Sculpture and Architectural Designs of the Royal Hibernian Academy, now about to close, fills us with hearty satisfaction for the present, and with, we trust, well-grounded hope for the future. Hitherto art in Ireland had little or no encouragement.

Before the comparatively recent establishment of Art Unions, as we have been informed, it was not an unusual occurrence for a series of years to pass without the purchase of one single picture being made from the walls of the Academy.

The artist may have spent, what was to him, a small fortune, in frames, materials and models, and many months in thoughtful labour—his only return was the admiration of a few connoisseurs, perhaps a paragraph or two in the morning papers; and at the close of the academy he might reclaim his work, thankful if, through its exhibition, he had attracted a few more pupils to his studio. It is not wonderful that men who felt and knew their power would gladly relinquish the precarious and irksome office of drawing-master, to which at home they were generally compelled to resign themselves, and seek abroad a more congenial field for the pursuit if not of fortune at least of fame. In thus losing many of our greatest painters while very young men, we as a nation have lost more than might at first be apparent. What Scott in his novels has done for Scotland is universally admitted. Word painting, and pictures, properly speaking, have but the same end. A good painting is but a good epic, or history, or pastoral, as the case may be, presented through various combinations of light and shade, and color, instead of written or printed words. In losing men like Barry, Maclise, Danby and others, Ireland has lost artists whose genius, ripened under Irish skies, would in all probability have impelled them to become great teachers of our country's history, masters whose "annals," in this age of cheap prints, would be read from generation to generation, even by those who, like William of Delorsaine, "letter or line knew never a one." What Irishman, on viewing Maclise's wondrous painting of Alfred in the Danish camp, will not grieve that the Irish painter had not instead given us, as a subject, Brian at the battle of Clontarf? Emigration, too, from causes which it would be out of place here to analyse, seldom tends to the healthy development of the artist's original power. Many instances might be referred to; Wilkie, who had achieved the highest distinction as a delineator of home scenes, saw his fame decline after his continental experiences. Our own Burton touched every heart in his first great picture, the "Blind Girl at the Holy Well." For years past he has lived upon the continent, or in London, where his position as one of the very first painters of the day, is freely admitted. Yet we have seen nothing from his pencil, for feeling and excellence of the highest order, to compare with his Blind Girl.

The exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, we

have said, is for the present highly satisfactory and suggestive of hope for the art future of the country. Not many years since our resident Irish painters were few, and from the scant encouragement which awaited even their most successful labours, the walls of the Academy generally afforded but slight attraction, except when some picture was sent from the other side of the channel to add importance to the collection. A very different state of things prevails at present. We may be well proud of our young and rising school of painting—a school which has boldly and effectually discarded that old conventionalism, which looked for precedents in every touch, and year after year seemed to be growing more prolific in feebleness and mediocrity. It was MacManus, we believe, who first set our young painters on the right path to originality and excellence,—to the fields and glens, to the headlands and islands of our own beautiful country, where they worked earnestly, and we see how well, in portraying the aspects of nature by sea and by land, in shower or in sunshine.

We have nothing to fear for our school of Landscape Painting. We trust now that there is a cheering prospect of encouragement, our young artists will remain among us, and continue to paint home scenes, like several which we shall presently notice, and which possess an interest to the educated Irishman beyond even that which must be accorded them as works of poetic excellence.

In one most important department our school has as yet shown but little sign of vitality—we allude to the want of compositions of a sacred character, and to that of historical works. A country which has produced Barry, Hogan, O'Neill, and other artists scarcely less famous for the grandeur of their conceptions, need not despair. We trust that one result of the rising prosperity of the country shall be that future O'Neills, McClises or Maguires, may find that encouragement in Ireland which is due to their genius, and by which the necessity to cater for foreign tastes will be obviated. At home, surrounded by catholic and national associations, their minds will take a congenial direction, and our sacred edifices, conventual buildings, and private mansions, may often be enriched by native works of high art, and not, as is too frequently the case at present, by French or Italian pictures of high cost and doubtful merit.

We now propose to review some of the more remarkable of the Irish pictures, and other works of art which have been purchased from the present exhibition in Abbey Street, either as prizes in the Art Unions, or by private individuals.

115. Clonmacnoise—Sunset,—by W. Colles Watkins. This we believe to be one of the finest if not the very finest landscape exhibited in Abbey Street for many years. In truthfulness and beauty of colouring, in accuracy of drawing, and in the abundance of poetical feeling which Mr. Watkins has displayed in the general treatment, there is nothing in the collection to surpass this picture. It represents a scene thus described by

the graceful pen of Petrie, whose finest picture some years ago was inspired by the same subject.

"Clonmacnoise, commonly considered the central point of Ireland, is situated on the Leinster side of the Shannon, about nine miles below Athlone. As the seat of an eminent bishopric and monastery, founded by St. Ciaran in the sixth century, it was celebrated in our native histories as being in dignity and importance above all others in Ireland; and as a seminary of Christian arts and learning, and the place of sepulture of its kings, princes, bishops, and eminent literary men. It held the same distinguished place among the Irish that Iona—which was of contemporaneous foundation—held amongst the Gael and northern Picts of Scotland.

"Here may still be seen the dilapidated remains of a cathedral and seven other churches, exhibiting various styles and ages of architecture; two of the ecclesiastical Round Towers so peculiar to Ireland; and a moated castle, sculptured stone crosses, and numerous tombstones of eminent persons of remote antiquity, bearing inscriptions in the Irish character and language.

"Wrecked and abandoned in the sixteenth century, Clonmacnoise now presents a scene of melancholy ruin and desolation, which, heightened by the character of the silent and desert surrounding scenery, imparts to it a poetic interest, solemn, suggestive, and impressive in the highest degree."

The sun is just about to sink below the horizon. Already the low-lying grounds are in hazy shadow, but the old time-stained wall of the cathedral, and the great round tower, catch the departing rays. The river Shannon, once the chief highway of Ireland, flows on its sluggish course to the right, its banks fringed with a perfect wilderness of reeds, to a wonderfully painted clump of which a string of startled wild ducks are flying.

This is one of the pictures selected as a prize by a ticket-holder of the Art Union of Ireland; its price was £100.

We trust to see this interesting work popularized as a chromo-lithograph, for which purpose its prevailing colors are peculiarly suited.

49. The Pass of Glencoe—Scotland—by John Faulkner. A truly fine picture, exhibiting a scene of stern and desolate grandeur, perhaps, in its way, unsurpassed in the British Islands. The play of light and shadow on the mountains to the left is very skilfully rendered, and the sky is beautifully clear and silvery. But for the size of this picture, and the evident care with which it has been handled, we would believe it to have been entirely painted on the spot, so true to nature is its every touch. One thing is wanting, however,—a figure or group of some kind in the foreground, without which we can scarcely realize the immensity of the scene. Mr. Faulkner is one of the most prominent of our younger artists; in truthfulness of color, force, and general knowledge of nature, he is second to no Irish painter. Uncompromising sincerity of execution, elaborate finish, and unflinching study from nature, are expressed in all Mr. Faulkner's works. If we were

inclined to find fault it would be with the over-richness of his most truthful and admirably-studied details; each weed, or briar, or stone, or little pool, is a picture in itself, but so many little pictures crowded together into a whole do not always constitute one agreeable work. We trust that Mr. Faulkner will live long to enjoy his well-earned fame as a truthful landscape painter, and we have little doubt that time and observation will soften those peculiarities of style which even his greatest admirers must have remarked, in some at least of his exhibition pictures.

182. Lugduff Mountains, County Wicklow; a small and well-finished painting. Mr. Faulkner exhibits his usual power; the rays descending almost perpendicularly from behind a cloud, are admirably painted. Wicklow has long been celebrated for the richness and variety of its scenery. Mr. Faulkner has drawn his experience of nature chiefly from the glens and woods of that beautiful county, and Dargle-like scenes, or mountain solitudes, form the subject of his most successful paintings. We confess that instead of Glencoe, we would rather have had a picture of equal importance from some subject nearer home. Wicklow alone would furnish hundreds of scenes of the highest interest.

This artist has sent several other charming contributions to the present collection, but as the limits assigned to this article will allow only of a notice of the more important of those works which have been selected by prize ticket holders, or have been otherwise purchased, we must reluctantly pass them over. Glencoe has been selected for a £100 prize in the Art Union of Ireland.

143. Ross Castle, Killarney—Moonrise, by P. Vincent Duffy, R.H.A. One of several pictures which this favourite artist has this year produced. Its general effect is extremely good, the old grey historic tower of Ross stands majestically against the glowing moonlight which, with the dark shadow of the building, and the surrounding clumps of natural wood, afford a play of subdued light and shade extremely well arranged.

Mr. Duffy is perhaps the most romantic of our rising school of landscape painters. He revels in sunsets and moonlight effects, which are worked out with wonderful skill and ability.

Ross Castle, though a small painting, affords a very good specimen of his peculiar style,—generally broad and effective, he yet contrives to add just so much detail as will give an appearance of high finish to his picture.

250. Old Weir Bridge—Killarney, by the same artist, is another moonlight. The deep, rich, mellow tone of this picture, no less than the romantic character of the subject, renders it one of his most successful efforts.—But perhaps Mr. Duffy's best effect is No. 192, Autumnal Moonrise. The subject is simplicity itself; a lonely shore, the horizon broken only by the ghost-like sails of two trawlers, and the moon rising full and majestically as it were from the bosom of the deep. An exquisite bit of painting is the ripple in the foreground. The little waves

— "which fret
And chafe against the stones they scarcely wet."

As a contrast to his moonlights, No. 248, "Watching the Sunset," well deserves notice. This is a very beautiful little picture, simple and truthful, and carefully finished. An old, strained, many-tinted boat, which looks as if it might have belonged to the "ancient mariner," lies upon a little sandy hillock upon the shore. Two fishing boys sit in the stern of the wreck, and contemplate the sun just as it sinks below the horizon. There is a sentiment of repose in this picture most happily carried out. We regret that without breaking our rule already alluded to, we cannot, on this occasion at least, notice either of Mr. Duffy's more ambitious paintings, "The Vale of Rest," a large and important work, and "The Eagle's Nest," a well-known scene at Killyrann.

149. "Fishing fresh off Ireland's Eye," is one of several pictures from the studio of Edwin Hayes, R.H.A. This artist, a Dublin man, was well known in art circles some years ago by his paintings of shipping and coast scenery, but within the last few years he has made such a stride in his profession that he bids fairly to rival Stanfield, the greatest painter of marine subjects of modern times. The picture speaks for itself. Some ill-fated vessel has perished in a recent gale off Lambay, and her masts are being secured by the hardy crew of a Howth fishing-boat. A schooner running between Ireland's Eye and Baldoyle, likely to get foul of the wreck, is being warned by a picturesque figure, who guides the movement of the boat. The violence of the recent gale is further indicated by a large barque riding heavily at anchor, and having her masts and yards made "all snug." The sea seems fairly to seethe and heave, and there is a freshness and saltiness in the atmosphere which are rarely expressed in painting. The lovely combination of colour in the sea, the look of light and life, in short, the truthfulness of the whole work are truly admirable.

No. 56, "Dublin Bay, from the rocks at Howth," Mr. Hayes presents us with a scene familiar to most of our Dublin readers. The deep, clear green of the sea, where the wave is curling to burst upon the beach, is a beautiful bit of nature. Like No. 143, this picture is a marvel of silvery brightness, and it also readily suggests an atmosphere keen and salted, and laden with perfume peculiar to the "flowers of the sea." These two works constitute Mr. Hayes's chief contributions. Several other of his pictures are equally well conceived and worked out, especially No. 113, "Hay Barge on the Thames," where the colour of the water is admirably represented; and we may add, "Boats in a Calm," No. 10, where the handicraft of ocean is shown in the caverns and tunnels which abound along some portion of the coast of England.

M. Kenrick, R.H.A., contributes several pictures painted in his usual vigorous and truthful style, but we regret his works this year are not so striking or important as some we remember to have seen on former occasions.

No. 28, "Luggers working to Windward," is a gem in its way. The little vessels close hauled are crashing

through a fine tumbling sea, upon which they rise like corks. Mr. Kenrick's chief painting represents the melancholy loss of Captain Boyd and six of his men on the 9th February last, but this we must reluctantly pass over for reasons already stated.

No. 103, "French Mackerel Fishers running for Harbour," is an exquisitely fresh bit of painting. The clouds and sea are full of light and motion. Mr. Kenrick is the painter of the celebrated picture of "The Queen's departure from Kingstown Harbour," which was purchased by her Majesty.

Mr. Mc Evoy is one of that school of Irish landscape painters which has sprung into existence within a few years. His picture, No. 68, "Dublin Bay, from the Hill," is a truthful representation of a scene which must be familiar to most of our Dublin readers. As a subject, nothing in its way could be finer. The rough picturesque foreground, the middle distance of wood and meadow, the noble bay, with grand old historical Howth for the distance, form a scene which might well move the enthusiasm of the landscape painter. In the extreme left old Dublin appears with its atmosphere of smoke, but as a set-off, we have the bright harbour, with its pier, the longest in the world, and in the indentations of the bay north or south of the city many a green nook or sandy cove, which seem to invite a visit.

No. 31, "Evening," by the same artist, is a large ambitious picture, too large for the subject, and displaying a monotony of colour, a redness in the distance as in the foreground, which mars the effect of a work otherwise possessed of fine qualities of breadth and execution. When Mr. Mc Evoy paints from nature his pencil is usually fresh and truthful. His "Evening" looks like a composition based on the recollection of an effect which he had seen in nature, and of which, no doubt, he had taken a note.

Amongst the pictures of animal life, perhaps the very best is No. 91, "Setters," by W. Osborne, A.R.H.A. The dogs are beautifully painted, and seem almost ready to start from the canvas. The elaboration and delicacy of this picture are very remarkable. Mr. Osborne will doubtless take high rank in his peculiar department of art. He has several other pictures remarkable for their truth and finish, but which it is not necessary to refer.

Nor should we omit to mention with special commendation some exquisite works from the pencil of Edmund Fitzpatrick, who gives every promise that he will very soon rank among the most distinguished of our national painters. An incident in the Life of Burns, No. 22, has furnished Mr. Fitzpatrick with a subject for a pictorial episode which he has treated most admirably; and "The Unfortunate," No. 130, from Hood's Bridge of Sighs, is a picture of which he may justly feel proud. But in our judgment this artist's great power lies in delineating Irish peasant life, and in this particular department we may state unhesitatingly that he stands pre-eminent. The "Poor Scholar," at present in the Art Exhibition, and the exquisite illustrations to Carleton's "Evil Eye," are works which leave no doubt that he may fear no competitor in

that department of art which, as we said before, he has made peculiarly his own. Mr. Fitzpatrick's pictures found ready sale before they were long on view; and although this may not be the place to allude to the matter, we have no difficulty in asserting that his designs for the *ILLUSTRATED DUBLIN JOURNAL*, the first number of which has just appeared, will entitle him to a foremost place among the most eminent of the painters who reflect honour on Ireland.

In the ante-room and sculpture-room there are several paintings in water-colours, a style of drawing which we regret to say is inadequately represented in this year's exhibition. The most notable is undoubtedly Burton's "*Franconian Peasants—Interior of a Church*," a work every way worthy of that painter's high reputation. In richness and strength of colouring, in delicacy of finish, and in all that constitutes a good picture, this is second to no contribution in oil or in water-colour in the present exhibition. In looking at it we have but one regret—that the painter had not devoted the time and thought necessary to its production to a subject more like that by which he first became famous amongst us,—we allude to the "*Blind Girl at the Holy Well*." This picture has been exhibited before, in London, where it elicited the highest admiration among the art critics, and in Dublin, where it was so poorly hung that to many it now comes forward as a new contribution. The various expressions of devotion in the faces of the peasants; the solemn dignity of the officiating priests, the wonderful aerial perspective of the venerable church, are effects which none but a master-hand could execute.

381. "*Dumbarton Castle, on the Clyde*," from the pencil of Mr. William Dillon, is a very bright, clear, well-executed drawing by a rising Irish artist. The water is beautifully transparent, reflecting a sky painted in a broad vigorous style, and which offers a striking contrast to the feminine stipple of some other water-colour drawings which we need not particularise. Mr. Dillon has come out in considerable force this year, especially in No. 393—*A Study of Birch Trees*—which we believe to be his best picture.

390. "*The Cross of Muiredach, and the Round Tower and Church, Monasterboice, county Louth*," Mr. F. W. Wakeman. The artist in this drawing has faithfully rendered one of the most remarkable scenes of ruin to be found even in this country of ruins. The scene is thoroughly Irish,—a group of churches, crosses, and a round tower, one of those mysterious structures, the origin of which has so long been a vexed question amongst antiquaries. A solitary figure adds to the sentiment of oppressive loneliness which the landscape suggests. Tower, crosses, churches, and an only tree, stand sharply relieved by a glowing evening sky. Mr. Wakeman seems to delight in selecting for subjects the antiquities of his country. He has sent another characteristic drawing to the present exhibition, which, represents one of the remarkable tower-houses of Ireland.

Amongst the more remarkable landscapes, we may

mention No. 302, "*A Mountain Stream, Radcliff's Glen, Co. Waterford*," by Edward Hayes, R.H.A. It represents a wooded Dargle-like glen, through which a peat-stained stream runs between richly tinted banks fringed with herbage, amongst which the foxglove, beautifully painted, is conspicuous. Mr. Hayes is possessed of a rare combination of talent, which enables him to exhibit not only as an admired landscape painter, but also as one of our most successful likeness painters in water-colours. Of his works of the latter class, we shall presently have to speak.

Mr. Hayes exhibits several other landscapes and an interior of Athassel Abbey, Co. Tipperary. No. 336, "*Lime-kiln at Longfield, Co. Tipperary*," is a small, fresh, well-painted drawing of a subject so simple, and at first sight unimportant, that we must seek in its truthfulness and delicacy of finish, the secret of its success.

Mr. W. P. Rogers, one of our younger artists, has exhibited some promising works, of which one, "*A View in South Wales*," is perhaps the best.

It is with very great regret that, up to the time of going to press, we have not heard of the purchase of some of the very best pictures and drawings, exhibited at the Royal Hibernian Academy by Irish Artists. Andrew Nicholl, R.H.A., for instance, is represented by several works painted in his usual masterly manner. As a delineator of coast scenery, Mr. Nicholl, we believe, ranks second to none. His early art-education among the cliffs of our northern coast, has contributed to his pre-eminence, at least as a delineator of the grand and terrible in nature, as exhibited in the cloud-capped promontories of Antrim and Donegal, rising all but perpendicularly from the almost fathomless depths of the ever-surgant Atlantic. In soft pastoral scenes such as the banks of the Lagan or Bann present, Mr. Nicholl is equally in his element. Mr. M. A. Hayes, too, has sent some fine pictures, which we are selfish enough to wish he had sold, as they would therefore come within the scope of our present article. Our talented countryman, George Mulvany, has distinguished himself again this year, as also have Bridgford, Sharp, Marquis, and other public favourites, and we trust we may have a future opportunity of referring to their successful works. In the mean time we shall glance at the labours of our portrait-painters, both in oil and water colours, as represented upon the walls of the Academy House. In this particular branch of art the President of the Academy, Catterson Smith, has long held a very distinguished position. Though not an Irishman by birth, Mr. Smith has long been, as it were, naturalized among us, and as his finest paintings have usually been associated with Irish names, and as from his office of President of our Academy of Arts, he represents the head of the artistic body of Ireland, we may safely claim him as an adopted Irishman. His portrait, No. 116, of Sir Thomas Staples, Bart., "*The Father of the North-East Bar*," is one of those pictures which strike a stranger to the appearance of the original, as being most certainly a likeness. The power of the President in representing the mind of his sitters is very well known; nor are his works less

remarkable for the graceful ease and naturalness of his figures, so different in every respect from the distorted and generally bedaubed productions of the photographer. For a considerable time photography seemed destined to supersede the legitimate miniature, and even life-sized portraits in oil. Likenesses, or at least portraits, were to be had in every town or country village at prices varying from sixpence to five pounds, frames included. Then came the painted photograph, which was all the rage until the public began to find that the money paid for it was thrown away, owing to the perishable nature of the picture. We have reason to believe, that, within a recent period, a great reaction has set in, and that the better-off class of people at least, will soon cease to be satisfied with a manufacture which, for certain well-ascertained scientific reasons, can *never* yield any but a distorted picture, or likeness if you will, which even under the most favourable circumstances is prone to fade and decay. We have been tempted to the foregoing digression, not by any feeling hostile to photography, which as far as it goes we believe may be used as a great and powerful auxiliary to legitimate art, both in landscape and portrait painting; but in viewing several works in the Academy collection, we could not fail to remark the contrast between the art of the educated artist and that of the manufacturer. The President's other pictures are in keeping with his well-earned reputation, but our space will not admit of further detail.

No. 13—"Portrait of a Lady," by William Brocas, R.H.A. Mr. Brocas has long been known to the Irish public as a conscientious, painstaking artist, whose works always evince considerable taste and skill in manipulation. He was one of the first to introduce to this country water-colour portraits on paper, of a size which could not be obtained on ivory. No. 13 is a very pleasing example of this artist's style in oil portraiture. He exhibits a landscape which we hope to have an opportunity of noticing on another occasion.

349—"His Excellency the Earl of Carlisle," B. Mulrennin, R.H.A. This is the most successful and exquisitely-painted likeness of the Viceroy, by an artist who is deservedly considered the first miniature painter in Ireland. In delicacy of tone and perfect beauty of finish, this work would take high rank in any collection, even where Ross or our own Comerford had contributed. In the likenesses of John O'Donovan, L.L.D., and Professor Curry, Nos. 388 and 353 by the same artist, we have two little pictures that would be regarded with interest by many thousands of our countrymen, not merely as works of high art, but as likenesses of two men who have worked hard, and long, and successfully in the elucidation of Celtic history, literature, and law, at a period, too, when but for their exertions, much of the treasure still remaining was becoming as a sealed book. It is a pity that portraits, life-sized and in oil, of these distinguished men, are not found in some of our public literary or scientific institutions. The likenesses of the Very Rev. Dean Graves, D.D., John Gilbert, and Martin Haverly, Esqrs. (names also well known to our national literature), are standing evidences

of Mr. Mulrennin's power in catching the characteristic expressions of his sitters. There are other pictures by this charming artist, which, on account of the limited space usually assigned to a review article, we must reluctantly refer, we hope, to a future paper. Mr. Edward Hayes, several of whose landscapes we have already noticed, has exhibited a number of portraits in water-colours. As likenesses they are highly characteristic, and as drawings they reflect great credit on his skill and judgment. Nothing could be better than the sketch of Charles Bianconi. His portrait of the "Lord Mayor of Waterford," (we were not aware that Waterford possessed a Lord Mayor) is perhaps as good. We need not particularize any more of Mr. Hayes's very charming portraits, but turn to a pair of companion pictures, "The Colleen Bawn," and "The Colleen Dhu," by T. A. Jones, R.H.A. These pictures we should, perhaps, have noticed on another page, but they are here among the likenesses, and bear internal evidence of their being portraits more or less idealised. The Colleen Bawn, as may be supposed, represents a fair-haired peasant girl, such as one may sometimes find in the northern counties of Ireland, where a light-haired race appears to have predominated from very early times. The "Colleen Dhu," on the contrary, is a fine specimen of a Munster or Connaught lass, of a race distinct from that of her fair companion. They are types of two great races who long contended for the mastery of this kingdom—the fair-haired, blue or grey-eyed Celt, and the dark mysterious Firvolg. The types remain to this day quite distinct and separate in several parts of Ireland, but they are now equally Irish. The "Colleens" have merit of a very high order, and would be pleasing even to the unskilled in Art, on account of their natural grace and beauty of expression. Mr. Jones is one of our most successful painters of likenesses in water-colours. His contributions to the present exhibition are numerous. In our estimation his best picture is No 303—"Portrait of Mrs. W. Exham and Children," wherein he shows not only a mastery over the difficulties of expression and child drawing, but a really wonderful power of dress painting.

We believe we have now noticed most of the paintings by Irish artists in the exhibition of the Academy, which have ceased to belong to the painters. We cannot conclude without a few passing remarks on a subject which will, no doubt, interest many of our readers.

Amongst the architectural drawings, few can fail to be struck with the exquisitely beautiful designs for churches to be, or now being, erected in various parts of the country. Twenty years ago (we might, perhaps, write a less number) the state of ecclesiastical architecture in Ireland was as hopeless as could well be. Even when there was money to be expended on a large and important structure, the designs were generally so poor and tasteless, that we heartily wish the building in many instances had been deferred. Costly corbels sustaining nothing, windows in niches, buttresses terminating in swollen spikes, or perhaps pagan urns, windows filled

with tracery of the christening cake order, flat roofs, and an abundant exhibition of plaster and brickwork with stone, were its usual characteristics, more markedly in the country districts. With the past, however, we have nothing to do; let us turn to 611, South-east view of the Church of Saint Saviour, Dublin, by J. J. McCarthy, R.H.A. This noble structure, which is now in course of erection in Dominick Street, when completed will present, we believe, the very finest work of early pointed architecture in the kingdom. Already the body of the church is finished, and when the tower and glorious spire which are shown in the drawing shall have been erected, a composition of singular beauty will add dignity to a portion of our city which was hitherto very deficient in sacred buildings of architectural excellence. The style, early decorated, prevailed in the British islands about the time of the Edwards First and Second, and represents the most glorious period of so-called Gothic architecture.

614, Is a view of the new church of St. Joseph, about to be erected at Carrickmacross by the same architect. Like the church of St. Saviour, this building is in the early decorated style, though perhaps a little later than the former. Mr. McCarthy displays, we believe, admirable judgment in generally selecting for his churches to be erected in Ireland, the architectural peculiarities of similar buildings of about the period between the beginning of the fourteenth or close of the fifteenth century. The older styles, though grand and massive, as we may judge from many examples still remaining in Ireland, were more remarkable for ponderous strength and solidity than for architectural beauty. On the other hand, the later pointed work, as chiefly exemplified in the so-called "Perpendicular style," is too much frittered away in panneling and minutiae of details to suit a humid climate like that of Ireland. In the country, moss and lichen, in the town dust and smoke, would soon fill up the shallow mouldings and decorations of the later period. 577, View of the church now being erected at Clones County Waterford, presents another instance of Mr. McCarthy's success in applying his knowledge of the most exquisite forms of mediæval design to the requirements of a modern church.

There are few other Irish architectural drawings of a class that would interest the generality of our readers.

In sculpture the exhibition is this year very weak. The most pleasing bust in marble is that of the Rev. H. Lloyd, S.F.T.C.D., from the studio of Christopher Moore, H.R.H.A. Thomas Farrell, R.H.A., J. Lawler, and John Foley, R.A.R.H.A., have exhibited some very beautiful works of the same kind. In his model from

the proposed statue of Goldsmith, which we hope soon to see erected in some suitable locality, the latter artist has produced a chaste and lifelike memorial of the great poet and philosopher.

We cannot conclude without venturing some remarks upon the various Art Union societies now working in Ireland, and which have given a spur to artistic progress in the country. The Art Union of Ireland, of which body Mr. George Mulvaney is the able and talented secretary, represents, we believe, in some degree, the original society which, some time ago, after flourishing with unparalleled success, came strangely and suddenly to a standstill.

The subscription to this society is one guinea for each ticket, a sum which in these days strikes us as being too high for the general popularity of the undertaking. We have no doubt, that if the price of the ticket was reduced to half-a-crown, the society, under the able management of Mr. Mulvaney and his colleagues, could not but be largely patronised.

The Art Union of Dublin, otherwise "the shilling Art Union," seems to be working well, but we are not yet in a position to speak of its success, or of the number or character of the prizes which have been gained by the fortunate among its members. We have reason to believe that very many of the prize-ticket holders of the shilling Art Union have not, as yet, made their selections.

A very considerable number of the paintings in the Academy Exhibition of this year are marked as sold to the Art Union of Great Britain, a society formed, as its name would indicate, upon the other side of the channel. We rather think the style and title of this art union is a misnomer. From the number of Irish subscribers to its funds, and from the number of Irish works of art which it has purchased for this year's distribution, we would respectfully suggest that its name be somewhat altered. The "Art Union of Great Britain and Ireland" would sound better, and would more clearly indicate the scope and character of the institution. We believe that it was chiefly owing to the praiseworthy exertions of Mr. Mulrennin that Mr. Law, the secretary to the Art Union of Great Britain, was induced to extend his operations to Ireland, where, during his last visit, he purchased works to the money value, as we have been told, of about £300.

In conclusion, we trust that the various Art Union societies in operation in Ireland may continue to work well together for a common object, and that the old blight of discord, which has too often marred the most promising enterprises of Ireland, may long be avoided.

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This excellent family medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; and for elderly people, or where an occasional aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

For FEMALES these pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent with the sex, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of the skin, and give a healthy, juvenile bloom to the complexion.

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GAS APPARATUS FOR GENERAL DOMESTIC PURPOSES,

AND GENERAL GASFITTER BY APPOINTMENT.

T. P. respectfully invites the attention of Architects, Builders, and others, to his PATENT GAS BATH BOILER, by which a 5 ft. bath, properly charged, can be heated in the short space of half-an-hour, and at the trifling cost of something less than 2d. for gas. It is fitted at top with a close chamber for the purpose of warming linen, and has a patent swing burner, to turn outwards, for lighting, so as to avoid explosions.

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Halls, Conservatories, Public Buildings, &c., heated by gas or hot water.

Baths encased in mahogany, plain wood, or oak, and fixed, on reasonable terms, in any part of the country.

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A PROSPECTUS SENT FREE BY POST.

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Is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive Circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body two inches below the hips being sent to the

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The material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c.; it is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking.

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SPORTSMEN will find this an invaluable remedy for destroying FLEAS IN THEIR DOGS, as also Ladies for their Pet Dogs, and sprinkled about the nests of Poultry it will be found extremely efficacious in exterminating those Insects with which they are usually infested. It is perfectly harmless in its nature, and may be applied without any apprehension, as it has no qualities deleterious to animal life.

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The workmanship is of the first order, the materials of the best quality only, are guaranteed to remain sweet for a number of years, and are supplied at half the usual cost.

Complete sets fitted with the utmost accuracy with a visit of one hour, without springs, wires, or metals, and without any operation, while an amount of suction or self-adhesion perfectly astonishing is obtained, rendering the teeth immovable, except at pleasure.

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Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Rheumatism, and Stiff Joints cured by F. M. HERRING'S PATENT MAGNETIC BRUSHES, 10s. and 15s. Combs, 2s. 6d. to 20s.

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"The Flesh Brush I consider to be most effective, for it removes the outer and older portions of the epidermis, and then frees the pores of the skin much more completely than any of the Brushes or Gloves now in use."

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106, SHOE LANE,

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A Good FRENCH SILK HAT for 3s. 6d.; warranted to wear well; try one. The best quality material (light and brilliant), 6s. 6d.

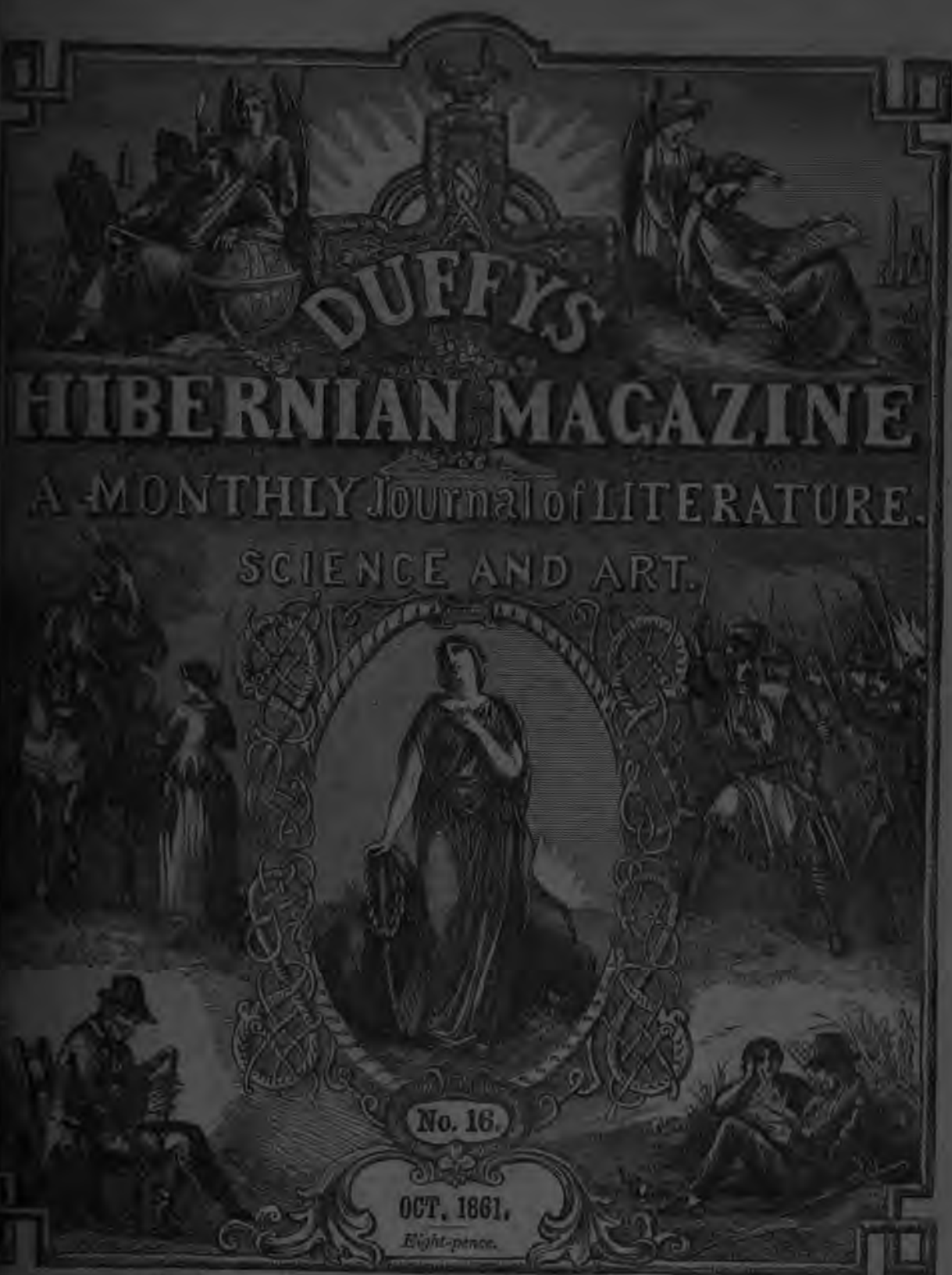
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GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,

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**A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT
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Sixteen Pages, 4to., PRICE ONE PENNY.

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"If Dublin be not a publishing city, it is not the fault of James Duffy. He can lay his hand on a very large amount of work done; and the little elegant piece of workmanship which we now greet from his hands is an earnest, not only of more, but of better work yet to be executed. *The Illustrated Dublin Journal* looks well. That is so much. There is a freshness about the illustrations which raises it quite out of the level in that respect, of the London competitors, so many of which look as if they exchanged old woodcuts. The paper is good; so is the type; and there are sixteen pages quarto, in all of very pleasant reading. We give a hearty welcome to the *Illustrated Dublin Journal*; it merits success; and it only remains for those for whom it was provided to say by their support that merit shall not go unrewarded."—*Agricultural Review*.

“Mr. Duffy has produced a periodical that, in appearance, at least, far surpasses anything of the kind issued by the English press. The tone of the work is pure and exalted; and, at the same time, amusing as well as instructive. The illustrations and initial letters are carefully executed, and some of them very handsome. We wish the ‘Illustrated Dublin Journal’ all success.”—*Commercial Journal*.

"The 'Miller of Mohill' sustains Carleton's reputation as a delineator of Irish life; in the second chapter the fool of the parish is admirably portrayed; the abduction foiled is really graphic. 'Duck-Shooting and Diver-Chasing' will please the lovers of amusement; it is an agreeable reminiscence. We prefer an able contribution on 'Greek Art,' briefly recapitulating the earlier efforts of genius in painting. 'An Irish Sea Queen' details some of the exploits of the famous Grace O'Malley, still celebrated in legend and song. 'The Land of Tin' is a historical paper of great value. The poetry is excellent. Altogether the 'Illustrated Dublin Journal' deserves wide circulation as a useful medium of instruction and amusement."—*Armagh Guardian*.

"The first number of this new publication is a very creditable production, and warrants us in believing that the enterprising publisher will find the speculation not only creditable but profitable. We wish Mr. Duffy the best success, and we hope the 'Illustrated Dublin Freeman' will find thousands of readers in all parts of the land."—*Dunelm Democrat*.

"In every respect it is a work of superior merit, and is brought out in a manner to ensure for it extensive support. The engravings are excellent, the printing superior, and the contents of much interest and well compiled. Mr. Duffy, in the publication of the *Illustrated Dublin Journal*, is doing a very great service to literature, and we hope to see his efforts duly rewarded."—*Waterford News*.

“This publication, which is one of the cheapest that has yet issued from the press, contains a vast amount of matter on a variety of topics, that cannot fail to secure for the spirited proprietor a host of readers. Hitherto, periodical literature was almost exclusively supplied to this country from London, and the want of some publication in Ireland has long been felt, which has now been supplied by Mr. Duffy. The work is thoroughly national, and got out in a creditable manner, both as to the illustrations and typography. The several papers are written in a racy and terse style, and no effort appears to have been spared by the publisher to render it worthy of the support of the public, and creditable to the literature of the country.”—*Drogheda Reporter*.

"In point of the merit of its contents, the style of its typography and the excellence of its illustrations, very well deserving of general

support, and we sincerely wish it may prove a success"—*Wall Street Mail*.

"This is a small penny magazine published by Mr. Duffy, of T. to whom Ireland is indebted for the diffusion of a sound national literature amongst the people. No one, indeed, has individually done much to promote a national literature as this spirited gentleman. The matter is well selected, and on the whole, it is one of the excellent of the cheap periodicals published."—*Drogheda Advertiser*.

"Judging from the specimen now before us, it is likely to be the success which it truly merits. From the shortness of time we can glance at its contents, but, quoting from its own pages, let it kindly, and give it a hearty welcome. We shall return to it and it will speak bad for the patriotism of Irishmen, if they do not support one Irish journal."—*Carlton Weekly News*.

"The first number of this journal fully realises the anticipations had formed of it, both from the known ability of the author, and the eminence of the publisher. It is characterised by a national but impartial spirit, which will make it a welcome volume to the homes of all classes of Irishmen. The poetry is really good, the illustrations are well and clearly executed. With such a magazine as the *Illustrated Dublin Journal*, at such a low price per copy, Irishmen can have no excuse for purchasing the numerous publications with which we are flooded. We cordially wish the *Illustrated Dublin Journal* the success it so well deserves."—*The Dublin Herald*.

“The want of a cheap periodical for the humbler classes, has been greatly felt, but, thanks to the eminent publisher, for this want has at length been remedied by his publishing a cheap and highly-finished journal, entitled the ‘Illustrated Periodical.’ We feel a conviction that, under his auspices, it will be a favourite in every home in Ireland, and force its way among the rivals in the sister land. To amusement will be conjoined literary and historical information; and from the specimen illustration given in the first number, the highest hopes may be entertained of the future.”—*Wexford Independent*.

"Mr. Duffy, the well-known Dublin publisher, has started a new newspaper, called the 'Dublin Journal.' The first number before us is worthy of the name, and we heartily wish it success. In point of literary merit, it is far above anything of the same kind published on this side of George's Channel. No better proof could be given of the power and intelligence of Ireland than the fact that a sagacious publisher should have ventured on such an enterprise."—*Penny Magazine* (London).

the style in which this new serial is got up reflects the honor of its esteemed publisher. The matter is gone through and is beautifully finished. We hope that it will be well received and accurate with its merits."—*Clare Journal*.

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 of intellect that furnishes the
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 London contemporaries, be an
 taste and morbid love of
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 and impassioned
 geography and
 "good luck."—*Editor*

"The paper dutifully inquires. Duffy is about to tell us the English penny series. The number of the 'Illustrated' is a tale by Mr. Carr. I should think that a tale by Carr should have a wide circulation. but they are, especially the vignette. article on the 'Dublin stage' takes kind that we remember."—*The Imp. Farmer's Journal*.

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1848 . . £31,346

1852 . . £76,925

1856 . . £151,733

1850 . . 44,027

1854 . . 128,459

1858 . . 196,148

Whilst for 1860, they were over £260,000.

PERCY M. DOVE Manager and Actuary.

861.

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JOHN ST.

THE ILLUSTRATED

A WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS AND POPULAR JOURNAL
Sixteen Pages, 4to

OPINIONS

"It is, without exception, the best of the press, and Mr. Duffy, the editor, is to be proud of his new production—readable—amusement and information—while in 'turn out' it, which it issues. We have no doubt we have no hesitation in saying *Journal*.

"If Dublin be not a publican Duffy. He can lay his hand on the little elegant piece of paper in his hands is an earnest, not to be executed. *The Illustrated* so much. There is a freshness quite out of the level in that many of which look as if paper is good; so is the type; and of very pleasant reading. We *Dublin Journal*; it merits more than it was provided to say by an unrequited."—*Agricultural Review*

"Mr. Duffy has produced a far surpasses anything of the kind. The tone of the work is pure and as well as instructive. The *Illustrated Dublin Journal* is fully executed, and some of the *Illustrated Dublin Journal* at

"The 'Miller of Mohill' sonator of Irish life; in the second numberably portrayed; the abbe Shooting and Diver-Chasing' is an agreeable reminiscence. 'Greek Art,' briefly recapitulating. 'An Irish Sea Queen' by Grace O'Malley, still celebratory. 'Tin' is a historical paper of Altogether the *Illustrated Dublin Journal* as a useful medium of instruction.

"The first number of this production, and warrants us in he will find the speculation not of Mr. Duffy the best success, and he will find thousands of readers *Democrat*.

"In every respect it is a work in a manner to ensure for it an excellent, the printing superior well compiled. Mr. Duffy, in *Journal*, is doing a very good work his efforts duly rewarded."

"This publication, which is from the press, contains a vast that cannot fail to secure for it. Hitherto, periodical literature country from London, and the long been felt, which has now is thoroughly national, and the illustrations and typography are and terse style, and no publisher to render it worthy of table to the literature of the country.

"In point of the merit of it and the excellence of its illustrations

The "Royal" Insurance Company.

IT is indispensably necessary that every Company, which undertakes to replace the Loss occasioned by FIRE, or to provide by a specific sum, or by an annuity, the means of subsistence to the Widow and the Orphan, should be able to show its undoubted ability to perform these engagements. As ample evidence of the standing and position of the "ROYAL" Insurance Company, it may be stated that its

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL IS TWO MILLIONS STERLING

THE CAPITAL ACTUALLY PAID UP AND ACCUMULATED AMOUNTS TO UPWARDS OF SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.

It cannot be too strongly pressed on the attention of the Assurer, that Security is the first desideratum in all Insurance transactions, and that his object is not attained unless the event or contingency against which he wishes to guard is provided for, from the moment he has paid his Premium, under all possible circumstances. It is therefore manifest that the Capital of an Insurance Company should be sufficiently large to meet all possible demands, and that its amount should be distinctly stated, in order that its entire sufficiency to meet all claims may plainly appear.

REPORT BY THE AUDITORS

TO THE ANNUAL MEETING IN AUGUST, 1860.

WE investigated the Company's affairs, when every document, every account, and every voucher which we deemed necessary were placed unreservedly in our hands; and every deed of security, on which property is held, passed either through our hands or under our eyes; and after several days of most laborious, careful, and attentive investigation of the affairs of the Company, we declare that the property representing its Capital and Accumulated Funds is, in our opinion and judgment, SOLID, SUBSTANTIAL, AND SECURE.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The rapid progress and position of this branch of the Company's Business will be best shown by the following extracts from the Report for the year:—

In the year 1849 the FIRE RESERVED FUND amounted only to	£24,731 12 0
In the Three following years £27,046 3s. was added to that amount	27,046 3 0
In the next three years £29,206 12s. 9d. was added	29,206 12 9
And in the past Four years the sum added was	79,158 2 3

Making a Total now at the Credit of that Account of . . . £160,142 10 0

THE TOTAL FUNDS IN HAND ARE THEREFORE

CAPITAL PAID UP	£283,065 0 0
FIRE RESERVED FUND	160,142 10 0
LIFE FUND	207,061 19 0
ANNUITY FUNDS	43,308 13 10
ENDOWMENT FUNDS	5,285 16 8
	£698,863 19 8

BESIDES A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT TO PROFIT AND LOSS NOT YET DISPOSED OF.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

The Company is likewise enabled, by similar references, to direct the attention of the Public to the wonderful progress of this Branch:—

THE PREMIUMS RECEIVED,

From 1845 to 1854 amounted to	£105,162 19 2
From 1855 to 1859 do.	227,830 12 2

Showing the last FIVE years to be more than double the amount of the TEN preceding ones.

THE LIFE FUNDS.

Balance in hand 1854	£56,793 1 2
Do. do. 1859	207,061 19 0
Average Annual Addition for the first TEN years	7,000 0 0
Do. do. last FIVE do.	30,000 0 0

"THE INVESTMENTS

Have not only been made at a most favorable rate of interest, but no LOSS from them has been INCURRED—they are in fact strictly available, and might at any time be Realized."

THE "ROYAL" INSURANCE COMPANY.

LIFE DEPARTMENT (continued).

LARGE BONUS DECLARED, 1860--£2. PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

The greatest Bonus ever continuously declared by any Company.

The Rapid progress and Position of this Branch will be best shown by the following Statement of the New Life Business effected for the

Year.	No. of Policies	Sum Assured.	New Premiums.
1851.....	377.....	£115,480 9 0	£3,378 18 5
1853.....	453.....	178,923 18 10	5,099 19 10
1855.....	498.....	206,514 3 4	5,909 18 6
1857.....	758.....	329,380 18 0	10,270 8 6
1859.....	1015.....	434,470 11 10	13,086 8 5
Whilst for 1860 the New Premiums exceed			15,000 0 0

861.

ANNUAL PREMIUMS FOR AN ASSURANCE OF £100. FOR THE WHOLE TERM OF LIFE--WITH PROFITS.

Age.	Premiums	Age.	Premiums	Age.	Premiums	Age.	Premiums	Age.	Premiums
Years.	£. s. d.	Years.	£. s. d.	Years.	£. s. d.	Years.	£. s. d.	Years.	£. s. d.
16.....	1 16 0	25.....	2 4 3	34.....	2 14 9	43.....	3 10 0	52.....	4 16 8
17.....	1 16 10	26.....	2 5 3	35.....	2 16 2	44.....	3 12 2	53.....	5 1 0
18.....	1 17 8	27.....	2 6 4	36.....	2 17 7	45.....	3 14 6	54.....	5 5 6
19.....	1 18 6	28.....	2 7 6	37.....	2 19 1	46.....	3 16 11	55.....	5 10 4
20.....	1 19 4	29.....	2 8 7	38.....	3 0 8	47.....	3 19 6	56.....	5 15 5
21.....	2 0 3	30.....	2 9 9	39.....	3 2 4	48.....	4 2 3	57.....	6 0 10
22.....	2 1 3	31.....	2 11 0	40.....	3 4 1	49.....	4 5 2	58.....	6 6 5
23.....	2 2 2	32.....	2 12 2	41.....	3 5 11	50.....	4 8 3	59.....	6 12 4
24.....	2 3 2	33.....	2 13 5	42.....	3 7 11	51.....	4 12 5	60.....	6 18 7

PAYABLE AT 60, OR AT DEATH--WITHOUT PROFITS.

Age.	Premiums	Age.	Premiums	Age.	Premiums	Age.	Premiums	Age.	Premiums
Years.	£. s. d.	Years.	£. s. d.	Years.	£. s. d.	Years.	£. s. d.	Years.	£. s. d.
20.....	2 4 4	28.....	2 14 3	32.....	3 7 8	38.....	4 8 0	44.....	6 4 0
21.....	2 5 9	27.....	2 16 2	33.....	3 10 5	39.....	4 12 7	45.....	6 13 9
22.....	2 7 3	28.....	2 18 3	34.....	3 13 5	40.....	4 17 5	46.....	7 2 10
23.....	2 8 10	29.....	3 0 4	35.....	3 16 8	41.....	5 3 1	47.....	7 14 6
24.....	2 10 7	30.....	3 2 8	36.....	4 0 2	42.....	5 9 3	48.....	8 8 1
25.....	2 12 4	31.....	3 5 1	37.....	4 4 0	43.....	5 16 2	49.....	9 4 1
								50.....	10 3 3

The following Statement will make clear the Increasing Value which will attach to the Life Policies of the Company, when in existence for some years:

Policy.—Dated 2nd September, 1848—Sum Assured.....	£2,000 0 0
Amount of Policy, with Bonuses, at the present moment, and subject to future additions at subsequent valuations.....	2,500 0 0
Amount that would be given for its immediate surrender.....	587 14 5
Or, A Policy would be issued in lieu, without the payment of any further Premiums, for... 1,173 6 0	
The Total Premiums already paid being only.....	910 0 0

The Directors invite attention to a few of the Advantages the "Royal" offers to its Life Insurers:—

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- II.—Moderate Premiums.
- III.—Small Charge for Management.
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- V.—Large Participation of Profits by the Assured amounting to TWO-THIRDS of their nett amount, every Five Years, to Policies then two entire years in existence.
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PERFECT SECURITY ITS GREAT RESOURCES AFFORD TO INSURERS.

Have been commented upon by most of the leading Newspapers in Great Britain, Ireland, India, and America. Between August 1860 and March 1861 alone, upwards of 250 such commentaries are known. The following are extracts from a few of these Notices.

THE "TIMES" MONEY ARTICLE.

At the Annual Meeting of the Royal Insurance Company, the Report for 1859 stated that the Premiums in the Fire Department amounted to £228,314, showing an increase of 50 per cent. in three years. The Losses in British, Foreign, and American Departments amounted to £138,024, the transactions of the year in the Fire Branch giving a profit of £42,488. In the Actuary's Report on the Life Business, it appears that the total sum

JOHN ST.

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OPINIONS

"It is, without exception, the best press, and Mr. Duffy, the editor, to be proud of his new product—readable—amusement and information—while in 'turn out' it which it issues. We have no doubt we have no hesitation in saying *Journal*."

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"In point of the merit of it and the excellence of its illustrations."

"TIMES" (continued).

assured was £1,982,504, the number of new Policies issued for the past year being 1015, assuring the sum of £434,470. Upon the valuation of the Life Liabilities a Bonus of £2 per cent. per annum on the original sum assured has been declared. The Appendix to the Actuary's Report enters into the details of the Life transactions of the Company, and contains two diagrams accompanied with tables, exhibiting the mortality experienced.—*August 11th, 1890.*

DAILY NEWS

The "Royal Insurance Company's Almanack" for the year 1891 is an exceedingly neat specimen of its class. It is chiefly occupied, of course, with the records of the rapid progress of this company's business. It comprises an elaborate analysis of the experience of the various Life offices, in connection with the mortality attaching to the business of this company. This is shown by tables of mortality very interesting to the statistician; but what gives the work a more general interest is the illustration, by means of two elegant diagrams, of the mortality experienced by various offices. These bring home to the plainest understanding information which would otherwise be confined to the scientific. These tables prove the experience of the Royal to have been highly satisfactory.—*December 28, 1890.*

KERRY EVENING POST.

Very full reports of the proceedings of this annual meeting of the proprietors, are given in the leading Liverpool papers, and these journals of all shades of opinion, speak in the highest terms of the prospects and management of this institution.—*August 22, 1890.*

TRALEE CHRONICLE.

The journals of every shade of opinion dwell at considerable length on the brilliant prospects and steady management of the institution.—*August 24, 1890.*

KING'S COUNTY CHRONICLE.

In the history of Joint Stock Companies there is no instance of a success so large, with a stability so established, as that which this company has accomplished.—*August 20, 1890.*

CARLOW POST.

The results of the investigation, as shown by various tables, and diagrams, are eminently satisfactory, and clearly demonstrate that the "Royal" is possessed of substantial elements of success, and which, if (as we must say they have hitherto been) properly sustained, will undoubtedly, in a brief space of time, develop the interests of the association to an incalculable extent.—*September 1, 1890.*

CONNAUGHT RANGER.

The "Valuation of Life Liabilities, by P. M. Dove, Esq., F.S.S., F.I.A., Actuary of the Royal Insurance Company," is decidedly a most instructive and extraordinary production, that must go far in spreading useful information on a subject hitherto but little studied.—*September 5, 1890.*

DUBLIN MORNING NEWS.

It has pursued without a check its rapidly progressive and marvellously prosperous career.—*Sept. 6, 1890.*

FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

The extract from the *London Times*, on the recent meeting of the Royal Insurance Company, shows the enormous extent to which the prudential practice of insurance is now carried, and the rapid increase that is sure to take place in the business of well-conducted establishments.—*September 10, 1890.*

CLARE FREEMAN.

On the whole, then, we may fairly conclude that the Directors and the Actuary are fully warranted in stating that no "institution can offer greater prospects of future success."—*September 22, 1890.*

WEXFORD INDEPENDENT.

The Society is flourishing beyond all previous calculation.—*January 19, 1891.*

KILKENNY JOURNAL.

The fact that the Directors have now for a second time been able to declare a bonus to Life Assurers of £2 per cent. per annum on the sums insured, argues well for the stability which has been attained by the Company; and it would appear that this gratifying result is owing, in a great measure, to their judicious selection of lives for assurance, economy in the expenses unavoidably attending such an institution, and the sound principles of management adopted, which have not failed to recommend it to the confidence of the public as one of the most prosperous establishments in the country.—*October 6, 1890.*

KILKENNY MODERATOR.

The Royal Insurance Society, one of the most successful and best established of the insurance Societies.—*September 20, 1890.*

KING'S COUNTY CHRONICLE.

We need not repeat our admiration at the success which has attended this company. The public confidence which it has acquired is, of course, largely due to its excellent and judicious management, but a considerable portion of it is also attributable to the candour and openness with which the principles on which it is conducted are announced, and the explicit and satisfactory manner in which it is shown that those principles are carried out with advantage to all parties concerned, and with an entire absence of concealment or mystification.—*January 9, 1891.*

BANKER'S MAGAZINE.

Nothing could have been more satisfactory to the Proprietors of the Royal Insurance Company than their late Meeting, every element of success and prosperity being exhibited in the report which the directors presented.—*September, 1890.*

RAILWAY TIMES.

We rise from a perusal of Mr. Dove's statistics, and from a careful tracing of his diagrams, with a conviction that that gentleman is not too sanguine when he avers that "an unhesitating disclosure of the company's experience to the public eye will bring with it an ample reward by an entire confidence in its stability as a Life Assurance establishment, which will be engendered in the mind of every reader on perusal of the unusually simple details which are given."—*September 8, 1890.*

RAILWAY RECORD.

The Company actually holds in its hands funds equal to sixty-four per cent. of the entire premiums collected during the period over which its operations have extended.—*September 15, 1890.*

LIVERPOOL MAIL.

The Royal Insurance Company pursues, without a check, its rapidly progressive and marvellously prosperous career.—*August 11, 1890.*

GORE'S ADVERTISER.

Confidence in the stability of the Royal naturally increases year by year.—*August 16, 1890.*

MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

The report speaks well for the success of the office, which has been unprecedented.—*August 18, 1890.*

BRADFORD OBSERVER.

The Life departments of the company appear to have been of an equally successful character, a bonus being declared of £2 per cent. per annum on the sums assured.—*August 23, 1890.*

LEEDS MERCURY.

The results are of great interest, and merit the careful attention of all who are in any way concerned in Life Assurance transactions. It will be seen that very much less the mortality of the Royal has been than the mortality for which the office was prepared.—*September 8, 1890.*

"ROYAL" INSURANCE COMPANY,

ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDING, LIVERPOOL; & LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

KRONHEIM AND CO., PRINTERS, LONDON.

DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER,

1861.

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DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE.

No. 16.

OCTOBER.

1861.

WILD SCENES OF THE WEST.

It was about midsummer, several years ago—let me see how many may it have been?—well, some twenty years at least have since elapsed; but, as I was saying, it was about midsummer when I stood for two or three hours one morning on the old pier-head of the old town of Galway, waiting anxiously for the unmooring of a fishing-boat in which I expected to make a voyage, not very long indeed, and yet rather long to hazard in so small a craft. For a while the only cause of delay was the ebb-tide. There was not a drop of water, and the boats lay on their sides at the foot of the pier; nor was it by any means encouraging to look down from the lofty brink of the said pier into those fragile banks far below, and to reflect, in the first place, on the difficulty of descending into them without the aid of jetty steps, or gangway ladder; and in the second place, on the chances of being swamped by the first wave of the great Atlantic which one would meet outside Mutton Island. Moreover the morning was far from being cheerful. It was decidedly chilly for the season, and not one speck of blue was visible in the dull opaque sky above us. By and by the tide rose, but with it rose a stiff sou'-wester. The wind whistled, and as soon as the fishing-boats began to float, they danced madly to its wild music.

"You belong to Aran, friend?" I said to a fisherman, who seemed particularly energetic in securing the mooring-lines of his boat. By his *pompooties*, and the light blue colour of his frize, I guessed him to be an Aran man, and the somewhat gruff answer I obtained confirmed my conjecture.

"Do you expect we shall be able to sail for Aran by this tide?" was the next question I ventured to put, but to this I received no reply whatever. The Aran man, who seemed to be in a towering passion, was pouring out a volley of maledictions in Irish upon a young lad who had failed in some way to carry out his instructions, and had I been then aware, as I subsequently was, that he was recognized among his fellow-islanders by the name of "Shawn Crossagh" or Choleric John, I should not have been surprised at the ebullition. I believe there are not a more gentle race in the world than the islanders of Aran, nor should I wonder if Shawn Crossagh was the only irascible man among them in his time; but the fact was that he was angry with the storm which delayed his return home, and as he could not vent his rage against the elements, of which no Irish peasant or fisherman ever ventures to speak

irreverently, he should bestow hard words upon some person or thing besides, to be consistent with the character which his *soubriquet* indicated, and he had, moreover, looked with a suspicious eye upon myself, from a cause of which I had not then the slightest conception.

Several other boatmen now collected on the pier, and one weather-beaten old fellow, who, with arms crossed, stood tranquilly viewing the troubled waters, observed, in reply to my enquiries about a voyage to Aran, that there was little chance for it "while the white horses were abroad, and the wind in its present point."

A glance at the bay, which was now covered with white-crested billows, quickly explained the old boatman's figurative expression. I appealed to his experience for the probable duration of the storm, and he told me for my comfort, that he seldom knew a gale which set in from that point, in such an angry way, to blow itself out in less than three or four days.

What was to be done? The disappointment was intolerable. Internally I was in quite as great a passion as Shawn Crossagh himself, but there was no use indulging in the same manifestation of it outwardly. I had made preparations for this journey which could not easily be repeated—Galway, it must be remembered, was not then accessible by railway. I had set out with all the zeal and enthusiasm of an antiquary, intent upon visiting the spot which, of all others in the British dominions, was the richest, most interesting, and most unfrequented field of antiquarian research. Since the time in question the Isles of Aran, at the mouth of Galway bay, have become comparatively well known. The visit of a section of the British Association to them, under the auspices of Dr. Wilde, has given them a world-wide celebrity; but twenty years ago it was not so. Dr. Petrie had visited them long before that time, and so also had Dr. O'Donovan for the Ordnance Survey; but no other literary man, as far as I was aware, had set foot upon their shores up to that period—not even the late historian of Galway, who treated of them in his works, nor the learned gentleman who, writing from hearsay, had made them the subject of an elaborate essay in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. In clear weather they are visible on the western horizon from the immediate neighbourhood of Galway, from which town the larger island lies some twenty-five miles distant; that larger island in particular is designated in ancient writings and in popular tradition, "*Aran-na-neev,*" or Aran-of-the-Saints, and it abounds not only with vestiges of primitive Irish church architecture, but with wondrous monuments of one of the most celebrated races

which peopled this country in ages long anterior to the introduction of Christianity—yet there was not probably at that time in Galway one individual above the calling of a fisherman who had ever risked the perils of a voyage to a spot teeming with such interesting associations.

From what has been said, the reader will understand the object of my pilgrimage, and the intensity of my disappointment in finding it thus threatened with an interruption; and he will also, I trust, be induced to excuse the rather defiant resolution which I formed to approach nearer to Aran before I slept that night, come what will of storms or raging seas.

It was usual, not many years ago, to describe Galway as a strange, old, half-Spanish sort of town—it would have been more correct to have called it an Anglo-Norman one—where the tourist might study some of the quaint remains and quainter manners of the middle ages, in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century. Things are, of course, a good deal changed there of late, although to some extent, no doubt, the same description still holds good. The town and its inhabitants are a good deal modernised; but we recollect when it was, in truth, a quaint old place, with its castellated houses; its continental-looking court-yards, some of them dingy enough to have belonged to the age of the Norman Conquest: its “cross-bones,” its Spanish-parade, its Castlebanks, and Castlerag, its Hole o’ the Wall; its ‘Change, much more famous for the ghosts and goblins which frequented it by night than for the commercial affairs transacted in it by day; but above all, with its singular traditions and local customs. Time was, however, when Galway was not unknown to fame, and when a mariner was asked at some foreign port “in what part of Galway Ireland was?”—a question, indeed, which told more for the celebrity of Galway than for the geographical knowledge of the inquirer; and it is little more than two hundred years ago since Dr. Gerard Boate was able to describe Galway as next to Dublin, among the cities of Ireland, “as well for bigness and fairness as for riches; for,” added he, “the streets are wide and handsomely ordered, the houses, for the most part, built of freestone; and the inhabitants much addicted to traffick, do greatly trade into other countries, especially into Spain, from whence they used to fetch great store of wines and other wares every year.” This trade with Spain here referred to was the grand feature of the ancient commerce of Galway, and gave rise to a popular error about the supposed Spanish origin of its inhabitants; the fact being that the town was essentially an English colony, and was, as such, insulated for centuries from the surrounding country. The “tribes” of Galway, with one or two exceptions, trace their descent to an Anglo-Norman stock; and it is by no means many years ago when they ceased to designate as “strangers” their fellow-townsmen with Milesian names, such as the O’Kellys, O’Flaherties, O’Shaghnesses, etc. The bye-laws of their corporation at one period made it penal for an “Irishman” to pass a night within the

town walls; and their west gate not unfrequently presented the grim decoration of an “Irish enemy’s” head upon its barbican. From the time when the Lynches, and Frenches, and Blakes, and Bodkins, and the rest of them, abandoning the honest calling of wine merchants, got landed estates from the O’Flaherties and Burkes—the latter, though an ancient Norman family, finding themselves, in process of time, in the same predicament with their old Milesian antagonists—from that time dates the commercial decay of Galway; but, let us hope that the “City of the Tribes” will have its prospective, as it had its retrospective, glories!

Bidding adieu to this interesting and picturesque old town, and leaving Shawn Crossagh on the old pier head, to vent his wrath upon innumerable things, I set out alone and on foot, by the sea-shore road, for the west; calculating that in some fishing village along the coast I would not fail to find a boat to ferry me to Aran; and also knowing that the further I should proceed in that direction, for twenty or thirty miles, the shorter would be my voyage; while some convenient mode of transport by sea might afterwards be found for my luggage, which was unavoidably left behind for the present. Arduous enterprise, thoughtlessly undertaken, and executed only after several days of toilsome journeying and privation, but resulting in an intimate acquaintance with one of the wildest and least-known regions within the compass of the Irish shores!

Leaving Galway by its west liberty, the sea road leads us by the White Strand and Salt-hill, and thence along a bold, open beach, where the roar of the surges never ceases, to the Black Rock. Here the line of shore, broken by white cliffs and small inlets of the sea, diverges to the south, and the road leads in a contrary direction through the Wood of Barna, until it again abuts on the open shore at Barna-quay, four miles from Galway. For a great part of this distance the way is lined with rows of gay-looking cottages, which are fitted up in summer for the reception of pleasure seekers and valetudinarians, who there enjoy pleasant society, fine scenery, cheap living, and some of the best bathing shore on the western coast of Ireland. During the season the place is a continuous scene of gaiety. Fashionable equipages and crowded jaunting-cars fill the road. Every face wears a smile, and the social familiarity common to watering-places in general, is, to say the least, not more restricted than elsewhere.

It is a curious fact that the Irish-speaking natives of the west of Galway apply to the strangers who throng their neighbourhood during the bathing season, precisely the same term which, in the very earliest ages of Irish history, was appropriated to the pirates who infested our coasts; the word *fomuirre*, which in the latter case meant sea-robbers, being now used to designate any strangers coming to the sea, and in this popular sense being the reverse of complimentary.

Three miles beyond Barna we pass the demesne of Furbogh, and nearly four miles farther west we reach the village of Spiddle, so called from having been the site of an hospital at some remote period. Through-

out this latter space the road is exposed without shelter to the sea blasts, and traverses a country increasing in wildness at every step. Mr. Molyneux, who penetrated thus far in 1709, writing of this district, says:—"I never saw so strangely stony and wild a country. I did not see all this way three living creatures, not one house or ditch, not one bit of corn, nor, I may say, one bit of land, for stones; in short, nothing appeared but stones and sea." And O'Flaherty, the historian, who knew the country still better, for he was born and passed his life in it, describes this place as being so craggy and full of stones, and so destitute of deep mould, that in very few spots of it "a plow can go; yet," he adds, "the tenants by digging, manure it so well, that they have corn for themselves, their landlords, and the market." Poor O'Flaherty! The remains of this humble dwelling may still, 'tis said, be traced at Parke, a couple of hundred yards from the high road, about a mile west of Furbogh. It was here he wrote his "Ogygia" and other works. He was one of the most learned historical scholars of his time; but, although the rightful inheritor of half the barony of Moycullen, he died in such destitution that Edward Llyud, the learned author of the *Archæologia Britannica*, in sending him a letter, in 1702, a few years before his death, expressed a fear, that unless it came frank, he would be unable to pay the postage.

But to return to the scenery as we approach Spiddle; the granite rocks, which hitherto had been partly concealed by patches of vegetation, here protruded in all their naked dreariness from the barren soil, or lay about in the shape of loose boulders, upon its surface. Gloomy bogs spread away far to the right, up the sides of the dark, barren hills which intervene between the coast and the country adjacent to Lough Corrib; and on the left runs the low, rocky strand, on which the wild billows of the Atlantic rolled in at this moment with uncontrolled fury. On one of the sea-beaten rocks sat a wretched-looking woman. She was combing her hair, which flowed wildly in the storm, and but for the tattered rags that covered her, one might have supposed that she realised some of our childhood's fables about mermaids. On inquiring I learned that the poor crazed creature, for such she was, had frequented that spot for many years. Her husband had emigrated to America when they were only a couple of years married, and promised to send for her as soon as he could procure means to do so; but no word from him ever after reached her. On the morning he sailed from Galway she sat, with her baby, on that rock, watching the ship which took him away until it disappeared in the horizon. She came to the same spot almost every day with her child, wailing and straining her eyes towards the distant sea-line; but her child soon died, and then her heart was fairly broken, and her reason quite deserted her. Afterwards she continued to frequent the same lonely rock, and her time, in all weathers, was chiefly divided between that spot and the still more lonely grave-yard in which her poor baby rested!

The gale which had sprung up while I stood that

morning on the quay of Galway, had by this time increased very much in violence; in addition, the rain now came down in torrents, each big drop being driven with such force that it almost penetrated the skin; the day was waning, and beyond Spiddle I was not aware whether any way-side hospice would soon present itself. Hence I gladly availed myself of the shelter of Mrs. Conon's hospitable roof, in that village, for the night; convinced that the first day of my pilgrimage towards Aran-of-the-Saints had been attended with physical suffering enough to satisfy any pilgrim under the circumstances.

The village of Spiddle is situated on the shore, near the mouth of a small river, and consisted then of some half dozen comfortable cottages, surrounded by a number of wretched hovels. Some fragments of ivy-covered ruins, laved by the surges on the beach, and other remains in the vicinity, show it to be a place of some antiquity; and near the first-mentioned ruins there is an abandoned stone-roofed chapel, perfectly storm-proof, and erected, as an inscription tells us, by "Stephen Martyn, gentleman," in 1776. As it is not probable that this structure, or the neighbouring walls, should have been originally built so close to the water's edge as they now are, it would follow that the Atlantic must have encroached more or less thereabouts since their erection. Indeed, according to local traditions, the bay of Galway was once an inland lake, as its old Irish name of Lough Lurgan would seem to indicate, the islands of Aran being, it is said, the remains of the barrier which separated it from the ocean; and roots of trees and remains of peat bog that have been found below high-water mark at some points of the shore from Galway, might countenance this opinion; but such circumstances only demonstrate the fact that the sea has, at remote periods, made considerable inroads on the land on this western coast. The conjecture of the bay having been once a lake is not supported by any statement in the oldest records of Irish history.

Next morning I found that, although the rain had ceased, the gale was still unabated; the Aran boats must have still remained weather-bound in Galway, while I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had made some progress towards my destination; and so I resolved to continue my journey westward. Adieu then to Spiddle, and with it adieu to the last faint traces of civilised life in that wild region! A landscape now opened on me tenfold wilder and more desolate than any which I had hitherto witnessed. The road-side hovels—for there were still these abodes of human misery—became more and more wretched, and squalid poverty was still more deeply stamped upon their haggard inmates. The face of the country seemed all of bog or granite, for wherever there were any spots of arable soil, they were so subdivided by mazes of ragged granite walls, that the scanty vegetation was almost hidden from the passer-by. Sometimes the huge granite boulders, which were strewn about, out-topped the hovels near them; thus, pebble-shaped as they were, adding by the contrast to the despicable diminutiveness

of the things called houses. On the right, the land, swelling into bleak, monotonous hills, terminated the prospect of moor and granite on that side, at no great distance; and on the left the road was generally separated by some rugged fields from the ocean, of whose proximity, however, I was reminded by the eternal roar of its surges on the low, unsheltered strand. In the midst of all that dreariness—that absence of natural blessings and privation of all human comfort and life-cherishing hope—there was at that time a most numerous population, but since then, no doubt, its numbers have been fearfully thinned by famine and other causes. The cabins lay so thickly along the road that for many miles together they might be said to form a single village, without any variety in their miserable aspect, or in the degree of penury and pain to which they afforded shelter. How did the inhabitants subsist? He who feeds the birds of the air alone knows. That swarming population helped to raise wealth for the landlord out of the inhospitable soil, but beyond this function its existence was as little known or thought of by the world at large as that of a village in the interior of Africa—it was a mere cypher in the human family. The population of the district, however, was collected along the road, so that for some miles into the interior the country was almost uninhabited; and the primitive simplicity of the people may be guessed from the fact, that along the whole coast from Barna to Roundstone, a distance of some forty miles, there was no shop of even the most wretched kind, except at Spiddle.

‡ The wild region which I was now traversing is a portion of the territory of Iar (or West) Connaught, which may be considered as conterminous with the barony of Moycullen, and which commences about five statute miles west of Galway, embracing the country between Lough Corrib and the sea-coast, and extending westward to the well-known district of Connamara, or barony of Ballynahinch.

There was but little to vary the dreariness of the scene until I reached Minna, about six miles west of Spiddle, where a house which told of former comfort, although then somewhat decayed, and which had about a dozen stunted ash trees near it, formed quite an oasis in the desert. It was formerly occupied by a famous smuggler, named Brown, who had acquired considerable wealth when the contraband trade flourished on that coast, but its glory had long since passed away. "There was a time, sir," said a countryman to me, pointing to some small fields near the house, "there was a time when it would be hard to sink a spade in the ground anywhere thereabouts without touching a cask of wine or brandy, or a bale of tobacco." Nor had the smugglers their gains without encountering many a risk for them. It was usual for their ships, when unloading, to remain far off the shore with all their canvass spread, and there the rich cargoes were entrusted to a vast number of small boats, which put off to them through the breakers, and braved the perils of swamping, while equally dreaded dangers from revenue officers, etc., awaited them on shore. Many a story of hair-breadth

escapes is still told on that wild coast; but things are now sadly changed at Minna. There is no wine or brandy to be had there now, and little tobacco either, except what is excessively dear and bad.

"Near Miny (Minna)" says O'Flaherty, in his quaint English, "is the castle of Inveran, where Walter Fada Bourke was murdered by the procurement of his step-mother, Fionola Flaherty, by her brother, Donnel Fitz-Roy Og Flaherty, anno 1549." This murder was committed to secure the inheritance for "Iron Richard," the younger brother of the aforesaid Walter Fada, or "Long Watt," and the object of the crime was successfully attained. Iron Richard became very famous in his time, and Sir Henry Sidney, writing of him to the lords of the council, says, "Surely, my lords, he is well wonne, for he is a great man; his land lyeth along the west-north-west coast of this realme, where he hath many goodly havens, and is a lord in territore of three tymes as much land as the Earl of Clanrikarde is." This Sir Richard Burke, or "Iron Richard," was the second husband of the famous Grace O'Malley, better known as "Granu Weal," and by her he was the father of Sir Tibbott-na-Long, who was also a celebrated personage in the history of the time, and who was knighted, when an infant, by Queen Elizabeth, and created first Viscount Mayo, by Charles I., as the reader will find duly set forth in Lodge's Irish peerage.

For the next five miles of my journey I met no object to arrest my attention, and as I had loitered a good deal during the day, sitting and conversing with the people, it was sufficiently late to halt for the night when I reached the fishing lodge of Derrylea, near the head of Cashla Bay. This lodge, which was surrounded by a promising plantation of young fir trees, was built for a club of gentlemen who had purchased the fishing right of the lakes and rivers in the neighbourhood. I found there before me an engineer, sent by the Board of Works to survey a projected line of road through the neighbouring bogs, and we were both right hospitably entertained for the night by the old housekeeper who had charge of the place.

Next morning I learned that there were no boats for Aran in Cashla Bay; nor, indeed, if there had been, could they have sailed, for the gale from the S.W. blew as freshly as ever, thus verifying the prediction of the old Galway fisherman. I had, therefore, no alternative but to pursue my dreary way still farther, and my plan now was to gain the most remote of a group of islands extending to the south-west, and which are separated from each other by narrow channels, fordable in certain points at low water. I was assured that if I could make my way to Lettermullen, the island in question, I would certainly find a boat there to take me into Aran as soon as the gale subsided.

The low coast of Iar-Connaught assumes at this point a singular appearance, the Atlantic having pierced the land with innumerable creeks, which stretch in every direction like the rugged arms of some monster, and these, with hundreds of small islets, and equally numerous small lakes and rivers, form a perfect labyrinth

of land and water. We have Cashla Bay, and Great Man's Bay, and Carraveg Bay, and Kilkieran Bay, and Casheen Bay, besides countless creeks not distinguished on our maps by any particular names: and then, among the islands, the larger ones, in the order in which they present themselves, are Annaghbane, Lettermore, Gorumna, and Lettermullen; the last-named extending farthest to the S.W., and its extreme point being only seven miles from Portmury, in Aranmore.

The portion of my journey yet before me was the most arduous of all. At a few perches from Derrylea Lodge the road abruptly terminated, and henceforth I had to traverse a terra incognita, through which no road of even the rudest kind had ever, up to that time, existed. Alone and guideless I had to make my way over pathless bogs, often finding my route suddenly interrupted by the jagged arm of a bay, lined with black rocks, which ran across my intended path and compelled me to make detours that seemed to have no end; and my landmark was very frequently only some rick of peat turf, which like Don Quixote's windmill, would assume gigantic proportions as it stood against the sky on the horizon of the bog.

But if there were no roads there were plenty of villages in that cheerless region. The cabins were congregated at the heads of creeks, or strewn along the shore, or on the sides of hillocks, and on the verges of shaking bogs, with patches of sickly vegetation around them; and the population was numerous in proportion, but, alas! most wretched in appearance. How could it have been otherwise? The existence of these poor people was a dismal one, and knew no hope of amelioration. Their lives, from infancy to the grave, were spent in labour, yet their utmost exertions could scarcely procure the necessaries of life in the most wretched and comfortless shape. Nor were they, I could perceive, insensible to their misery. They could even feel it acutely, but knowing no remedy, the natural buoyancy of their character prevented them from sinking under it; and while a deep sense of religion, a resignation to God's will, and a confidence in His future mercies, sustained them on one side, a yearning love of their wretched homes, and of their companions in misery, curbed any thought of seeking for a less hard fortune elsewhere. It is the more comfortable portions of Ireland that have freighted our emigrant ships, and crowded England with labourers; for in these barren wilds which I now describe, the people have neither the means nor the courage to attempt bettering their condition by change of place—yet are they cheerful, polite, obliging, and even generous.

I soon perceived that I was an object of curiosity in these unfrequented bogs. And a conversation like the following, in very indifferent Irish on my part, often accompanied my inquiries:—

"Will you show me the way to Beal-an Daingean, if you please?"

"You don't belong to these parts, sir?"

"You are quite right, I do not."

"Then, maybe you came from Galway?"

"I have, indeed, come a greater distance—from Dublin."

"Oh, a thousand murders! and is it not a wonder you have any Irish?"

"But very little, as you perceive."

"Och! sure, if a man had all the learning in the world, it would do him no harm to have a little Irish into the bargain. But sure, there were people here yesterday measuring the new road they are talking about."

"I have nothing to do with the new road, I assure you."

"They say that something will be done for the poor people, and that the Queen sent some gentlemen to inquire about the land?"

I assured my interrogator that I was neither a royal commissioner nor a road engineer.

"Musha, sir, we don't know what you are," was the rejoinder, with a further effort to penetrate my incognito.

"I have only come to see the country from curiosity, and I want to know the way to Beal-an-Daingean," I replied.

"Then it is a poor country you have to see, and a long way you came to see it," was the natural rejoinder.

"That is quite true, I am sorry; but now will you show me the way to Beal-an-Daingean?"

"Musha, how is the counsellor (O'Connell) going on? We hear the king of France is coming over to join him, and that we are going to have the war at last."

"Well, I don't think the king of France will come over this year, and there is not much sign of war at present," I replied, "and who knows now but you would show me the way to Beal-an-Daingean?"

Ultimately I used to succeed in obtaining the required information, but each time I made any inquiry I had to undergo an examination somewhat similar to the above. And now I must tell the reader where this Beal-an-Daingean, which was the object of my inquiries, and which I did not succeed in reaching until a late hour in the third evening of my journey, is situated. The name literally signifies "the mouth of the fort, or stronghold," so that the place may have been the site of some ancient fortification, although I could hear of no vestige of antiquity now remaining there. It is situated at the *tracht* or strand which separates the most northern of the islands I have already mentioned from the mainland, and where the tides of Great Man's Bay and Kilkieran Bay daily struggle for superiority. I was prepared, by all I had heard of it from the country people, for the superlative wildness of this place. Some of them told me that it was "the most horrible spot in the whole world;" and a story was current among them that somebody having been fortunate enough, long ago, to get back to this world after a brief sojourn in the infernal regions, and happening to see Beal-an-Daingean, was struck by its similarity to the nameless place from which he had escaped.

The channel at this point is the most rugged I had yet seen, and is fringed by jet-black rocks, while huge

granite boulders are piled up or cast together in chaotic confusion on the shore, as if fresh from some terrible convulsion of nature. Everything around is savage in the extreme. Bog, granite, dark and troubled waters, monuments of human misery in the shape of most wretched hovels, are all huddled together in horrible disorder, and form, on the whole, one of the most dismal pieces of scenery which I have ever beheld, either in nature or in the painted creations of art. And this is Beal-an-Daingean!

It was high-water when I reached this gloomy spot, and I gladly accepted the services of two men who, for a sixpence, ferried me across to Annaghbane; but my position was not much improved by this step, for I found myself in an island, which then appeared to be uninhabited; with night approaching, and a rough sea running between me and the island of Lettermore, where alone I expected to find the shelter of a roof. Here, then, I sat me down at the foot of a huge rock, to await the ebb-tide, with the feelings of a man utterly forlorn. The dusk was already closing in when I was able to cross the bed of the channel into Illann-natrachta, or the Island of the Passes, on traversing which, to the next channel where the strand was also left dry, I was at length able to penetrate to the island of Lettermore, where the hospitality of Mrs. O'Flaherty, the venerable proprietress of the island, permitted me to repose in comfort after the fatigues of the day.

The prosecution of my journey on the following day through the remainder of the group of islands was not without its adventures, though it might be presumptuous to detain the reader with a narrative of them, or with a discussion as to whether Great Man's Bay, along the shore of which my way lay for some time, derives its name from a giant of old, as popular opinion will have it, or whether, according to some etymologists, its Irish name of Cuan-an-ir-more might not be more correctly translated "the bay of the great waters." Certain it is that the former opinion is supported, not only by the most venerable tradition, but by the fact that a large hollow rock in the bay is still called "the Great Man's Churn," and that three other rocks are pointed out as the supports of the cauldron, although the sea now runs several fathoms deep between them! Such "facts" ought to be quite conclusive in the matter, but, in addition, it may be mentioned that Roderick O'Flaherty, who surely knew the meaning of the Irish name, called it "Great Man's Haven," in his Description of West Connaught, two hundred years ago.

The centre of Lettermore swells into a hill, from which a view of singular grandeur and wildness may be obtained. The blackened shores of the island, and those of Annaghbane, Gorumna, and Lettermullen, are visible, with the tortuous labyrinth of rocky channels flowing between; to the south lies the ocean, with numerous jutting headlands fringed by white lines of breakers, and on the north, a vast tract of savage moorland stretches away to the foot of the majestic chain of mountains, whose blue indented outline extends as far as the eye can reach to the N.E. and N.W. In the south and S.E.

may be seen Aran-of-the-Saints, with the hills of Burren faintly traced in the distance. The dark crest of Errisbeg Mountain forms a prominent feature in the opposite direction, lowering over some low hills on the shore; and Slyne Head, and the fairy-hill of Errismore, running far into the Atlantic, terminate the view where it meets the horizon of the ocean in the west.

From Lettermore I was ferried in the coast-guard boat to Gorumna, an island of considerable extent, the eastern part of which is called Tiranee, and the southern, Leavchoill, or Elm-wood. Wherefore the latter denomination was bestowed, it would be hard to say, seeing that no plant bigger than a blackberry bush or a tuft of furze, now grows upon the island. While making my way along the shore of Tiranee a doleful cry broke upon my ear. It was the *keena*, and the mournfulness of its notes was increased as they were echoed by the rocks on that wild coast. Having approached the spot whence the heart-piercing sounds proceeded, I saw two boats filled with people leave the shore. At the stern of one of them a coffin was placed, rolled up in a white sheet, and with a group of women seated on the benches near it, giving vent to loud and sorrowful lamentations, and clapping their hands in grief; and by the coffin stood a man embracing it, and pouring out upon it tears of anguish. On inquiry, I found that it was the funeral of a young woman from the mainland, who was married in this island, and who died in giving birth to her first child. The man who embraced the coffin, in an agony of grief, was her young widower, who now accompanied her remains back to the spot whence he had taken her as his bride, only twelve months before. "It is just beyond there she lived, sir," said my informant; "and, sure enough, her mother could see, every morning, across the bay, the very house where her own calleen was living; but now 'tis a black sight the shore of Tiranee will be to her old eyes, mornin' and evenin' while she lives."

A great portion of the surface of Gorumna is covered by small lakes, in one of which, called Loch-an-valia, may be seen one of the stockaded islands, called Cranogues; and detached masses of granite, some of enormous size and fantastic shape, lie about the island in wild disorder, or stand piled upon each other on the brows of hillocks—all just as they were left when this great globe of ours first emerged from chaos. Near the ford or pass of Coogallia, by which I entered Lettermullen, there stood, on a small eminence in the latter island, the ruins of a castle, which, according to the Irish annalists, was inhabited by one Morogh MacHugh, nearly three hundred years ago. Tradition says it was the haunt of pirates, and the scene of many crimes. Formerly the island was scarcely inhabited, except by persons who had fled thither in what the peasantry call *am sir-na-ruaig*, or the time of persecution—a period of indefinite date and duration in their minds—but recently it had passed into the possession of Mr. Comerford, of Galway, whose fostering care and encouragement had rendered its people models of comfort and successful industry for the whole of that west country.

The warm-hearted hospitality of the priest made a very agreeable termination to these wanderings the night I reached Lettermullen; and the next morning, the sou'-wester having at length blown out, and the sky being once more serene and sunny, I obtained a passage into Aran in a boat, steered by the identical Shawn Crossagh whom I had left behind on the quays of Galway five days before, and who had been compelled by the weather to adopt a similar course to my own to get back to his island home. "Faith, sir," he observed, "I thought you were one of the jumpers when I first seen you looking for a boat to go to Aran, but when I seen you yesterday with Father Frank, I knew you were all right." Thus Shawn explained what, to say the least of it, was a want of courtesy on his part at our first interview.

M. H.

THE MEDIÆVAL HOUSES OR CASTLES OF IRELAND.

BY W. F. WAKEMAN.

ONE result of the attention which has recently been given to the study of the architectural works of the middle ages remaining in these islands, and upon the continent of Europe, is that the buildings of each country, or even large province, have been found to exhibit to a greater or less degree certain national or provincial distinctions, which owe their origin either to local circumstances or to the peculiar habits and genius of the people who designed them.

That the ancient edifices of Ireland, whether lay or ecclesiastical, bear a strong national character, there can be no doubt. An Irish castle or tower house of the thirteenth century, for instance, is as unlike an English edifice of the same period and character, as the mediæval Celt from the Anglo-Norman settler. At the same time in Ireland, as elsewhere, the work of each century can be distinctly traced in the mouldings and decorations, or other features of the building, whether it be found in the old district of the Pale, or in the remote islands of the western coast. It was the fashion not very long ago, even amongst Irishmen, to ascribe all the rough and clumsy work remaining in the country from old times, to native workmen, while the glorious edifices of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, such as Jerpoint Abbey, or Knockmoy, though admittedly founded by native princes, must, according to their theory, have been erected by foreign architects and builders.

At Cashel, Cormac's chapel, consecrated A.D. 1134, stands one of the most beautiful churches in the empire. The carvings of the capitals, mouldings, ribs, bases and doorways, and the sculptures in the tympanum are, according to Mr. Parker, (a very high authority,) equal to anything in England or Normandy of the same period. Looking at the circumstance of its erection and consecration, and at its architectural decoration and arrangement, there can be no question of the nation-

ality of this exquisite church. It was built years before the Norman had stood on Irish soil. The general style, no doubt, had travelled to Ireland, as it had done to other parts of Europe, from Italy, where it may be traced, step by step, to the classic architecture of antiquity.

The decorations, particularly the tracery upon the founder's tomb, is characteristically Irish. Had Cormac's chapel, or the almost equally richly ornamented church of Killeslin, near Carlow, been the work of foreign builders, it would be difficult to account for the particularly native character of much of the ornamentation, the style of which is very old, and appears to have flourished chiefly anterior to the ninth century. It is found in greatest force in the MS. gospels of the early Irish church, but it is also constantly found in works of metal, wood and stone.

Mr. Digby Wyatt, in a paper read before the Royal Institute of British Architects, declares, speaking of this elaborate style of ornament: "That in delicacy of handling, and minuteness of faultless execution, the whole range of palæography offers nothing comparable to the early Irish and British manuscripts. When in Dublin, some years ago, he had had the opportunity of studying very carefully the most marvellous of all, the Book of Kells, some of the ornaments of which he attempted to copy, but broke down in despair. Of this very book Mr. Westwood examined the pages, as he did for hours together, without ever detecting a false line, or an irregular interlacement. In one space of about a quarter of an inch superficial, he counted with a magnifying glass no less than one hundred and fifty-eight interlacements, of a slender ribbon pattern, formed of white lines edged with black ones, and upon a black ground. No wonder that tradition should allege that these unerring lines should have been traced by angels."

Another Irish peculiarity in the door and other openings of the early Irish churches, is the inclined sides which they almost invariably present, a fashion no doubt continued from the cahers and bee-hive houses of a pre-historic age. If, as Dr. Petrie has so well shown in his work upon the Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, our early churches exhibit a distinctly Irish style, the mediæval tower houses or castles are no less remarkable for a marked national character.

At what time the native Irish in general began to erect fortified dwellings of a plan different from the caher or earthen fort, is not clearly known. Towers and castles, properly speaking, were most likely introduced to Ireland by the Scandinavians, as we find that at the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion several cities, then held by the Northmen—Dublin for instance—was defended by walls and towers. The first great impulse to castle building in Ireland, sprang no doubt from the requirements of the great lords, who wished to hold, in some degree of security, the lands which their swords, aided by native treachery, had won from the Gael, during the period of John's lordship of Ireland. The castles of Ardinnan, Dunlrum, Carlingford and Trim, belong to this period, and are of a size and extent which, at the

time of their erection, would render them important in any part of Europe.

These castles, and several others of their class, were in fact great military fortresses, capable of sheltering several thousands of men, with stores and provisions for a siege of many months. They stand grim witnesses of Norman power and rapacity, and, notwithstanding their age, would still be formidable, but for the improvements in artillery, against which engineers tell us only walls of *mud* have a chance of resisting.

The twelfth or thirteenth century castle in Ireland, though strictly speaking Norman, not unfrequently exhibits details which are rarely, if ever, found in other countries, from which we may suppose that they had been built in part at least by Irish hands. That the Anglo-Normans in Ireland, in a few generations, became more or less Hibernicised, is very well known. It is possible that, along with the Irish dress and language they adopted the usual Irish way of living in structures of wood, built after the fashion of the country. The answer of an early chieftain of the Ards, a district in the county Down, to some friends who recommended him to erect a castle in his newly-acquired possession, which had been recently snatched from its rightful owner, was, as he pointed to his followers, "A castle of bones is better than a castle of stones."

No doubt, in times of sudden predatory incursion, the great castle would often protect the lives and property, such as it was, of the neighbouring people. That besides being great military strongholds, they were generally used as regular habitations, is proved by many references to sieges they have suffered, and of the "loot" they contained. Holinshed thus speaks of the great castle of Maynooth, after its capture in the time of Henry VIII. "Great and rich was the spoile, such store of beddes, so many goodly hangings, so rich a wardrob, such brave furniture, as truly it was accompted, for householde stuffe and utensils, one of the richest earle his houses under the crowne of Englande." The Lord Deputy, Sir William Skeffington, in his account of the siege sent to the king, says: "There were within the castle above one hundred able men, whereof above sixty were gunners. Of the garrison sixty were killed in the assault, and thirty-seven taken prisoners, twenty-six of the latter, after a court-martial, were executed in cold blood two days afterwards.

The tower house of the lesser nobility or gentry of Ireland, whether native or of Anglo-Norman origin, is very rarely found of earlier date than the middle of the thirteenth century. In the better examples, a regular castle is found with outer and inner court, or bailey, barbican and fosse. The keep or principal tower is usually quadrangular, as at Athenry, or circular, as at Shanet, County Limerick. The circular form was probably suggested by the ecclesiastical towers, of which a very great number must have existed at the close of the twelfth century.

Athenry Castle, County Galway, a very fine example of the lesser castle, or greater house, of about this date.

In its capitals, and in the decoration of its doorway, it presents several beautiful examples of the interlacing work so peculiar to this country.

We now come to the ordinary keep, used alike by the better class of Irishmen and Englishmen in Ireland, as every-day dwellings, during a period of about four hundred years from the beginning of the thirteenth century. It almost invariably consists of a tall quadrangular tower, with or without outworks and ditch. At first sight, they would seem all to have been built upon the same plan, but, in point of fact, no two are exactly alike. The entrance, which is almost invariably small and pointed, was defended in a very ingenious way. The external doorway leads into a kind of inner porch, generally eight or ten feet broad, by twelve feet long. Right in front stands the true doorway, which has usually been armed with portcullis; on the left, another doorway leading to a small lodge or guard-room, and on the right the doorway giving access to the stairs. All these openings were strongly secured by sliding bars, while over head, in the arched roof, a quadrangular hole, popularly called the "murthuring hole," is usually found the porch. A man knocking at the inner door of the porch could be easily viewed through the "murthuring hole," or through the windows in the porch, or side walls. Should he prove a suspicious character the portcullis could be at once lowered, and the stranger would find himself in a cage, and at the mercy of the guards in the chambers, above and at the sides. The outer doorway was protected by a small turret or bartizan, placed directly over it, generally at the top of the wall, through which molten lead, scalding water or stones, could be poured with deadly effect upon the heads of assailants, while the defenders could not even be seen. Similar bartizans command the doorways of nearly all the modern martello towers.

According to Mr. Parker, who has made the ancient domestic architecture of England and the continent his peculiar study, this arrangement for the defence of the doorway is rarely if ever found out of Ireland. In some instances, as at Lady Island, Co. Wexford, and at Athenry, the doorway is placed at a considerable distance from the ground. The idea was probably taken from the ecclesiastical round towers.

From one side of inner porch, a stair, constructed in the thickness of the wall, usually leads to the first storey, the floor of which is almost invariably supported by a strong semicircular arch of stone. The stone arch would most effectually prevent the spread of fire should an enemy have succeeded in forcing the lowest apartment of the tower, and fired the stores which were usually deposited there. The first floor was generally the chief apartment of the house. A parlour is, in most cases, partitioned off to serve as bed chambers for the master, and perhaps for a few principal guests. A wardrobe is usually found in a passage between the chambers or at the angle of the stairs. The windows of the grand-room are often decorated with banded shafts and beautifully designed capitals, and have stone seats in the

jambes, which are sometimes approached by steps. Except in later examples fire places are very rare, and when they do occur they generally exhibit some moulding or other decoration, by which their date is indicated. In towers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the arch of the fire-place is frequently sculptured with the arms of a chief to whom the place belonged, and those of his wife with, their names in full or initialled, generally with a date, as for instance—

Margaret Lynch { Coat of arms here } Nicholas Darcy
1601.

In some instances a lavatory with a drain through the wall is found in the principal room. From old authorities we learn that the floors were anciently covered with rushes instead of carpets, and that the walls, at least of the richer sort of people, were hung with tapestries. From some specimens of the tower-house still inhabited and properly cared for, it will be found that they were not such uncomfortable places to live in, as many might suppose, presuming always that an enemy was not expected, or had not recently lifted a prey or creight from the neighbouring lands.

The second storey, from greater thinness of the walls, is generally somewhat larger than the first. When not the principal room it is frequently partitioned into a number of small apartments. It is approached from below either by a spiral stair in a separate turret, or by a passage in the thickness of the wall, lighted at intervals by a loophole splaying internally. The floor was usually of timber, but the apartment was generally arched like the ground floor with a strong stone vault, by which fire from above was cut off.

In the upper floor of all, a small oblong, dimly-lighted room, to be entered only by a hole, a kind of trap in the arched roof, is generally supposed to have been used as a prison. From the alure or gutter, flights of stone steps lead to two or more towers which rise higher than the rest of the building, and which quite command the roof. The towers and side walls are almost invariably surmounted by a very picturesque parapet, of a kind which might be styled Irish, as it is scarcely known out of Ireland. The parapet is divided by battlements usually pierced for arrows, and with sides cut into the form of a series of steps, the top of which is finished off quite sharp like a roof ridge.

The battlement nearly always projects, and is usually sustained by corbels of a peculiar tongue-shaped pattern, which is quite Irish. The roof, though sometimes of thatch, was generally composed of large slates or flags, many of which are often found at the bottom of the towers where they had fallen.

We have only described the ordinary Irishman's or Englishman's house of the mediæval ages as found in Ireland. Many examples are surrounded by outworks, defended by towers, and enclosing buildings of a domestic character. At Aughnacore, Co. Galway, for instance, we find the remains of a noble banquetting hall, the windows

of which are on the interior richly decorated with flowery interlacing patterns, probably intended to represent the tendrils of the vine. The kitchen is often found detached from the tower, and may generally be identified by the oven formed in the thickness of the wall. Indeed our ancestors, in times of peace at least, seem not to have been unmindful of the creature comforts of this life. The tower house is usually surrounded by land of the richest quality. Generally it is placed upon the edge of a river or lake, and in several instances an arrangement had been made for the trapping of fish, with which our waters during the middle ages, even more than at present, abounded. In many instances tradition points to an apparatus by which the salmon, in passing through a certain trap arranged for the purpose, immediately beneath or beside the wall of the tower, was made to announce his arrival and capture by the ringing of a bell. In the kitchen at Ross Abbey, Co. Galway, a fine stone reservoir, with a pipe connecting it with the neighbouring river, and used, no doubt, for the purpose of keeping fish alive, may still be seen in a perfect state.

That the old chieftains or gentry of the better class, when at home, kept great state, we may infer from many notices in the annals and other authorities. The following is a list of the hereditary offices of O'Flaherty's household as given in an ancient MS. preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. His physicians were O'Canavan and O'Lea; his master of the horse, Mac Gilly-Gannon; his standard-bearer, O'Colgan; his *brehon* or judge, Lavelle; his historians and poets, the Mackillikellys; his steward, O'Ciahran; and his keeper of the bees, O'Conlaghta. His army was probably quartered like that of Roderick Dhu, in the heath, or in cabins scattered over the territory. A beacon lighted upon the lofty tower of Aughnacore would soon bring the light-footed clansmen together. That the tower-houses of our ancestors were carefully watched against surprise, there can be no doubt. On the ground-floor where windows occur, they are mere loopholes. The doorway was ingeniously guarded, as we have shown, by a portcullis and "murdering" hole; the first was generally fire-proof. The stair was steep, and so narrow, that one resolute man might defend it against a dozen, unless the assailants had time to smoke out the garrison, a mode of proceeding not unfrequently resorted to, as old authors inform us. The stairs and even the roof gained, there was still hope for the defenders, who, from the elevated towers which usually commanded the whole of the roof, might shower down missiles at their foes. In some instances, we read, as a last resource, of the tower battlements being thrown upon the enemy. Indeed, fairly provisioned and defended, these towers must have been all but impregnable before the introduction of artillery. The process of mining, so commonly used by attacking parties during the middle ages, could not have often been undertaken against Irish castles, which usually stand upon solid rock.

The following somewhat curtailed account of the siege

and capture of the castle or tower-house of Glin, Co. Limerick, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, will afford our readers an idea of the manner in which such enterprises were carried on in Ireland little more than two and a half centuries ago." The matter will be found at length in the "*Pacata Hibernica*, or Ireland Appeased and Reduced," under the government of Sir George Carew, some time Lord President of Munster. The story of the siege is illustrated by a very well-executed bird's-eye view, exhibiting the then state of the castle, which consisted of the usual principal tower, with raised turrets at its corners. The tower is enclosed in a courtyard of small size, of a quadrangular form, and with circular flanking towers at two of its angles. The works are further strengthened on the south-western side by a tributary to the Shannon, and on the opposite side by a small but probably deep stream, on which stands the castle mill. We have here a very interesting representation of the tower house or castle of an Irish gentleman (the knight of Glin of the time), as it existed when such buildings were generally used. Judging from a considerable portion of the castle still remaining, we should say that at the time of its memorable siege the work must have been at least two centuries old. The account is admittedly made by the direction and appointment of Sir George Carew, afterwards Earl of Totness, and was by him reserved, with other matters of history, for his own private information; secondly, for a furtherance of a general history of Ireland, and lastly, out of his "retired modestie," the rather by him held back from the stage of publication, "lest himself being a principal actor in many of the particulars, might be perhaps thought, under the narration of public proceedings, to give vent and utterance to his private merit and services, howsoever justly memorable."

With the general history of the war in Munster, we shall not now meddle, suffice it to say that on the 5th of July A.D. 1600, the president, who, with a considerable army had been for some time "appeasing," that is, burning and harrying many portions of the country south-west of Limerick, sat down before the castle of Glin, then defended by a constable in the service of the knight of Glin, who was absent. An English vessel of war lay at anchor before the castle, but does not appear to have taken part in the fight. The army was no sooner encamped and entrenched than the ordnance, consisting of one "demy cannon, and one sacre," was planted before the castle without any resistance, or the loss of a single man, "by reason of of a parlie that was purposely to that end entertained, during which the work was performed." The knight having arrived at the camp under safe conduct, desired to confer with the president, but was refused without absolute submission to her Majesty's mercie, "whereunto he would not yield but upon conditions, whereupon he was commanded to depart; he saw the cannon already planted, and his sonne, then a child, in the president's hands, ready at his will to be executed, being by himself formerly put in pledge for his loyalty; then he desired to speak with the Earl of

Thomond again, which was granted, but the Earl found his obstinacie to be such, as he disdained to have any long conference with him; and so being safely conveyed out of the camp, he returned to his fellow traitors, who were on the top of an hill not far from where they might see the success of the castle. When he was gone, the same day towards evening the constable of the castle (who was a Thomond man borne) sent a messenger to the Earl of Thomond, praying his Lordship to get a safe conduct from the president, that he might come and speak with him, which being granted, in his discourse to the Earl; My Lord (said he), in the love I beare you, being your natural follower, I desired to speak with you to the end that you may avoid the peril that you are in; for the Earl of Desmond, and the Connaght men lodge not two miles from this place; they are three thousand strong at least, and the Lord President may be assured, that they will give upon his camp, for so they are resolved; and in all likelihood you will be there put to the sword, or driven into the River of Shenan. The earl deriding these threats, advised him to render up the castle to the president, whereby his life and his fellows might be secure, which he with vain-glorious obstinacie refused, and returned to the castle for a farewell, sent him word that since he had refused the Earl of Thomond's favourable offer, that he was in hope, before two days were spent, to have his head set upon a stake; which proved true (as you shall hear) before the castle was taken."

Next morning, when the besiegers wanted the cannon to play, it was found that the piece was "all cloged," and neither cannonier nor smith could do anything with it. The President thereupon ordered that the muzzle of the gun should be elevated as much as possible, and a full charge of powder and ball "rouled" into it, and fire given at the mouth. To the great rejoicing of the army, by this means the touch-hole was cleared and the gun planted; the modest president then took the knight's eldest son, a child six years old, and tied him on the top of one of the gabions, sending word to the people in the castle that they should have a fair mark to try their small shot upon. The constable answered that the fear for the boy's life would not make them forbear to direct their volleys against the battery, that the knight might have another son, etc., whereupon the president ordered the poor child to be taken down from his perilous position, knowing that one discharge of the gun would shake his bones asunder.

The battery was presently opened, and so incessant a fire of small arms kept up against the castle, which seems to have possessed no artillery, that none of the defenders dared show themselves until a breach was made in a cellar under the great hall.

"Then was Captaine Flower commanded by the President, with certaine companies assigned unto him, to enter the breach, which he valiantly performed, and gained the hall, and enforced the ward to returne to the castle close adjoining unto it, where from out of a spike, they slewe four of our men; then he ascended a pair of

stairs to gain two turrets over the hall, in which attempt Captain Bostock's Ensigne was slain, by the winning whereof they were in better security than before, and there were our colours placed, and because it was by this time within night, Captain Slingsby (who was there with the President's company) was commanded to make it good till the morning, during which time some whiles on either side, small shot played, but little or no harm done. About midnight the constable, seeing no possibility to resist long, and no hope of mercy left, thought by the favour of the night in a sally to escape; but the guards were so vigilant, as they slew him and some others; but nevertheless two escaped, the rest which were unslain returned to the castle, and the constable's head was (as the President formerly had told him) put on a stake. Early in the morning the ward was gotten into the tower of the castle, whereunto there was no coming unto them but up a narrow stayre, which was so straight as no more than one at once might ascend, and at the stayre foot, a strong wooden door, which being burnt, the smoke in the stairs was such, as for two hours there was no ascending without hazard of stifling; when the extremitie of the smoke was past, one of the rebels presented himself, and said in behalf of himself and fellows, 'That if their lives might be saved, they would render;' but before any answer was made, he voluntarily put himself into our hands. The smoke being vanished, a muskettier, and to his second a halbardier, then Captain Flower and Captain Slingsbie, Lieutenant Power, Lieutenant to Sir Henry Power; Ensigne Power, Sir Henry Power's Ensigne; Lieutenant Nevile, Lieutenant to Sir Garratt Harvie, which was afterwards killed in Connoght, seconded by others, ascended the stairs in file, where they found no resistance, nor yet in the upper rooms, for the rebels were all gone to the battlements of the castle with resolution to sell their lives as dear as they could. Our men pursued the way to the battlements, whereunto there was but one door; Captain Flower entered upon one hand, and Captain Slingsby upon the other; the gutters were very narrow between the roof of the castle and the battlements. In conclusion, some were slain in the place, and others leaped from the top of the castle into the water underneath it, where our guards killed them. In this service eleven soldiers were slain, whereof one was an ensigne, and one and twenty hurt, of which number the serjeant-major (who served admirably well) was one; he received three or four wounds, but none of them mortal; there was also the lieutenants of the Earl of Thomond, and Sir Henry Power hurt; of the enemy (of all sorts) were slain 80 or thereabouts, of which 23 were naturall borne followers of the Knight of the Valley, in whom he reposed greatest confidence."

THE INCUMBERED (NOW LANDED) ESTATES COURT.

A SKETCH OF THE OLD COURT, AND A LITTLE ABOUT THE NEW.

WHEN that memorable Act of Parliament, by which old Irish estates, mouldy with debts, were made liable to be sold to the highest and best bidder, to clear off the extravagances or misfortunes of successive inheritors, came into existence, many people who thought they could see a bit into the future, predicted that something very bad would come of it. As we all know, everything very good has come of it. There has been, so to speak, a salutary social earthquake brought about by it. The face of the old country has been tumbled up and carved out anew; and the general opinion is that it's all the better for the shaking and the cutting. This most respectable Act of Parliament has made such a character for itself since it was first set agoing in a tall house in Henrietta-street, that it has received a renewal of the lease of its existence—its powers have been extended ever so much; the learned gentlemen having the care of it, have been created judges of the land, and of late it has had so much important business on hands that a large and handsome building, with ever so many courts and offices in it, has been erected expressly for it to work in, with comfort to itself and advantage to the public. When it first came into public life, it occupied a dingy house in the quiet locality known as Henrietta-street, about which, and the matters transacted therein during its earlier years, this paper will chiefly concern itself.

About half way up the street, as you go towards the King's Inns, there's a very tall house, with a great many windows looking on the front, but presenting nothing remarkable to distinguish it from the other very tall houses, with a great many windows looking on the front, at either side of the street. A serviceable iron pallisading runs along this tall house, immediately enclosing what you would say, if you were sworn to the best of your belief, was the front parlour window, and apparently erected more with an eye to burglars than to effect. An ordinary black knocker, exhibiting a very unprepossessing, indeed, a very savage countenance, is stuck on the hall-door; the use of a "scraper" may be enjoyed at either side of the door, and other modern luxuries of a like character, not exclusively peculiar to Henrietta-street, are observable about the exterior of this building.

The attention of any observant stranger who found himself in Henrietta-street during Term time, some eight or nine years ago, would most certainly be attracted towards this tall house by having his progress on the flag-way in its vicinity obstructed rather frequently and abruptly by the hasty movements of a large number of persons, the majority being the carriers of documents made up in tidy bundles, who, for the most part, came over the way from another tall house at the other side of the street, rushed up the stone stairs leading to the

hall-door of our particular tall house, which stood open—bolting in at a side door, which was self-acting so far as closing was concerned, and which, being left by each one who entered to shut as best it might, kept swinging and banging all the day long, with various degrees of intensity, dependent on circumstances over which it had no control. Others again, with tidy bundles, bolted out at the side door, down the stone stairs, and across to the other tall house over the way. The same observant stranger, on looking about him very naturally to learn what all this bustle, in the centre of so calm a region, meant, would be made aware by an inscription on the hall-door, executed in small white letters, that the Commissioners for the Sale of Incumbered Estates carried on business within. One fine day I, being an observant stranger in these parts, noticed the several matters referred to; and being also a stranger of an inquiring turn of mind, I went up the steps, and pushed and banged the side-door, like everybody else, and went in to explore the interior. An elderly porter, of small proportions, in a species of livery, who was seated at the window of the apartment, two-thirds hall and one-third kitchen, on which the banging door opened, in reply to my question as to whether there was anything particular going on, said there were “sales” to-day at twelve o’clock. Pursuing the direction indicated by him, I go in search of the Court; and after traversing a very long and very narrow whitewashed and matted passage, through two doors, that are swinging and banging like that outside, I find myself in the Incumbered Estates Court—a large, unfinished-looking apartment, with a damp and empty air about it, having an elevated seat, under muddy green hangings, for the Commissioners, and a plentiful supply of benches for the accommodation of the general public. The “rentals,” which are distributed in court, inform me that the Castlescrimmage estate, the Right Honorable Somebody-or-Another, owner and petitioner, will be put up to auction at noon; that the property has been divided into nice tidy lots to suit purchasers, and that the entire estate is peopled with the most prosperous, contented, and amiable tenantry extant. Drawn hither, no doubt, by such inducements for a profitable investment, capitalists have assembled in large numbers. They are dispersed about the court, some talking in groups, for the Commissioner, as was then his title, hasn’t yet entered; others are seated on the benches, with rentals of the estate spread out before them, studying with serious faces the descriptive particulars which they find set forth there, the net annual value, ordnance valuation, and other interesting information relative to some favourite lot, and making arithmetical calculations with the view of ascertaining up to what amount it would be safe to bid for a particular slice of the Castlescrimmage estate. Here are healthy, comfortable-looking men, who, I assume, have farms on this estate, and who, no doubt, could tell almost to the stone weight what the property is capable of yielding per acre, and they are naturally anxious to know the individual to whom they shall be “knocked down” as tenants in pos-

session. Some of them who are well to do, meditate, perhaps, the purchase of a small lot, and I can see that they are very earnest about the matter. At the table under the registrar’s desk, the solicitor having the carriage of the sale, distinguishable by the package of rentals before him, and other parties interested in the property or in its sale, are seated.

A side-door near the bench opens, and a tall, middle-aged gentleman, attired in every-day habiliments, enters.

This is the Commissioner, who takes his seat under the muddy green canopy; whereupon people who are in earnest produce their pencils, and prepare seriously for the bidding. The auction clerk, who has arrived with his sales book under his arm, takes up his position beneath the bench, opens the volume, and calmly proceeds to business. Having recited the title of the estate this gentleman informs all whom it may concern, that Lot No. 1, consisting of the townland of Toormore East, contains 161 acres, 1 rood, 12 perches, plantation measure, equivalent, he says, to 261 acres, 1 rood, 9 perches, statute measure; that the gross annual rent of this portion is £116 2s. 10d., and that, after deducting head rent and tithe rent-charge, it yielded a net yearly profit rent of £100 17s. 10d. Then he gives out the valuation of the property, and tells, from the “descriptive particulars,” all about how these lands are well adapted for either tillage or pasture, having a rich loamy surface on a limestone subsoil, with an abundant supply of turbarry—how they are famously situated with respect to main roads, railroads, rivers, and market towns, affording altogether a most desirable investment. Then he asks, in a most confidential sort of way, what we shall say for the lot? Eight hundred pounds to begin with, he says. Eight hundred pounds for Lot No. 1. And fifty, somebody says. Eight hundred and fifty—the auction clerk repeats, making a rapid entry as he speaks. Then people go on bidding from fifty pounds to five, or nodding these sums at the auction clerk, who simultaneously records the bidding, and announces the various advances in a dashing off-hand style, as if fifty pound bids were mere trifles to him. Nine hundred pounds are bid for Lot No. 1, he says—and twenty. Nine hundred and twenty pounds bid for Lot No. 1—and thirty. Nine hundred and thirty—and fifty (always with an entry in the book, which he doesn’t seem to look at). One thousand pounds bid for Lot No. 1—and ten—and twenty—and five. Very many people have been bidding and nodding at the auction clerk, who is very busy looking about him, and scratching entries in his book. Again, summing up the biddings for the general information, he announces that one thousand and thirty-five pounds have been bid for the lot, and he desires to know whether there is any advance on that sum? Somebody spasmodically says “ten,” and the auction clerk enters ten in his book, and adding ten to the biddings, announces the sum total up to the present. Is there any advance, he wants to know, as he searches the assembled countances with his keen eyes, on one thousand and forty-five pounds?

Now the “bids” become fewer, and smaller in amount,

and are chiefly confined to an old-fashioned, nervous, spectacled gentleman on the back benches, who is making very great efforts to appear unconcerned, and a party on one of the side seats near the stove, who, without raising his head from the rental before him, quietly increases the last offer—and always by tens—before the bidder who precedes him has quite finished, as if he had made up his mind to continue advancing into the middle of next week if necessary, and to have the lot if the world was bidding against him. A stout, farmer-like personage, who up to this had been an emphatic and prominent bidder from his seat in the front row, right opposite the auction clerk, now gives in with a very bad grace, indeed, and leaning back sulkily, mops his large face with a red pocket-handkerchief.

One thousand and forty-five pounds bid for Lot No. 1, resumes the auction clerk, who, with his left hand under his coat tails, looks complacently amongst the crowd, inviting further biddings. Any advance on one thousand and forty-five pounds? Are you done, Mr. Brown? he asks, in a low tone of the anxious gentleman behind the spectacles, for the last bid came from the aggravatingly imperturbable individual at the side. Of course, every body very naturally looks at Mr. Brown, who looks at the rental, and takes hurried counsel with his friend who sits near him, after which he looks uneasily over his spectacles, and says "five," as if the word had been pumped out of him; and then he applies himself again to the rental.

The auction clerk announces that there are one thousand and fifty pounds bid for Lot No. 1, and he looks significantly at the gentleman on the side benches, who quietly nods him ten pounds, as if it was a matter of course that he should advance that sum on his friend with the spectacles. The auction clerk increases the biddings by ten, and announces the sum total. The thing is now becoming rather exciting, and people begin to laugh, and to look at Mr. Brown, whose turn it is to advance if he would have Lot No. 1. Mr. Brown has evidently set his heart on Lot No. 1; but so has his unflinching opponent at the side. Mr. Brown again consults his friend and the rental very hurriedly, and then, with a miserable effort to be calm, he offers another five pounds. One thousand and sixty-five pounds bid for Lot No. 1, the auction clerk says, as quietly as if he were disposing of a chest of drawers at a furniture sale. The party on the side bench nods another ten pound note to the auction clerk, who keeps his eye carefully on him: The gentleman with the spectacles, who feels now that he is bidding against a man who has made up his mind that he won't be beaten under any circumstances whatever, thinks 'tis high time for him to pull up; accordingly, he adjusts his glasses, and remains silent, carefully avoiding that quick eye of the auction clerk, which he feels is on him. "One thousand and seventy-five pounds bid for Lot No. 1," says that official, looking very hard at the gentleman with the spectacles, who affects to relish a pinch of snuff, and holds his peace.

The auction clerk now slowly lowers himself into his seat, after a finishing glance round the court to see if

he could discover a five pound note or so in the eye of any individual present; and the learned Commissioner, who up to this time had been a silent spectator of these exciting proceedings, lifts—not a hammer, as may very naturally be the popular supposition—but his quill pen, and in somewhat of a solemn manner, says very slowly, and with much emphasis (evidently with the humane intention of giving bidders time to collect their fluttered senses) "One thousand and seventy-five pounds having been bid for Lot No. 1, and there being no advance, declare the bidder of one thousand and seventy-five pounds"—"and ten," the gentleman in the spectacles says, as if he had awakened in a great fright.

Everybody, including the auction clerk, who is again on his legs, now looks at the gentleman near the stove, who gives his nod, value ten pounds, whereupon everybody, including the auction clerk, looks at Mr. Brown, who appears to have arrived at a pitiable state of anxiety and indecision. That gentleman makes no sign of pumping up another five pounds, and, after a pause, the auction clerk having subsided into his seat, the Commissioner lifts his pen, and in the same measured tones repeats the formula—"One thousand and ninety-five pounds having been bid, and there being no further advance, declare the bidder of one thousand and ninety-five pounds"—the learned Commissioner again pauses on the pounds for a moment, and then emphatically finishes the sentence with—"the purchaser;" and 161 acres, 1 rood, and 12 perches, plantation measure, pass away from the old proprietor, and become vested in the spirited bidder of one thousand and ninety-five pounds, who, with the air of a man who could have told you half an hour ago that it would come to that, makes a pencil mark on the margin of his rental, and turns to Lot No. 2. Mr. Brown takes off his spectacles, wipes the glasses carefully with his pocket-handkerchief, as if to show how collected he is, replaces them on his countenance, and looks severely over them at the bidder of one thousand and ninety-five pounds, as if he considered that that person had acted an unhandsome part, to say the least of it; and soon after Mr. Brown retires with his friend.

Everybody is all attention again, and there's a general turning over of rental leaves, as Lot No. 2 is "put up" by the auction clerk, who asks, as before, what we shall say for the lot, and then says something himself, after which a great many people say something for it, and the bidding goes on briskly at first, from every corner of the court, then becoming select, goes on more slowly and cautiously, then tardily and hesitatingly, and finally, is confined to two individuals, who struggle with each other, as in the case of Brown and Jones, and spasmodic bids are offered at long intervals, until at length the Commissioner repeats his formula about so much having been bid, and there being no further advance, etc., and in due time, by the power that is in him, he transfers another lot of acres, roods, and perches, fine old trees and farm houses, to the highest and best bidder.

In due time the Castlescrimmage property is disposed of, when, if there is no other estate to be sold, the court

rides unceremoniously, and each individual purchaser departs, as easy in his mind as to his purchase, as if he had his share locked up in his strong box at home, and the key thereof in his pocket.

This tall old house, in which these exciting proceedings used to take place, is now shut up. The square, cheerless, old-fashioned chamber, where the "full court" used to sit, is given up to lumber, cobwebs, and dust; the doors, once so noisily busy, are done swinging and banging, and the steps in the street are deserted. The other tall house over the way, which was likewise rented for the purposes of the Act in its juvenile days, is also shut up; and the two tall houses now stare each other gloomily across the street, through all their dusty windows. For the term of the existence of the Act having been enlarged, and its powers having been made more extensive and important, it has given up its old houses in Henrietta-street as altogether unsuited to its new status, and has taken itself away, with its parchments and deeds, rentals and clerks, to the large new building near the Four Courts, where it keeps up a most excellent establishment, and is very much respected by the general public. Ever so many old houses have been tumbled down, and many narrow streets have been done away with to make room for this new edifice, which is situated in a line with, and within a second's walk of that well-known coffee-room, where barristers-at-law, attorneys, and solicitors of the courts, and the general public, refresh themselves with broiled chops, soups, and coffee in Term time.

When you go into this new residence of the Act, and look about you, everything has an agreeable air of freshness and neatness. You will see right before you a very long, flagged hall; and, probably, you will identify, somewhere about the entrance, the small porter in livery, whom the writer hereof met in Henrietta-street, who has been brought down to the new house with the rest of the property. A respectable-looking stone staircase to the right will, no doubt, come under your notice; and if you are of an observant turn of mind, you will see near the entrance a little clock, and hear it ticking away busily against the wall; and under it a small table, with a modest store of fruit and buns displayed on it, presided over by an elderly female. Traversing the long, flagged hall, you will see a range of offices at either side, in all of which people are busy, and the court of one of the judges, as you may learn from the inscription in black letters over the door. Indeed, over all the doors of all the offices there is an intimation in black paint as to the particular kind of business which is transacted within. Ascending the respectable-looking stone staircase, on which many feet are hurrying up and down, you will see another very long passage like that down stairs, and a range of offices at either side, and two of the judges' courts (all duly lettered as below), very compact and very neat, but rather small, and very hot in summer weather.

In either of these three courts the sale-by-public-auction business of this extensive establishment is transacted, much after the same fashion in which it was car-

ried on in the gloomy old court in Henrietta-street. The "Commissioners" of the old court, who are styled Judges in the new, still dispose of the property to the highest and best bidder. The Judge's registrar puts up the estate and records the bidding, and the Jones and Brown episode is often witnessed in the new courts, and, as was the case in that memorable incident, the Judge eventually puts an end to the excitement by lifting his pen and pronouncing, in measured words, that impressive formula about so much having been bid for the lot, and there being no advance, etc., winding up by declaring somebody the purchaser. T. B.

NOCTES LOVANIENSES.

FRANCISCAN CONVENTS OF MOYNE, ROSSERRICK, AND KILCONNELL.

"THE Franciscan monasteries of the west of Ireland, and particularly those of Moyne, Rosserrick and Kilconnell," resumed the Provincial, "deserve to have a chapter especially devoted to their history; for, indeed, they once ranked among the most famous houses of our order either at home or abroad. I visited each of them in the year 1606, and lost no opportunity of collecting on the spot every incident relating to their foundation and fall. Let us, therefore, save from oblivion a record which in times to come will be appreciated by the pious pilgrim and antiquarian, when they visit those hallowed precincts, now, alas! desecrated and wrested from their rightful owners."

"I have heard," said Father Purcell, "that the Franciscans had many establishments in the west of Ireland; but I thought none of them could compare with those of Donegal, Multifernan, Timoleague, or Kilcrea—"

"On that head," interrupted the Provincial, "your judgment has deceived you, for the chieftains of Connaught were most munificent benefactors of our Order, and the churches and monasteries which they erected for us were nowise inferior to those for which we are indebted to the piety of the native princes of the north and south. The Anglo-Norman nobles of the Pale, built many a fair and spacious monastery for the Franciscans; but assuredly their veneration for our institute could not have been greater than that which the De Burgos, O'Kellys, and Joyces ever evinced for our poor habit and rigid rule. The De Burgos, I admit, entered Ireland as invaders; but in time they became more Irish than the Irish themselves, mingling their blood with that of the aboriginal magnates, the O'Flaherties, O'Dowds, and other princely families, each and all of whom have undeniable claims to our gratitude. You have not been in Connaught, and I greatly fear that my poor description will not enable you to realise more than a faint idea of the magnificent monasteries—magnificent even in their wreck—which the De Burgos and O'Kellys erected and endowed for us in that province, where, till these disastrous times, they lived and reigned with all but kingly state. Take your pen,

therefore, and follow me while I dictate as well as I can, the history of the Monastery of Moyne, as I have learnt it from antient records, and also from the lips of those who witnessed its latest vicissitudes.

"In the year 1460, Nehemias O'Donoghoe, the first provincial-vicar in Ireland of the Observantine order of St. Francis, memorialled Mac William Burke to grant him a piece of land in Tyrawley, whereon he might erect a monastery for a community of the reformed order of Franciscans. Mac William gave willing ear to the provincial's prayer, and told him that he was at liberty to select any site he chose within the borders of his territory for the church and convent he was about to build. Indeed Mac William could not refuse any request coming from such a man as the provincial O'Donoghoe, for he was famed throughout all Ireland as an eloquent preacher and a friar of most exemplary life; so much so that his name is recorded with special praise in the *Book of Adair*.^{*} After examining various localities within the limits of Mac William's principality, O'Donoghoe pitched on a spot in the barony of Tyrawley, at a short distance from the antient episcopal city of Killala; and no sooner had he made the selection, than Mac William, accompanied by his subordinate chieftains, warriors, bards, and brehons, proceeded to lay the first stone of the new church and monastery. No words of mine could adequately describe the beauty of the site which the provincial chose for the buildings. Let it suffice to tell you that it was a sweet verdant plain crowning a gentle eminence, at whose foot the silvery Moy discharges its waters into the bay of Killala, right opposite a sandy ridge called by the natives of the place the Island of Bertragh or Bertigia. Within an incredibly short time willing hearts and sturdy hands erected the church and monastery from the foundations; and in the year 1462 Donatus O'Connor, bishop of Killala, consecrated the new church under the invocation of St. Francis. The exquisite beauty of the architecture of both church and monastery was the theme of every tongue, and the rich display of ornamentation in the tracery of the windows, and the completed pillars of the cloister even to this day attest, that the men who executed the work were thoroughly skilled in their craft, and enthusiastic cultivators of art in its every department. The entire of the edifice, even to the very altars, was constructed of oolite, or that stone so like marble which is composed of petrified sea-shells, and what is no less remarkable, the mortar used in the building was made of burnt shells, which, as the fact proves, is the most binding description of cement that can be found. In sooth, it was a beautiful and spacious building, that most solemn church near the mouth of the Moy; and oh, how this poor old heart throbs when I recall the glorious prospect which presented itself to my eyes when first I ascended the massive square tower, ninety feet high, that springs from the gable ends forming the choir and nave of the holy edifice. There was the great Atlantic

rolling its crested billows against the granitic headlands, and from the same eminence I could see the time-worn belfry of the antient cathedral of Killala, and that old wizard-tower, whose origin and use must ever remain shrouded in mystery. * Never, never shall the impressions of that splendid prospect fade from my memory.

As soon as the building of the church and monastery was completed, Mac William caused the entire to be enclosed with a strong stone wall, and he also endowed the friars with some acres of good pasturage, and empowered them to erect mills for grinding corn, and also sundry ponds in order that they might never lack fish. Nor should I omit to mention, that there is within the said enclosure a never-failing spring of wholesome limpid water, which sweeps so impetuously to the sea that the mills could never be idle when there was corn to be ground. Apart from the picturesque, surely never was site more happily chosen for a convent of our order. Ships, heavily laden, discharged their cargoes almost under the windows of the infirmary, and when the tide ebbed one might walk, without wetting foot, to the island of Bertragh. In fact there was no commodity of life wanting to our friars as long as they were allowed to live peaceably in Moyne. Their gardens and orchards supplied them with vegetables and fruit, their ponds with fish, the beach with crustacea, the island of Bertragh with succulent rabbits, and as for wine, did not the Spanish caravels come freighted with it into the neighbouring harbour of Killala? It has been asserted, I know not on what authority, that the church and convent of Moyne were founded by the Barretts before the latter were driven out by the De Burgos; and others have affirmed, that Father Nehemias O'Donoghoe merely took possession of the place in obedience to a mandate of Pope Nicholas V. In my opinion neither of these statements is true; and I am sustained in what I have said of the founder, and the date of the foundation, by various antient records which I have examined carefully. As for Nehemias O'Donoghoe, his death is recorded in the *Book of Adair* as having occurred in the year 1500.

"Like the monastery of Donegal, and other houses of our institute in Ireland, Moyne possessed a valuable library, for it was during a century and a half the provincial school which all the aspirants for our habit were wont to frequent. Hence, in times anterior to the dissolution of the religious houses, the community of Moyne never numbered less than fifty friars, including priests, professors in the various departments of literature, students, and lay-brothers.

"In the crypts of Moyne are interred many of the great families of Tir-eragh, and Tirawley, whose gorgeous monuments I have seen in the church. The O'Dowds, once potent lords of the fair lands, extending from the river Robe to the river Codnagh at Drumcliff, now moulder in the vaults of Moyne side by side with the

* The *questio vexata* relative to the origin and purposes of these towers, has been definitely settled by Dr. Petrie, in his erudite work on the "*Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland*."

* Not known now.

De Burgos, the Barretts and the Lynotts, whose forefathers came from Wales to Tirawley, in the evil days of Dermot Mac Murrugh. Indeed, so devoted were the O'Dowds to the order of St Francis, that many and many a chief of that martial race, renounced the world for the austerities of Moyne, and died there in the habit of our order. Thus in 1538, Owen O'Dowd, after having been thirty years chief of his name, died a mortified friar in that venerable monastery, and at a later period another Owen O'Dowd, a chieftain far famed for many a warlike deed, and his wife Sabia, daughter of Walter De Burgo, were interred in the same ancestral sepulchre.*

"In the thirty-seventh year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, one Edmond Barrett had a grant of the monastery, and all its appurtenances, to hold the same forever, at an annual rent of five shillings per annum; but when I visited the place (in 1606) I found that it was in the possession of an English widow, who let the church, and a few cells of the monastery, to six of our friars. Be it told to the honour of the most noble Thomas De Burgo, that he not only contributed to the maintenance of the little community, but also paid annually the sum for which the friars rented the place from the widow. The whole neighbourhood was then thickly planted with English and Scotch settlers, and although I appeared among them in the habit of my order, they gave me a cordial welcome, and as far as I could learn, they invariably treated the friars with marked kindness. This, however, was not from a love of our religion, but from sheer worldly prudence; for as those Scotch and English settlers carried on an extensive trade in fish and other commodities with the natives, they knew right well that they were only consulting their own interests, by suffering the friars to live there unmolested, as the people of the whole district, for many miles round, were in the habit of resorting to the monastery on Sundays and holidays. In a word, to drive away the friars would have been to sacrifice the gains on which those greedy adventurers were so intent. I found both church and monastery in good condition, for the people, notwithstanding all they had to suffer, contributed generously towards the repairs of the entire edifice.

"But heart-rending indeed were the accounts which I heard from some of the old people, who had witnessed the atrocities perpetrated by the English soldiers within the precincts of the church and monastery, during Queen Elizabeth's reign, when Edward Fitton was president of Connaught. I give you the story as I heard it, for I think that incidents of the sort should be transmitted to posterity.*

"In the year 1577, a detachment of Fitton's soldiers garrisoned the convent, and having made prisoners of some distinguished individuals, supposed to be dis-

affected to the Queen, they threatened one of them with instant death, if he did not reveal a conspiracy in which they said he was implicated. The accused denied that he was cognizant of any plot, and no sooner had he made this declaration, than the English commander ordered him to be hung. At this terrible crisis, the prisoner implored permission for one of our friars to hear his confession, and the request was granted by the commanding officer, who fancied that he would be able to induce the confessor to reveal the secrets of the doomed man. In this, however, he was disappointed, and when he found that he could not persuade the priest to violate the sacramental seal, he caused him to be put to death within the very precincts of the church. I had the account of this flagitious transaction from some who were eye-witnesses of it, and who, as they themselves *openly* acknowledged, had assisted at the execution, and came to me begging absolution and penance.

"On another occasion, that is to say in 1578, it was notified to the community of Moyne, that a marauding party of the English was about to make a raid on the monastery, and on hearing this, the friars resolved to save their lives by making out to sea in boats that were moored hard by. One venerable lay-brother, however, named Felix O'Hara, refused to quit the place, alleging that the English would not harm one so aged as he, and that his presence might induce them to respect the holy place. At length the soldiers arrived, plundered the church, and then made off with their booty. After some time had elapsed the friars returned to Moyne, and on entering the church they found O'Hara dead, and bashed in his blood on the steps of the grand altar, where the sacrilegious English had wantonly murdered him. So much for the venerable monastery of Moyne, which I trust in God will one day revert to its rightful owners.

"A few miles south-east of Killala, Rosserick, another of our monasteries, sees itself reflected in the waters of the Moy. It was founded early in the fifteenth century by a chieftain of the Joyces, a potent family of Welsh extraction, singularly remarkable for their gigantic stature, who settled in West Connaught in the thirteenth century, under the protection of the O'Flaherties. Rosserick occupies the site of a primitive Irish oratory, and the place derives its name from *Searka*, a holy woman, who is said to have blessed the *Ross* or promontory that runs out into the river. The site indeed was happily chosen, and the entire edifice is an exquisite specimen of the architect's skill. The church and monastery are built of a compact blueish stone, and the former is surmounted by the graceful square bell-tower, so peculiar to all our Irish Franciscan houses. The view from the summit of that campanile is truly enchanting, and as for the internal requirements of such an establishment—its cloisters, library, dormitory, refectory and schools, the munificence of the Joyces left nothing to be desired."

"Am I to understand," asked Father Purcell, "that Rosserick, like the convent of Moyne, was a school for those who aspired to our poor habit?"

* Moyne is still the burial-place of the O'Dowds; and Sir Richard Musgrave, writing of Captain James O'Dowd, who was executed at Killala in 1798, states, "that they (the O'Dowds) have a burying-place in the abbey of Moyne, where may be seen the gigantic bones of some of them who have been very remarkable for their great stature, as some of them exceeded seven feet in height."

"By no means," replied the Provincial, "for Ross-erick belonged to the *Third order of St. Francis*, which counted well nigh fifty houses in various parts of Ireland. Most of them date their erection in the fifteenth century, those especially of Killybegs, Kil-O-Donel, and Magheribeg (near our great monastery of Donegal) which were founded by the O'Donels, and their tributary chieftains. The friars of these houses lived in community, observed strict discipline, discharged pastoral duties, such as attending the sick and dying in the immediate neighbourhood, and devoted themselves to educating the youth of the circumjacent districts. Such was the rule of the Tertiaries of St. Francis, and, indeed so solicitous were the heads of the great families, the O'Donels and MacSwynes of Fanat, for example, for the education of their people, that they took special care to settle large endowments on the houses of the Third order, which, I need hardly tell you, were always subject to the control of our generals and provincials. The Tertiaries, indeed, did good service in Ireland, for the liberality of the native princes enabled them to diffuse learning among the poorer classes, who were always addicted to book lore. I myself have met peasant lads educated in those schools, who were as familiar with Virgil, Horace, Homer, and other classic writers, as they were with the genealogies of the Milesian princes. 'Tis almost superfluous to tell you that the good fathers of those venerable houses reared their scholars in unalterable hatred to the principles of the new religion, which, under the pseudonym of *Reformation*, has laid its sacrilegious hands on all that once was ours. Ross-erick, too, shared the hard fate of the other religious houses, and when I visited it, its roof had fallen in, thus exposing the elaborate carvings of the windows, and the fine tracery of the completed cloister to the pitiless rain and storm, that will wreak their rage on both till better times dawn for Ireland. Alas, alas, the hope I cherished of seeing the advent of such a day, has long since faded from my heart, and I myself, like the edifices of which we are discoursing, have grown to be a very ruin—weak, hoary, and tottering. It is a digression, but I may as well tell you that, ever since the September of 1603, I abandoned all hope of seeing Ireland and our holy order rescued from the misfortunes that have fallen heavily on both; for in that fatal year we lost the only one who could perhaps, have reversed our destiny."

"And who was he?" demanded Father Purcell.

"Who?" replied the provincial; "who, but Hugh Rufus O'Donel, who, when all seemed lost in the disaster of Kinsale, hastened away to Spain to implore aid for Ireland in that hour of her direst need. Alas! that aid never came, and he who went to seek it found an unimely grave in our monastery at Valladolid. On him my hopes were based, and with him they lie buried——"

"Father," interrupted Purcell, "every one has heard of the achievements of that great chieftain; but I'd suggest that you would enable me to leave in these pages a faithful description of his personal appearance. It has been truly said that history has a charlatanism, which usually represents its heroes in perspective in

order to tone down whatever is base or revolting in their features. Sure I am that *he* should not be treated thus, for doubtless you knew him?"

"Knew him!" replied the provincial; "and who could have known him better? In sooth, dear brother; I knew him from his fifteenth year when Perrott's hired agent basely entrapped him aboard the ship that lay anchored opposite the Carmelite nunnery of Rathmullen. Often and often during the four years that he spent a prisoner in Dublin Castle, have I loitered about that fortress to catch a glimpse of him when he and his fellow-captives were allowed to walk out on the ramparts to breathe fresh air. Nay, after deputy Fitzwilliam had clutched the bribe of a thousand pounds given him by O'Neill, to connive at his brother-in-law's escape, I was one of the first to congratulate him as he lay sick and frost bitten, in the fastness of Glenmalure, tended by the doctors, and guarded by O'Byrne's gallows-glass."

"And did the lord deputy really take the bribe?" asked Father Purcell.

"There can hardly be a doubt of it;" answered the provincial; "for Fitzwilliam was one of the most sordid men that ever filled that high office, and like his predecessor * Perrott, he turned the deputyship to good account, never scrupling any atrocity that might help him to fill his coffers. He was in sooth a very miser, and you are aware that he went to Connaught when he heard that some ships of the Armada were stranded on the coast; and laid waste whole territories of the Irish chiefs, because they could not or would not give him the Spanish gold, which was said to have been found on the persons of the ship-wrecked sailors. † But as to the bribe given for O'Donel's enlargement, Sir Robert Gardiner and others charged Fitzwilliam with having accepted it."

"And how did he meet the accusation of having connived at the escape of the prisoners?"

"Very clumsily indeed," replied the provincial, "for some months after their return to Ulster he wrote to Queen Elizabeth that the whole blame was to be thrown on Maplesdon, the chief warder of Dublin Castle, and the jailer under him, whose business it was to see, *twice every twenty-four hours* that the prisoner's chains were well secured, and he concluded this strange letter by telling her majesty, that he had dismissed Maplesdon, and committed the under jailer to a dungeon with good store of irons."

"And you ask me did I know Hugh Rufus O'Donel! I was but a stripling when he was seized by Perrott's stratagem, and little did I then think that I would one day wear a friar's habit in the monastery of Donegal, or in this house of Louvain. Friend, I told you before that I was a soldier in my prime, and that I marched under his banner, after I had witnessed his inauguration in the

* "The office of lord-deputy is an honour which I confer; and it will be your folly if you do not make a profit of it."—Q. Elizabeth to Perrott.

† Haverty's Ireland, p. 441.

‡ Fitzwilliam's letter, dated 2nd June, 1592, is in the S. P. O.

Franciscan monastery of Kilmacrenan. That indeed was a glorious day when O'Freel the Erenach, placed the wand of sovereignty in his sunfall hand, and proclaimed him the O'Donel. Knew him! O well I did in every phase of his career, in the hour of his splendid victory over Clifford in the passes of the Curliens, and was I not at his side when his cavalry chased the remnant of Bagnall's routed forces from the Blackwater into Armagh? But what have I to do with recollections which bring tears to these aged eyes, tears that I should reserve for the sins of my youth? alas, alas, I knew him too in the hour of his reverse, and was one of the last to kiss his hand on the beach of Castlehaven, when he was about to embark for Spain. The treachery, the defeat of Kinsale, had not broken his noble spirit; for he told us that we might soon expect to see him again, with a fleet of Spanish ships in the bay of Donegal. But as you think it right that generations to come should be acquainted with his person, take your pen and follow me carefully while I dictate.

"In stature he was above the middle height; his body was robust; his features, symmetry, and entire mien were elegant, his voice was sweet and musical. In his enterprises he was quick and active, ever a lover of justice, and a most inflexible punisher of malefactors. Persevering in his undertakings, faithful to his promises, most patient in hardships, rigid and severe in maintaining military discipline, courageous in presence of difficulties, brave in battle, affable and courteous to every one, zealous for the restoration of the Catholic faith, and a great depiser of the world; so much so that I have often heard him say, that if it pleased God to give a fortunate issue to the war, he would become a friar of St. Francis' order. He never married; his mind was great, but nowise proud: he was very zealous for ecclesiastical discipline and reformation, so much so that, through excess, he sometimes carried himself austere with certain priests. He had a singular love for our order, and in all his actions he was truly sincere. As for his morality, it was never questioned—he was fond of the society of spiritual men, whose aid and counsel he was wont to seek. On his deathbed he begged St. Francis' habit in which he was buried, and he begged it with the intention of renouncing the world, had it pleased God to restore him to health.*

* As this is the only account we have of the personal appearance of the gallant Hugh Roe O'Donel, it occurs to us that some of our readers might wish to see the original text, which it is as follows: "Hic erat statura mediocrem excedente, corpore robustus, vultu et forma ac aspectu decorus voce canorus, in actionibus vivax et celer. Justitiæ cultor, et malefactorum acerrimus vindex. In propositis constans, in promissis verax, laborum patientissimus. In disciplina militari rigidus et severus. In aggreudiendo quocunque arduo negotio animosissimus, in bello fortis. Erga omnes urbanus, et affabilis. Restitutionis catholicæ fidei magnus zelator. Mundi etiam magnus contemptor, quem sæpe audivi dicentem si semel bello finis bonus imponeretur se futurum religiosum ordinis S. Francisci. Non erat conjugatus. Erat magni animi, sed non superbi. Zelabat multum ecclesiasticam disciplinam et reformationem, ita ut zelo forte immoderato, quibusdam sacerdotibus gravem se

"Now," said the provincial, "you have a true portrait of a great man, not such indeed as Van Dyck would give on canvas; but in my judgment a great deal better; for who could paint the virtues or the internal emotions? But you have led me into a digression, and as I have given you all the particulars that I was able to collect regarding Rosserrick monastery, we will now speak of another far more famous,—I mean that of Kilconnell.

"For many a century before and after the English invasion, the potent family of O'Kelly ruled with regal sway over the vast territory of Hy-Many, which originally extended from Clontuskert in the county of Roscommon, southwards, to the boundary of the county Clare, and from Athlone, westwards, to Seefin and Athenry, in the county of Galway. Well, indeed, do the O'Kellys deserve to be styled a great family, for their strong walled castles were all but countless, their martial prowess unsurpassed, and their piety most exemplary. But of them all, there was none more celebrated for his numerous virtues than William O'Kelly, presumptive heir to the lordship of Hy-Many, who in 1353 founded the magnificent monastery of Kilconnell for conventual Franciscans. It was, indeed, an edifice second to none of its class in Ireland, admirably constructed, spacious in all its departments, and most eligibly situated on the great thoroughfare leading from Athlone to Galway. In 1460, however the original building was considerably modified and enlarged, when, at the instance of Malachy O'Kelly, the convent was reformed, and its inmates adopted the strict observance. Malachy O'Kelly died in 1464, and was buried in the sumptuous sepulchre which was erected within the walls of the church by William, the original founder, for himself and his posterity. Indeed I have seen in that church numerous monuments erected by the chief families of the bordering districts, which as regards the marble of which they were wrought, and the exquisite finish of their elaborate sculpture, might challenge comparison with some of the most artistic developments of the same character in the cathedral of St. Gudule at Brussels.†

"It is not my intention to speak of the Franciscans who dwelt in Kilconnell before the disastrous days of the English schism, and I will therefore content myself with leaving on record some facts connected with that

ostenderet. Ordinem S. Francisci singulariter amabat, et in omnibus actionibus erat valde sincerus. Nunquam de incontinentia notatus. Sæpe volebat virorum spiritualium consilio regi. Tandem moriens habitum S. Francisci petiit in eoque sepultus est, eumque petiit cum proposito, si convalesceret, nunquam in sæculo manere."—*Mooney, Hist. (MS.) Franciscanorum* p. 123.

† There is a local tradition, that O'Donnellan of Ballydonnellan built a portion of the church and monastery; and 'tis certain that Tully O'Donnellan erected the mortuary chapel which to this day is called CHAPEL TULLY-KILCONNELL is still the burial place of the O'Donnellans, and there is a cross on the roadside leading to the abbey, erected in 1682, with the following inscription: "Orate pro D. J. Donnellano ejusque familia qui hanc crucem erig fecit.

venerable house, which I learnt from trustworthy witnesses, when I visited the place some years ago. On that occasion I found the Church in good preservation, owing in great measure to a singular circumstance which I will mention by and by. It may not be out of place, however, to premise that the church and monastery were built of finely cut stone, and that both were covered with a roof of wood, made to resemble tiles. Within the church are seven altars, and all the internal decorations, whether in stone or wood, are admirably wrought. The sacred edifice is surmounted by a lofty campanile, and strange to say, its sweet-toned bell is still there, notwithstanding the rapacity of the English protestants who seldom spare such things. In a word I found the church in excellent condition; the stained glass of the windows unbroken, the pictures undefaced, and the sculptured work un mutilated. I was there on more than one occasion, and with the six poor friars who still clung to the place, sang the office in choir, nay and preached, to vast crowds, so vast that the church could not contain them all.

"It would seem that a special providence watched over Kilconnell to save it from the destruction which had fallen on nearly all our other houses, and you will agree with me in this, when I tell you that it stood in a most exposed position, and was frequently head-quarters of English regiments, during the Elizabethan war. Indeed, from time to time it was garrisoned by whole companies, who messed and lit fires within the very church, and yet strange to say, it sustained little or no injury from such unbidden guests! A few manifest proofs of that special interposition of heaven cannot but interest you, and assuredly they deserve to be placed on record.

"You have heard, no doubt, of Sir Richard Bingham, the governor of Connaught, whose inhuman treatment of the native Irish so shocked even Queen Elizabeth herself, that she was obliged to dismiss him from that high office in 1595, and summon him to London to answer the charges of cold-blooded murders which were preferred against him by the Bourkes and others. You are aware that that heartless miscreant sailed round Tirconnell, and with his ship's crew plundered the defenceless nuns of the Carmelite convent of Rathmullan of vestments, chalices, and all their other valuables. You have heard, too, how he and his brother George, subsequently slain by Ulick Burke, as he deserved, swept with fire and sword the island of Tory, demolishing its crosses and oratories which stood there since the days of Columb-Kill. Nevertheless, incredible as it may seem, this very Bingham behaved kindly to the friars of Kilconnell, where he used to keep his head quarters. In fact, he gave strict orders to his officers and men to see that the church and the monastery should sustain no injury at their hands; nay, he summoned some of the friars to his presence, and exhorted them to do all in their power to keep the buildings in good repair.

"In the year 1596 too, during the presidency of Sir Coniers Clifford, Kilconnell was once more turned into a

barrack for English soldiers after they had been signally defeated by O'Donel and O'Neil in various engagements. On this latter occasion, the English garrisoned the monastery with not less than fifteen companies, for they came to besiege Callow and Aughrim, two strong castles, situated within three or four miles of each other, which belonged to O'Kelly, then in alliance with the Irish princes.* Now it so happened that one of the English officers then stationed there had a horse of which he was very fond, and he determined to stable it within the very chancel, hard by the steps of St. Francis' altar, where he caused hay and straw to be laid for the brute. Heaven, however, it would seem, resented this outrage, for on the next morning the valuable charger was found stark dead, though sound and strong the night before. Even the very companions of this Captain Rynck, for such was his name, admitted that this was a just judgment on his impiety. Nevertheless the English soldiers forced open the tombs of the princes and chieftains buried in the church, thinking that they would light on concealed treasure, nor did they desist from these outrages till one of them had his legs fractured by the falling of a huge mass of stone.

"It was in the same year (1596) that Captain Stryck, a protestant indeed, yet withal a man of generous disposition (for I knew him well), influenced no doubt by the facts which I have been relating, sent for the friars and gave them his word of honour that no one would be allowed to molest them; nay he issued strict orders that no injury should be done to the convent, and he forbade his soldiers to burn the woodwork of the church or of the cloisters. He then gave up the sacristy to the friars, and also some cells in the dormitory for their sole use, and so liberal was this officer that he allowed Mass to be said *privately* in the sacristy. During the nine months he remained there, the friars continued to live in the monastery which God enabled them to preserve. Meanwhile all the trees in the orchards and gardens were cut down by the soldiers and used for fuel; for although they often went to the neighbouring woods to fell it, and never returned without losing some of their men, yet, so fearful were they of injuring the church, or the wood work of the convent, that they preferred meeting the enemy face to face, and fighting for every stick they carried off.

"Now, will you not agree with me in ascribing the preservation of this monastery to the especial providence of God? What else could have restrained that bloody-minded monster, Bingham, from reducing it to a charred and rifled ruin? What else could have kept Stryck from demolishing it stone by stone? But this account of that venerable house would be imperfect if it did not bear testimony to the zealous exertions of those friars who spared no effort for its preservation. Let us therefore hand down their names to posterity, and should it please God, in some future age, to restore Kilconnell to the Franciscans, let them never forget to

* O'Neill and O'Donel.

pray for the souls of Fathers Solomon and Hugh McEgan, and their worthy brother Philip Clune.

"I have nothing more to add to this narrative, except that the monastery of Kilconnell has been granted to one Callthorp and other English settlers, and that the cruel ordinance of Queen Elizabeth commanding "houses freight with friars" to be suppressed and "made fit habitations for Englishmen," is now being carried out to the letter. On some future occasion I will narrate to you various particulars relating to some of our other convents in the province of Connaught."

As Mooney's account of the monasteries of his order was written towards the close of 1616 it may interest the reader to know how it fared with Kilconnell at a later period. The transfer alluded to in the text, was made in 1614, and the property belonging to the monastery was then described as consisting of "3 acres, on which stood a convent, containing O'Donnellan's chapel, a chapter house, library, hall, storehouse, 4 chambers, 28 small chambers, 4 granaries, 3 orchards, 60 ash-trees, a mill, a water-course, and 4 acres of arable land," all of which were granted by James I. to one Callthorp. The Franciscans nevertheless continued to reside in the neighbourhood of the convent for nearly a century afterwards, and were supported by the O'Kellys, many of whom bequeathed legacies to them, with injunctions to pray for their departed souls. The last of those pious donors was, we believe, John O'Kelly, ancestor of Count O'Kelly of France, who dying in 1714, left a legacy to the poor friars then dwelling near the ruins of Kilconnell abbey, and ordered that his remains should be interred in the ancestral tomb. Many of the leading Catholic families of Leinster, transplanted to Connaught by Cromwell,—the Trimblestones, Betaghs of Moynalty Co. Meath, and others, erected monuments for themselves which may still be seen within the ruins; and it would appear that the friars continued to say Mass there occasionally till some short time before the battle of Aughrim, when they took refuge in a neighbouring bog, now called "the Friar's Bog," where they existed as best they could in miserable shielings. Dr. O'Donovan, * the most learned of our topographers and antiquarians, states in the Ordinance Survey of Co Galway, * that the bell of Kilconnell, weighing one and a half cwt, and bearing an inscription, was found in the same bog, sometimes previous to 1838; and he also adds, that a person living in that neighbourhood had then in his possession a wooden image of St. Francis that formerly belonged to the monastery.

* Letters in the R. I. A. (unpublished).

WINIFRED'S FORTUNE.

A STORY OF DUBLIN LIFE IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE.

THE oft-repeated aphorism, that truth is stranger than fiction, cannot be better illustrated than by the following story, which we happened to light on amongst the papers of an old staff officer, who died not far from Dublin a few years ago, and who was descended from the hero and heroine of the tale. Changing a few names only, we shall proceed to relate the story just as it is told in those papers, without altering a single incident.

In a certain ancient street, not far from St. Patrick's Cathedral, there dwelt in the commencement of Queen Anne's reign an old man, named Sam Grimes. It was no figure of speech to call Sam old, for at the time our story commences, he had just attained his ninety-eighth year. And yet, to an indifferent observer, he did not appear like one about to turn his century, for he was still hale and vigorous, and was endowed with that continual and jovial flow of spirits, that tends, more than rude health, to make a man look youthful, even when he has progressed far beyond the stage generally allotted to us as the final one on life's journey. Keeping Sam's age in memory, it will be seen what a number of wild and stirring events he had witnessed since the day he first opened his eyes upon the world's stage—events which, from the happy temperament aforesaid, he had ever looked upon as things to be laughed at, and profited by, rather than as matters of fear and sorrow. The Parliament was victorious, and the King's head fell upon the bloody scaffold. What did Sam care? Certainly, he was a trooper in one of Cromwell's regiments, but beyond the actual fact of giving the malignants a thrashing, for the mere fun or profit of the thing, he was not a whit concerned. Cromwell died, and the "Merry Monarch" was brought home, to stultify high and low, rich and poor—his own royal self among the number; but still, Sam Grimes, although no longer a trooper, was as jovial as ever. James the Second, and William and Mary, came and passed away, but it was still the same with Sam Grimes. And why? Simply because he was the host and owner of "The Jolly Drummer," a tavern of renown in the city, and one which was frequented and patronised by all kinds of cavaliers, bucks, dandies, spongers, rufflers, gamblers, and so on to the end of the catalogue.

Sam Grimes was rich, for besides being the host of "The Jolly Drummer," he was also owner of extensive wine cellars in the neighbourhood. For many years he had been a widower. His only son, Abel, with whom, long before, he had some disagreement, was living in England, and there carrying on a thriving business as a wine merchant. Of this the neighbours were not aware at the period of our story, so they thought that old Sam's possessions and the undoubted fortune he had made would eventually fall to the lot of Winifred Walton, the old man's grand-niece, who was living with

him at the time. But old Sam, in his secret heart, thought more kindly of the absent Abel, and determined at his death to leave "The Jolly Drummer" and the wine-cellars to him, intending, of course, at the same time, not to leave young Winifred to remain unportioned.

Winifred Walton was the pink of handsome girls. At the period to which we allude she was still in her teens; and in the populous city of Dublin there was no more handsome face than hers, no heart merrier or more guileless, no locks more golden bright and beautiful, no form more fair, no step more graceful, and no hand whiter and prettier than hers, as day by day she assisted old Sam in dealing out the wine goblets and ale tankards to his customers, for in those good old times girls of her degree and expectations were not above attending to their business industriously and contentedly. Winifred had received a good education, and this, in conjunction with a naturally refined mind, gave her a manner, winning indeed, but at the same time one which effectually shielded her from the unpleasant attentions of the coarser sort of customers that attended "The Jolly Drummer." But if the revellers of low degree, in consequence of what they thought her haughty and distant demeanour, looked upon her, some with envious aversion and some with indifference, she was not without a plentiful array of admirers among the higher bucks and exquisites that frequented the house.

Foremost of Winifred's admirers was a gentleman dandy, whose name was Charles Parsons, or as he was called by his rather numerous acquaintances, "Handsome Charlie," from the clear and almost effeminate complexion of his well-cut face, and from the exquisite taste displayed by him in dressing *a la mode* at the time. It was a marvel to those who did not know him intimately how Handsome Charlie contrived to indulge his taste for dress to such a degree, seeing that he had long ago got rid of his ample fortune in the dissipations of town life. But to the initiated few all this was easily accounted for, for the worthy Charlie had means at his disposal by which he seldom failed to recruit his fortunes, even at their lowest ebb; and many successive broods of poor pigeons—in other words, young country gentlemen—after undergoing a process of plucking at his hands, had reason to deplore the hour they first entered some secret gambling houses in the Liberties, for, by means of certain nice implements, called cards and loaded dice, many a bright guinea was transferred from their pockets to those of Handsome Charlie and his associates. But the sun of fortune cannot always shine upon a gambler, no matter how experienced he may be. For a few months previous to the time of the following incidents, Handsome Charlie had met with a continued run of ill luck, and thus it was that, with his affairs involved still more desperately than ever, he and some of his companions entered the drinking-room of "The Jolly Drummer," on a certain Saturday night, in order to drown care in a stopp of wine, and look out for some stray pigeon whom they might entice to his plucking in the gaming-house.

"Come!" said Handsome Charlie, holding up his pint of mulled claret, "we will, for once, drink confusion to Dame Fortune!"

"Right!" exclaimed his companion. "Here goes. Confusion to the blind jade!" and each imbibed a copious draught.

"Ah!" rejoined another, "she has treated us shabbily. Since the night that Charlie there emptied the pockets of the College buck, in Rainsford-street, we have scarcely got a chance since!"

At the mention of the College buck, a tall young man, at the far corner of the room, turned round upon his seat, and cast his bold roving eye, with a half-defiant, half-inquiring gaze upon the speaker and his party. Noticing this, Handsome Charlie touched the foot of one of his companions under the table, and, by a slight gesture, directed his gaze upon the stranger in the corner.

"Look!" said Charlie, in a voice half audible to the stranger; "look, Tom Fenton, upon my life, there sits a second edition of the poor pigeon of Rainsford-street!"

After this the whole party turned and looked upon the stranger, who now returned their gaze with a somewhat indignant brow, and a rather vicious sparkle in his eye.

"He seems game," whispered one of the party to Handsome Charlie. "I think I have seen him before, and, if it be as I imagine, I will venture my life upon a rough guess, that we had better let him alone."

"Be it so," said Handsome Charlie. "I know, by the cut of his shabby beaver, that his purse is not worth the throw of a die. So let him alone. Here is to the health of handsome Winnie Walton, who goes yonder to give her sleeping draught of beggarly beer to the scurvy fellow!"

The latter, who had been listening all the while attentively, heard and understood the remark of the gambling exquisite. He took the silvered tankard, which, by the way, instead of beer, contained a full measure of hot sack, and smiling kindly upon Winifred, as he received it from her small white hand, stood up and walked deliberately over to the table around which his satirists were sitting.

"To whom am I indebted for the cognomen of 'scurvy fellow?'" said he, giving a general stare to the company. "To you, sir, I believe," continued he, at last, turning full and fiercely upon Handsome Charlie.

"To me, sir!" answered the latter, with a supercilious glance at the stranger. "Yes: I think I may acknowledge myself as father to the phrase!"

"Perhaps," said the other, with a sneer, "you will also have the goodness to acknowledge the name of the worthy parent?"

"My name is Charles Parsons," answered the exquisite, with another insolent look.

"Very well, Mr. Charles Parsons," resumed the other quietly. "I am a College man. My name is Rupert Russell, and you will find my chambers at number twenty-four old College-square, in Trinity. Take this to aid your memory!" and with that he dashed the mea-

sure full of hot sack right over the face and elaborate shirt-front of Handsome Charlie.

In an instant the latter was on his feet, the sack wiped as well as his fury would allow from his face and eyes, and his sword drawn, for we need not remind the reader that every gentleman in those days wore a rapier under his coat tail. Charlie's companions had all imitated his example, one and all turning upon the stranger, who, with his face towards them, and his weapon extended after the most scientific mode in his right hand, now began to retreat to the corner of the room, in order to prevent himself from being surrounded. The moment he had gained that desirable spot his assailants, headed by the now furious Charlie Parsons, were upon him, and the clashing of steel, as the brave young Trinity man parried the thrusts and lunges made at his chest and face, soon made itself heard in the outer room of "The Jolly Drummer," where, at that particular time, old Sam Grimes happened to be sitting in his huge arm-chair. Up started old Sam with far more agility than might be expected from one of his age, and grasping a strong ashen staff, his constant companion, he strode into the inner room, where the unequal combat was, of course, promising to go soon against the bold Trinity man, although, however, he still held out stoutly, giving a few scratches to his assailants and receiving a few slight ones in return. But old Sam had been preceded by young Winifred, who, seeing a general rush about being made upon the handsome stranger, darted between the combatants, in order to prevent further bloodshed, and was just in time to receive a sample of the reward of almost all pacificators in such quarrels, namely, an involuntary sword-cut in the arm from the weapon of Tom Fenton, the bosom friend of Handsome Charlie, and which cut was, of course, intended for the heart of the young Trinity man. At this juncture old Sam Grimes came upon the scene, and flourishing his ashen staff with a hand that had not lost its old dexterity at the broadsword, in an instant succeeded in striking up the rapiers of the assailants.

"Recover swords!" shouted old Sam, who to the day of his death never lost the military phraseology he had learnt in his youth. "Right and left flanks, fall back in quarter troops; and centre retire in close order!"

This antique command was obeyed sooner than it otherwise would, chiefly in consequence of the accident that had befallen old Sam's grand-niece. Handsome Charlie and his companions dropped their sword points and scowled sullenly upon the young Trinity man, who, supporting the drooping form of Winnie Walton with one arm, extended the other with his naked sword towards the group, and glared upon them in return, with a look of mingled scorn and defiance.

And now Charlie and his comrades had taken their departure, and Rupert sat upon a chair, still supporting the young girl, while Sam Grimes essayed, with a practised hand, to stop the blood and bandage the wounded arm.

"Keep your shoulder steady, Winnie," said old Sam, affectionately. "There! it's only a flesh-wound. I trust a courageous girl like you for not being frightened at

such a little scratch. Hold her elbow, good sir, for she shakes the limb so that I shall never be able to get this handkerchief properly round it."

"I was frightened," said Winnie, now recovering herself—"far more frightened than hurt, when I saw such a brave young gentleman about being run through the body!"

A slight but sweet thrill shot through the heart of Rupert Russell as he heard this acknowledgement from the beautiful young girl who, suddenly conscious of his look, now blushed as red as the blood that was still trickled slowly from her arm, old Sam in the meantime applying some lint which was brought by one of the attendants.

This was a nice situation for a warm-hearted and hot-headed young man like Rupert Russell to be placed in. After raking up our memory of all the novels, romances, and even philosophical treatises, we have read on such subjects, after looking for innumerable historical incidents and parallels bearing upon the same, and throwing our own experience of the working of human hearts into the balance, we have come to the deliberate conclusion that there never was a young man placed in such a position that did not fall in love. At all events, all we can say at present on the subject is, that before leaving the Jolly Drummer that night, Rupert Russell delivered himself of a few affectionate, but rather confused phrases to Winnie Walton, and then drank two rousing tankards of mulled sack to her health. He then proceeded, in an ecstatic state of heart and mind, along the street, and meeting and joining a set of his college companions, got into a thundering affray with a party of watchmen, which tumultuous scene had the effect of ridding him of some of his exuberant spirits, and after which he was enabled to retire to bed and sleep soundly. Early next morning he was awakened from a romantic vision, in which Winnie Walton figured as a fairy queen, by the voice of his college *chum*, Bob O'Mahony, who was engaged in an animated conversation in the outer room with Tom Fenton, Handsome Charlie's friend. Bob was a tall, somewhat gaunt, but handsome student with a head of curling raven hair, and a pair of black eyes, which were ever sparkling with fun and devilment.

"I understand it all," he said, after Tom Fenton had laid the facts of the case before him. "It is useless to think of an apology from Rupert Russell, so the affair must be settled between himself and your handsome friend in the usual way. But what of the young girl's wounded arm, of which I have heard from my friend? Is that to be thrown into the shade altogether? As for my part, I say that it would be a sin and a shame to let it pass; for you know such a nice and delicate point of quarrel may not turn up again for a twelvemonth. In my opinion, then, the best, most friendly, and most delightful way of settling the whole affair is this, namely, to have Rupert Russell fight your friend for the cup of sack, and you to fight me at the same time and place on account of the wounded arm you gave to the fair maid at the Jolly Drummer. Does this arrangement suit?"

"Admirably," answered Tom Fenton, who, whatever else he might be, was a man of courage. "For my part, I am quite content;" and after settling the remaining preliminaries he took his departure.

We shall not go into the details of the double duel which was fought early next morning at Bully's Acre. All we can say upon the matter is, that Handsome Charlie appeared at the Jolly Drummer about a week afterwards, with a lame step and one of his arms in a sling, and that when Tom Fenton made his appearance his sword hand and his face showed many a deep mark of the amicable settlement he had entered into with the victorious Bob O'Mahony.

It is now full time to give some account of Rupert Russell, whose visits at the Jolly Drummer, after the above occurrences, became day by day more frequent and regular, and for this purpose we must go back to those stormy days when old Sam's general, Oliver Cromwell, led his iron legions with fire and sword throughout the length and breadth of the land. At this period there lived in the ancient town of Tredagh, or Drogheda, an old gentleman who, as a merchant, was one of the richest men in the town, besides being owner of a fine estate in a certain district near the shore of the Boyne. This old man had an only son, at that time a cavalry officer, fighting under the banners of the Kilkenny Confederation. After the investment of Drogheda by the army of Cromwell, and before the actual siege commenced, the old merchant contrived to escape, but so hurried was his flight that he was forced to leave his papers and most of his ready money behind him. In the general sack that followed, the house in which he had lived did not of course escape. It was plundered, in fact, from threshold to garret, and remained for many a year afterwards a frightful *souvenir* of the destruction committed during that terrible siege. Soon after his escape the old gentleman died, and when his son returned from the wars, he found the estate that should by right descend to him, in the possession of a distant cousin who had somehow or other gained favour with the government. After the Restoration the poor cavalry officer entered into a suit at law to obtain possession of his patrimony, but although he went so far as to prove his identity, and his right in all justice to the estate, the title-deeds had been lost in the sack of Drogheda, and the want of them turned the tables against him, after almost beggaring himself with the expenses of the suit. At length he died, leaving behind him also an only son. This son, following the example of his father, tried every means in his power to obtain possession of the estate, and in a law-suit which he had entered into during King William's reign, again succeeded in bringing affairs up to a point at which the production of the title-deeds would have made him successful. The loss of this suit broke his heart, and he died, leaving to mourn his loss a wife and daughter, both of whom soon followed him to the grave, and a son by whom the losses of his progenitors were not a whit forgotten. This son was Rupert Russell, who was now living in old Trinity on a somewhat scanty income.

We need scarcely say that, when the smallest member even of a delicate machine is put out of order, the whole construction is usually rendered unable to perform its stated evolutions. It was so with Handsome Charlie's hand, and we must remark, by the way, that a finer or more delicately constructed implement did not exist in the city of Dublin than that same member. One of the muscles that moved it had been almost cut in two in the encounter with Rupert Russell in Bully's Acre, and its master being thereby rendered unable to handle either card or dice-box with his wonted dexterity, was reduced during the month that followed to the lowest state in his financial affairs. He still, however, frequently visited the Jolly Drummer, but, of course, never either spoke, or gave cause of insult, to his late antagonist, except a stern look of hatred when occasionally their eyes met.

"Charlie," said Tom Fenton to him one evening as they met together in the shabby garret that now served for their lodging, "I have been thinking seriously of your affairs lately, and have come to the conclusion that there is only one method by which to free yourself of your embarrassments. What do you think it is?"

"I am sure I don't know," answered Handsome Charlie, "except it is to cure my hand as speedily as possible, and take to box and dice once more."

"You must guess again," said Tom, "Your method is far too uncertain in your present need. Old Solomon's bill will be down on you, before six weeks are passed; and when that time comes, you are sure to be disgraced and in prison. There is another plan."

"Out with it then," returned Handsome Charlie, somewhat testily, "for I am in no humour for guessing at the present moment, I assure you."

"What would you think of marriage?" remarked Tom.

"Marriage!" exclaimed Charlie. "With whom, pray?"

"Let us see," said Tom, reflectively. "Of marrying in your own station there is now no chance. You must, therefore, descend a little, and try to make up in fortune what is wanting in birth and breeding. What do you say to Winnie Walton?"

"Between us both," said Charlie, "I have been thinking of her for some time past. But I cannot reconcile myself to bring disgrace upon an old family like mine by marrying one so far beneath me, be she ever so beautiful. Besides, I can see no way of bringing it about. Old Sam is too shrewd not to be aware that I have ruined myself long ago."

"Well, if it can be brought about, I advise you to proceed in the matter at once," resumed the sage Tom Fenton. "If you were once married, and had the money in your hands, it would be easy to get rid of both wife and uncle-in-law. Away with us then, say I, to the Jolly Drummer at once, where you can pay your court in the best matrimonial fashion to the handsome Winnie, while I sound your praises in the ears of old Sam," and off went both worthies without further delay.

As they were sitting over a preliminary cup of wine at the far end of the room, a number of students entered and took their seats in the 'opposite corner. Among them was Rupert Russell, who, after gazing somewhat cavalierly on Tom and Handsome Charlie, sat down amidst his companions, and called for a supply of sack.

"You can now judge for yourselves," said Rupert, gaily, while they were waiting for the wine—"you, I say, that have not been here before, can see with your own eyes if she is not the handsomest girl in Dublin!"

"'Pon my honour," said Bob Mahony, "I that have seen her will go farther, and say that she is the prettiest girl in Ireland!"

"They are both in love," remarked another student. "Which do you think is most likely to win the affections of this lovely Hebe?"

"Oh!" said Bob, looking under his swarthy brows a mock look of despair; "I resign my claims in favour of Rupert. You know she perilled her life for him, and in such a case no one has a chance when he is in the field. But here she comes!"

"No staring," whispered Rupert, as his companions one and all bent their gaze upon Winnie Walton, who now entered with a large vessel of wine and some drinking tankards. Come, come! She is a lady every inch of her, and it is unfair to cause her a blush, especially as she looks so lovely to-night!"

"Do you hear that!" whispered Tom Fenton to his comrade in the corner. "Mark me, Charlie, you will have to look to it sharply, else you lose your best and last chance, for yonder crack-brained Trinity man is mad in love with the girl!"

"I will look to it" answered Handsome Charlie, in a low, but vehement whisper, "and if it were only to thwart him in his passion—yes, him I hate as I hate the demon of darkness—I will look to it, and win her, although he thinks himself so safe and pleasant in the matter. Come! My last crown is gone, and we cannot afford to have it known at the Jolly Drummer, that Charlie Parsons is at last penniless!" With that the two friends stood up and left the house, Handsome Charlie revolving in his mind the best manner of gaining the good will of old Sam Grimes in order that he might make known to the latter his intentions regarding Winnie Walton. Before he reached home, however, Charlie had come to the self-consoling conclusion that old Sam would be only too glad to have a gentleman of his birth and powerful family connections as a nephew-in-law, and it was finally resolved that night, between himself and his worthy adviser Tom Fenton, that once the ceremony was over that bound him for ever to Winnie Walton, the moment he got her fortune into his hands, he would get rid of her in some way or other, and set off for London, in which El Dorado the two villainous associates hoped to live a jolly life on the proceeds of their scheme.

A circumstance happened soon after that seemed to aid gloriously their nefarious plan. At this time the only theatre in Dublin was in Smock-alley, and here the lively citizens thronged, night after night,

and made the roof resound with their applause of the merry company that then occupied the stage. Among the other play-going people was Sam Grimes's next door neighbour, Donat Connor, whose three blooming daughters usually accompanied him on each merry visit to Smock-alley. About a week subsequent to the night whose incidents we have related above, these three jovial girls not only persuaded their father to take them to the theatre, but also coaxed old Sam Grimes to allow Winnie to accompany them; and away they all went, as happy a party—if happiness can be measured by amount of laughter—as could well be seen in the whole city. The play was at length over, and the audience were in the act of leaving the theatre, when they found the narrow street outside half-blocked up by a rude timber stage, on which a merry-andrew, painted and bedizened in the most grotesque and extraordinary fashion, was playing off his capers and bantering the dense crowd around with an infinite amount of wit and volubility. In this individual, as he now made the most ludicrous grimaces at some over-dressed exquisite in the crowd, and again gave forth the name, the life and actions, and many of the secret affairs of some swaggering buck beneath him, or made witty jokes on the rotundity of some fat citizen, few would recognize Bob O'Mahony, senior wrangler in old Trinity, and bosom friend of Rupert Russell. Bob O'Mahony it was, nevertheless; but of his identity not a single soul either in Trinity College or in the whole city was aware, not even excepting Rupert himself, who happened that evening to be away at a dinner party, beyond the suburbs. Were he known, however, it would occasion but little wonder amongst the crowd, for the students of those days were in the habit of playing off some of the wildest tricks and antics imaginable.

The crowd around the stage had now become so dense that not a soul could make his or her way down the narrow street, and several dandies who were accompanying ladies home from the play, were forced to stand with their fair charges opposite the porch of the theatre without being able to advance a step. One of the exquisites who had been bantered rather pointedly on his failings by the merry-andrew, by dint of elbowing and pushing, at length succeeded in advancing through the crowd opposite the rickety stage.

"Come!" he exclaimed, "are we to remain here till morning, while that imp of sleight-o'-hand abuses us as if we were all begging impostors like himself! Down with him! Down with the ruffian mountebank, stage and all, and clear the street if you are men!"

"Yes!" exclaimed Bob O'Mahony, with a hideous grimace at the speaker, at which the crowd laughed uproariously. "Yes! Vale; begone! Clear the street till Bully Jackson dances the hornpipe that his grandfather, the old posture-master of Marrow-bone-lane, taught him. Clear the street, I say!" and

he grinned again at the enraged Bully Jackson, turned a summersault and grinned once more, till the whole crowd burst out into a roar of laughter that seemed to shake the ancient walls around them.

Bob now turned towards the throng of dandies before the porch of the theatre, but they not relishing a similar display of wit at their expense, after whispering a few moments, all gathered together and rushing forward in a body with their drawn swords, drove the crowd before them, the impetus of which in an instant overturned the rude stage, and Bob O'Mahony with it; he, however, with the agility of a cat, alighting on his feet amid the throng beyond, where he proceeded deliberately to disincumber himself of his spangled habiliments, at the same time exhibiting beneath a suit of most unexceptionable broad cloth. After whispering to a few students, who in their turn spread the intelligence he gave to their companions around, Bob, with a rapier which some how or other he had possessed himself of, began forcing his way towards Bully Jackson, and at last a regular and uproarious scrimmage commenced in the street around the fallen stage. Men and women swayed to and fro, swords clashed, and clenched fists resounded upon sturdy chest and forehead, when, just as the uproar was at its highest, Donat Connor, who was a corpulent and aged man, found himself with his three daughters and Winnie Walton in the very centre of the fray. As he stood perplexed and fearful, looking from side to side for some way by which to extricate himself and his charge, two gentlemen, who we may as well say at once were no other than Handsome Charlie and his friend Tom Fenton, pushed their way up to him and bade him be of good cheer, promising at the same time to conduct himself and his charge safe through the roaring crowd.

"This way—this way, good sir," said Charlie, with great politeness, as he and Tom Fenton made their way before towards the wall opposite the fallen stage. "Quick! or yonder break in the crowd will be filled up in an instant!"

Donat Connor puffed and pushed onward, the four terrified girls following, and Handsome Charlie and his companion clearing the way in front, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing himself and all safe on the other side of the crowd. Charlie and Tom now offered their services to escort the party safely home. The latter they accomplished without further adventure, and that night Handsome Charlie had the satisfaction of receiving, over a tankard of wine, the marked and especial thanks of old Sam Grimes for the services he and his companions had rendered to Winnie Walton.

Next night Charlie attended duly at "The Jolly Drummer," and over another tankard of claret began making his overtures to old Sam with regard to Winnie. The cautious old fellow listened for a long time without a word, merely nodding his head with a shrewd wink at the brilliant pictures and alluring

episodes of domestic happiness, of which the eloquent Charlie was delivering himself.

"My estate is not entirely gone," said Charlie—"not so far sunk but that a little money would redeem it."

"I understand," said Sam, at last venturing to speak.

"And," resumed Charlie, "if I marry your niece, who, I must say, is fit for any man in the kingdom, you, of course, would get rid of this business—convert the whole concern into ready money, and come to live with us in the country, for I am heartily tired of the wickedness of the town!"

"Probably," echoed old Sam, with another sagacious wink.

"Then," said Handsome Charlie, "we had better, I think, come to business at once. What fortune will you be able to give Winnie? I am thus particular, seeing that my estate stands in need of present redemption."

"Well, sir," answered Sam, shaking his head dolorously, "I am much grieved to disappoint your expectations on that score. I am a far poorer man than they say, and the fact of it is, I think if my niece were to get married to-morrow I could scarcely leave her even my old boots, which I haven't worn since the sack of Drogheda, where I had the honour of serving as one of Cromwell's troopers!"

This answer Charlie at first pretended to take as a good jest, but when it was repeated by old Sam with perfect earnestness and solemnity, he became convinced that the chance of redeeming his estate, or in plain language, of enabling him to pursue his career of dissipation, by means of Winnie's fortune, was but a poor one indeed, and after another cup of wine, hastily took his departure and repaired to his garret, where his bosom friend, Tom Fenton, was awaiting him.

"Well," said the old fellow, with an additional wink at a huge arm-chair opposite, as Charlie went out, "if that is not as sweet-tempered and angelic a young man as I ever met in the whole course of my life, my name is not Sam Grimes. Good as he is though, I do not think I can give him Winnie and the old boots!"

Handsome Charlie, after getting the rather disheartening answer from old Sam, which we have related above, for some time gave up all thoughts of Winnie Walton, and once more turned his attention to the alluring vicissitudes of the gaming-table.

Now it was that he hated Rupert Russell with that bitterness and intensity of which only a man mad in love is capable of feeling towards a successful rival. He sought, however, no occasion of public quarrel with Rupert, but from the depths of his own burning heart he swore to be avenged upon him at the first opportunity. And that opportunity speedily presented itself.

One night Charlie and three of his companions were returning from a masquerade, and, entering a

narrow and deserted street that led beside "The Jolly Drummer," saw, by the indistinct light of a solitary lamp that burned in the distance, the figure of a man approaching.

"Now," whispered Charlie, "we cannot be recognised in our masks and strange dresses, and if this be a Trinity man coming down the street, we will give him a little pinking to accelerate his motions towards Alma Mater."

The figure had at length approached within a few perches of where they were.

"Hush!" whispered Charlie, peering sharply through the gloom. "By my soul, but it is the very man I want! It is Rupert Russell! Now, boys, stand to me for once, for I swear that man shall never leave the street alive!"

Rupert, for it was he, was coming down the street with his right hand to the wall. According to the custom of the time, it was his right to pass inside Charlie and his comrades, but it was not their intention to allow him that almost universally conceded privilege.

"Stop, sir!" hissed Charlie, in a feigned voice, as Rupert came up; "out with you, and let your betters take the wall!"

"You'll have to fight, then, for the right of way," answered Rupert, stepping back and instantly drawing his rapier. "The wall I must and will have, so I warn you, gentlemen, to pass on, else"—

"Else what, sir?" hissed Charlie again, now quivering with passion, as he found himself face to face with his hated rival.

"Else I will run you through the body!" answered Rupert, making a sudden lunge at him, which Charlie succeeded in parrying without a scratch.

"Pink him! pink him!" shouted the companions of the latter, as Rupert placed his back to the wall and prepared to defend himself.

"Yes, pink him!" echoed Charlie. "Toss the base hound's body into the gutter!"

"Some of you will go first," retorted Rupert, undauntedly, as he succeeded in plunging his rapier through the shoulder of the man nearest to him. "How do you relish that, my friend?"

The man literally gave a yell of agony as the cold steel was withdrawn from his flesh, and now attacked Rupert with implacable fury. The result of the contest was, that the four masqueraders, taking away with them some signal marks and tokens of Rupert's prowess, left the insensible body of the latter behind them, lying in a pool of blood upon the solitary street. About half an hour afterwards, as a belated bacchanal was making a number of sinuosities down the street, he stumbled over Rupert's body, and the fall sobering him somewhat, he scrambled to his feet, and called eagerly for assistance. Rupert's body was immediately borne back to the Jolly Drummer, and there laid upon old Sam's capacious arm-chair, to await the arrival of a surgeon. When the latter arrived, he found that Rupert exhibited still some

symptoms of life. He bandaged up the several serious wounds that the young student had received upon face and limb, but there was one near the region of the heart, which he paused over for a long time before making a decision regarding it. At last, after a most minute and careful examination, he pronounced it not mortal, and when it was dressed, poor Rupert, still almost insensible, was conveyed to bed.

It was broad daylight when he awoke to consciousness. When he did so, he was barely able to give an account of the transaction as it had occurred, but he could not give the slightest guess as to the names of his assailants. The news of the affair soon spread, and a vast amount of indignation was thereby aroused in old Trinity amongst the students, by all of whom Rupert was greatly beloved.

Rupert was in good hands without any mistake, for Winnie Walton nursed him through the long illness that followed as only a loving heart could nurse the object of its adoration. At length he arose from his weary bed, and witnessed, with a throbbing heart, the joy displayed in every way by the guileless and lovely Winnie at his recovery. One morning, as she left the room in which he was sitting, with a sweet smile upon her bright face, he registered a vow within his burning and grateful heart that, come what might, he would, when strength returned, ask her to become his wife. And he kept his vow, and was, as the reader will easily guess, accepted by the loving Winnie.

The next business was to communicate with old Sam Grimes. Rupert felt a little perturbation at the thought of encountering the shrewd old fellow regarding such a delicate affair, but Sam seemed to take it all after the best fashion, merely answering, however, in the precise words with which he had put off Handsome Charlie. But Rupert was not to be disposed of so easily.

"I care not," he said, "what you can give her. I will now turn my thoughts to a profession, and trust to be able to marry her independently after a short time."

"I advise you to marry her at once," returned old Sam, with a wink of mysterious meaning at Rupert. "My will is made, and believe me, neither you nor my grand-niece will regret its wording when I die, notwithstanding the old boots!"

And Rupert did marry her at once, and we will venture to say that a lovelier bride than Winnie was not seen for many a year by the Liffey shore. Sam Grimes, on the wedding-day, wrote a letter to his absent son. Whether it was that the old fellow drank too much of his own sack that night, our authority does not say, but however it was, Sam Grimes died the day after the wedding, and was buried with all due solemnity in Saint Patrick's. About ten days after the old man's death Abel Grimes came over from England to act as executor to his father's will. The latter was opened in the presence of Winnie and her husband and a few witnesses, and after the usual preamble, Abel read out, in a full-toned satisfied voice, the words that gave and bequeathed to him his father's property, without a single reservation save one. This went on to say that—

"Forasmuch as my grand-niece Winfred Walton has lived with me since her infancy—has been to me even as a daughter, and perchance better; and has always been obedient to orders, from reveille to shutting up of camp, I therefore give and bequeath to her my old boots and their contents, which are locked in the black cabinet in my bed-room, and which I have never worn since obeying my lord, the Protector's orders, at the sack of Drogheda."

The black cabinet was opened, and the huge pair of old jack-boots brought to light, and examined. They were both filled with coins of silver and gold—chiefly of the latter—one of them, namely the left, having only a top layer of silver, the remainder being all gold. When this glittering heap was removed, Rupert found in the foot of the right boot a mass of papers and a parchment, which on his examining them; to the infinite astonishment of all, proved to be the title-deeds of the lost property of his fathers.

Aided by the persuasive contents of one of the old jack-boots, Rupert soon entered into another law-suit, worked it up to a certain turning-point as his father did before him, then produced the title-deeds and won the long-contested property; to his splendid mansion beside the Boyne he then removed in triumph with his beautiful wife, and there both lived happily during many a bright day and revolving year.

Handsome Charlie some time after, failing to recruit his fortunes at the gaming-table, was lodged by the old Jew Tom Fenton had threatened him with in a debtor's prison, where for two years he continued daily and nightly chewing the cud of sad experience, at the end of which time, by the death of an old aunt who had not forgotten him in her will, he was enabled to release himself, and came forth a sadder but a wiser man. The lesson he had brooded upon in prison effectually cured him of his gambling propensities; but he still relished the town, and lived there till his death, always the most fastidious and exquisitely dressed old bachelor in the merry city of Dublin.

A LEGEND OF "THE BURNT HOUSE;" OR, THE DANE'S REVENGE.

THERE stands what was once the "House," a blackened, charred, soot-begrimed pile; a hideous ruin, haunted in the day-time by birds of foul repute and evil omen; and at night by malignant goblins, who delight in deeds of ill, and revel in the mischief they can inflict upon those who have the misfortune to fall within the sphere of their accursed dominion. There it stands on the river bank, on a sudden bend of the broad Shannon, not a beacon of hope and a voucher of safety to the hardy mariner, but a monument of disaster and an angury of doom. So, at least, was it regarded in the days of our youth, when we rehearsed the thrilling legend connected with the ruin; and "mitched" many a long hour from the more useful employment of study

in school books, to devote them to the oral narrative of septagenarian chroniclers, who excited every feeling of the heart by different versions of the tradition, of which we give a slight outline in the following paragraphs:—

About two hundred years ago there was not in the royal city of Copenhagen a more enterprising, prosperous, or wealthy merchant than Karl Vardar, "the Fortunate," as he was called by all his fellow-citizens, even those who envied his prosperity as well as they who rejoiced in it. He was the proprietor of broad lands, having purchased, from time to time, many a goodly tract of the island of Seeland; of tall ships, of rich stores, of well-filled warehouses, in short, of boundless wealth; but the pride of Karl Vardar was out of a promising son and a beautiful daughter, not altogether out of the vast accumulation of wealth, which the prince-merchants of Florence, of Venice, or of Genoa the Superb, might fairly envy. Karl's daughter was a great beauty, who might have won a Danish coronet, even if her father's gold and fertile acres did not enable him to afford her the dower of a duchess; and it is said that Karl, from her infancy, had in his own mind, though he kept his mind pretty closely to himself, looked forward to the day on which he would behold upon her brow the badge of nobility. These aspirations would have induced him to abandon the pursuit of commercial gain, even in the prime of his manhood; but he was adding rapidly and enormously, almost in geometrical progression, to his wealth, and as he would leave his son, Knute, the wealthiest subject in Europe, he remained a hard-working, and withal an honest, though rather covetous trader, until, as we shall presently see, unforeseen circumstances put a term at once to his labours and his life.

Karl Vardar had a correspondent in Amsterdam, with whom he had traded for a great many years, during which they had had occasional differences, for Mynheer the Dutchman was not reputed the most straightforward of merchants, but their differences had always been readily adjusted, the honesty of the Dane and the astute policy of the Dutchman, forming a basis of accommodation which never failed of producing an amicable understanding. Krantz of Amsterdam was reputed very wealthy, but those who knew him intimately found, in his great anxiety to produce an impression favourable to the reputation he bore, the reverse of a proof of the vastness of his acquisitions. He had an only son, whose roving disposition disqualified him for partaking in his father's pursuits; and Krantz felt constrained to gratify his propensity for the adventures of a sea life, by suffering him to make several voyages in his ships, even when no more than a mere boy. In this way he visited Copenhagen, where he was hospitably received by Karl Vardar. The youth admired Karl's daughter, and envied his great wealth; and even when green in his teens he coveted both. But he left Copenhagen carrying nothing with him but the good-wishes of his host, and hopes for the future. And he, wearied of the prosaic service in which he was engaged, for he dreamt of renown, which daring might win on field or flood; but

his own country at the time afforded him no chance of pushing his fortunes in the line that he deemed suited to his temper and talents. So he turned his thoughts towards France, which was seldom out of the turmoil of war in the Grand King's reign. He made his way to the French court, saw Louis's Minister of Marine, proposed to him, without his father's permission had or asked, to fit out his ship, if commissioned, as a privateer, and do good service for the Grande Monarque. His proposal was favourably received by the minister, and in due time the Terror, under Captain Harkar, became to the enemies of France what her name implied; and her commander enriched himself and his daring crew, without stint or scruple, at the expense of those very same foes; and it was rumoured, to the prejudice of Captain Harkar's reputation, that some merchantmen whose cargoes were deemed secured against belligerent cupidity by the neutral flag of the free states of Holland, including not a few belonging to Krantz of Amsterdam, fell into the clutches of the Terror's grasping crew, and were forfeited to the advantage of those hardy rovers.

Be that, however, as it may, Harkar thrived apace, as unscrupulous daring will thrive whenever and wherever it has a wide field for the exercise of its congenial vocation. He grew rich and became dreaded; and his name was carried far and wide upon the pinions of fame—for infamy attaches only to the unsuccessful. And when it became known in the household of Karl Vardar that Harkar, the favourite of princes and ministers, and the protego of the greatest of Christendom's kings, and the son of old Krantz, were one and the same person, the mind of Karl underwent a great change regarding the hero whom, as a boy, he had held in trifling account; and the imagination of his daughter, the simple and lovely Kristine, was impressed very favourably by the repute of the valiant Harkar. But the son of Karl, the thoughtful, sensible, calculating Knute, did not believe all that fame had trumpeted in his ears, and in those of his family, regarding the heroic Harkar. That astute and wily commander had emissaries around, and in the very household of Karl, whose cure it was to repeat and amplify all that could be stated to the credit of Harkar, and to guard them against hearing anything to his prejudice. So they heard all about his naval achievements, and others were invented in his favour, to exalt his fame, but not a word to his prejudice penetrated the well-paid cordon of his spies, or if anything to his discredit were heard within that circle, it was either wholly discredited, or but served to show forth the brilliancy of his good qualities with additional lustre.

But, though intelligence travelled very slowly in those days, Knute Vardar heard enough of the misdeeds of the Terror to determine him to keep her commander at a safe and civil distance. And when the proud prow of that virtuous barque ploughed the tempestuous German Ocean, and, having passed the dangers of the Skager Rack, the Categat, and the Sound, landed her bold commander safely at Copenhagen, he was received by the

old friend of his father with warmth and distinction; and the beautiful Kristine, now a blooming woman of twenty-one, looked admiringly upon the hero, whom she had seen with scant regard as a boy some eight years before. But Knute was hardly civil to the distinguished guest. His demeanour to Harkar was such as to show that he suspected the career of that hero to have been stained with very unheroic acts. And the observant Harkar was not slow in discovering the dislike and mistrust of the young Dane; but he affected to perceive nothing of the kind, and he made himself quite at home in the mansion of Karl Vardar, and extremely agreeable to the millionaire and his daughter. His followers modestly whispered marvels of his achievements, his wealth, his honour, and the titles which his sovereign had in store for him; but upon these points he was himself scrupulously silent; and his people pretended that they spoke of them in the apprehension of experiencing the heavy effects of his anger should they be found out alluding to them. He had learned that Knute had been on the eve of setting out on a journey on his arrival, and he knew that his stay alone prevented his departure. So he took his leave of the old Dane and his daughter, and of the young Dane, too, with affected cordiality and friendship, to which Knute responded with coldness but dignity. And the Terror set sail from Copenhagen, and Knute set out on his journey to pass a month or so with a relative in Norway.

But the Terror had only been three days away, and Harkar appeared once more at the merchant's mansion. His reason for returning was thus explained by him:

"From the day that I first set my eyes upon the fairest Kristine I loved her, loved her dearly and devotedly; but, as the simple son of the Amsterdam trader, I thought not of aspiring to the hand of one who might choose amongst the proudest of her countrymen. But, Karl Vardar, I despaired not of one day attaining the position that would entitle me to woo with the hope of winning her. I felt that in commercial pursuits there was not for one of my temperament any path to the condition suitable to the husband of the fairest and the wealthiest of Denmark's daughters. I, therefore, abandoned the idea of following in my father's footsteps, and took service in the naval force of the most Christian King of France. I have served that potentate with zeal, and with all the ability with which nature endowed me; and the generous Louis has been more than just in rewarding my poor services. Duty having brought me into the northern seas, I availed myself of the opportunity of visiting Kristine, with the view of learning how she might be disposed to receive the suit of an old friend and adorer, who had succeeded in honourably winning wealth and rank; and I was, need I say, entranced with unutterable delight to find that I might hope for, not despair of, happiness. Thus encouraged to pursue the track of renown, I set sail three days ago, with the view of winning the further favours of the king of France, by the manifestation of renewed zeal in his service; but judge of my surprise, of my gratitude and joy, when, having sailed through the Sound, I met a special mes-

senger from Louis come to urge my immediate return to the south, and the bearer of despatches expressive of his majesty's intention to enrol my poor name amongst those of the nobility of his kingdom, in consideration of what he is graciously pleased to consider my distinguished services. Here, my dearest friend, are the despatches. Peruse them, and say will you suffer the lovely Kristine to become the Countess of Darklignè, a rank which will derive its chief merit, in my eyes, from the lustre which her beauty and her graces will reflect upon it?"

Old Karl was overjoyed at the brilliant destiny that thus, as it were, came to seek his beloved daughter. Might not the young count of twenty-five be a young duke at thirty, and Kristine once a duchess, would fill the measure of the aspiring merchant's ambition? Of course he consented to bestow her on the count that was to be, and the duke in perspective; but arrangements and love-making, and the rest of it, would take time. No! Harkar referred to the despatches to show that time was not his; and secrecy, too, he reasoned, was required, as the king of France had matrimonial projects in view for his protégé, which could only be frustrated by the presentation to the sovereign of Kristine as Countess of Darklignè. Despatch and secrecy were essentially necessary, and to ensure the latter, his own chaplain could solemnize the marriage ceremony on board the Terror, in the presence of her father, and the few confidential friends he might choose to accompany him. Karl and Kristine would have had matters more leisurely and decorously conducted, but what could they do in the face of the urgent, the imperative behest of a king, and the anxiety of an officer desirous of punctual obedience to orders? So the marriage took place on board the ship; and when Knute returned he was horror-stricken to find his only sister, in whom he prided, gone off to a foreign land, the wife of the man whose honour and honesty he more than suspected, and whom he could but hold in hearty aversion. He, however, kept his mind to himself, not wishing to communicate to his father the harrowing suspicions that haunted him; but he nourished projects of a terrible retribution in the event of his suspicions proving well-founded.

Meanwhile, the prow of the formidable Terror ploughed the German Ocean on her return track; and her captain made for an obscure French port, where he spent some weeks, amusing his beautiful bride with projects of happiness in their settled home in the capital; and the charming Kristine wondered greatly why her husband lingered upon the coast, instead of hastening to Paris to obtain the promised honours at the hand of his sovereign; and she longed to obtain an explanation upon this head, but Harkar would not be questioned. It was enough that counter-orders superseded those that had reached him in the north, and she was perforce content to remain where he chose, or where, as he alleged, his orders detained him. And in the course of a month or two, she found herself at the capital amidst state and luxury; but the state did not please her, and the luxury was not of the refined character which she

had hoped to enjoy in the society of a heroic and honoured husband and his guests, nor such as she was accustomed to in the affluent home of her youth. Her husband was visited by gay cavaliers, accompanied frequently by no less gay, sprightly, light-hearted persons of her own sex; but the simple young Dane only saw in the frivolity and levity of these people, manners and customs different from those of her own country; and she could only wish that the court of France were a shade more solemn and decorous than it evidently was, judging from the sample of the courtiers introduced to her by her husband. Kristine was not happy, but she indulged in hopes of better circumstances, when the position of her husband became defined by the acquisition of rank, and she imposed contentment upon herself as a duty.

Amongst the visitors at her house, which was in a fashionable quarter of the capital, was a slight youth, of delicate frame, refined features, and somewhat feminine cast of countenance, to whom his companions paid more than ordinary deference, and who seemed in no way to court the homage they rendered him. He was called Count de Blois, but even the simplicity of Kristine could detect in the youth more than the bearing and pretensions of a simple count. Could he be a prince of the blood? She more than suspected so, but why should he come under an assumed name to her house? She ventured to question her husband, who admitted the superior rank of the count, without saying what it was; and stated that his disguise was assumed in order to facilitate free and unrestrained intercourse with his chosen friends in the city. This satisfied her for the time, but if it did the increasing attentions of the count had quite a contrary effect; and not the least so that he appeared to think she should receive them as a matter of course, and with the extreme of gratitude. An appeal to her husband on this point was met by some flippant common places, which greatly mortified her; and called into active play her worst suspicions respecting the good faith of Harkar. Oh, that was a poignant thrill of anguish that shot through her frame, and made her heart stand still under the weight of agony, as that cruel suspicion first crossed her mind! Was she deceived? She was in this frame of thought when the count half forced himself into her presence; and she did not spurn him as she would a viper, because she instinctively felt that he would either dispel or confirm the terrible doubt that glowed in her breast like living flame. To his euphuistic address—for the severity of her look froze into some sort of respect and formality the usual flippancy of his advances—she replied by demanding the cause of his intrusion. And when he replied,

"The ungovernable love I bear to the most charming of her sex—oh, surely, madame, it is cause sufficient for risking even the repelling glances of the brightest eyes in the world."

She did not lose her self-possession, but calmly asked did he not fear that her husband would exact a terrible account for the outrage of which he had been guilty.

"Your husband!" he sneeringly exclaimed. "No! my good friend, the pseudo-Count de Darkligné will not put my attentions (in his absence in the bowers of Madame de Saltierre) to his fair"—he hesitated, and said—"spouse, to the debit side of my account with him as an unpardonable outrage. But listen to me, fair Kristine," he continued, assuming a tone of respectful earnestness, as he mistook her passiveness for encouragement to proceed, "I am not what you have known me amongst the motley crew of Harkar's boon companions, but one with power and inclination to elevate the object of my affections to such rank as will render her the envy of the noblest in the land. I love you, Kristine, and a return of my love will secure you a destiny of glittering brilliancy. You are not," he went on, seeing her still attentive, and thinking to remove all excuse for compliance with his suit—"you are not the wife of the heartless villain who has betrayed you, no more than he is an object of the king's interest and regard. The king, while using such mercenary renegades, despises them thoroughly, and there is not amongst the vile class one whom all honourable men more cordially condemn than Harkar, who has sullied the half lawless flag of a privateer by his excesses and crimes. Leave him, then, as he has left you, for his constancy is in keeping with his other qualities, and place yourself under the protection of a royal son of France, who will not betray the precious trust you may repose in his good faith."

Kristine was calm, but it was the calmness of despair. She was collected, because she was supported in this terrible crisis of her existence by the resolution to prove to the royal profligate before her that not even he could make her forget what was now due to herself and to her family.

"Would you protect me, sir?" she asked with a degree of firmness that cost her an effort which few can appreciate.

"With all my power, with my very life," replied Philippe of Orleans, the future Regent, eagerly.

"Then conduct me to the palace of the Danish ambassador, and so prove at once the sincerity of your professions."

"To the ambassador!" exclaimed the prince. "Know, lady, that I am more powerful to shield you from injury and insult than the ambassadors of all the crowns in Europe put together. Confide in me, and there is not on earth the man who will dare disturb you by so much as a look, so long as you remain under my watchful protection. Amongst the ladies of my mother, the Duchess of Orleans, you will possess all the comforts of a maternal home; and"—

A cry of anguish from the hapless Kristine cut him short, and rushing past him, she poured out the crushing agony of her heart in a copious flood of burning tears, in the arms of one of her maids.

The inquiries of the Danish ambassador confirmed the truth of the prince's revelations respecting the infamous character of Harkar. The marriage, of course, was a sham one, and poor Kristine's sole desire, in her

deplorable extremity, was to return to her home. This she was enabled to do without much difficulty, through the kind offices of the Danish ambassador and his wife, who paid the hapless girl every possible attention. Arrived at home, she uttered no complaint of the hard lot that fate had in store for her. Her brother swore to avenge her wrongs, and she neither encouraged nor sought to dissuade him from his purpose. She settled down quietly to the household duties she had abandoned in her dream of state and grandeur; and pined away into the grave in the course of a few short months; to which she was shortly followed by her heart-broken father, who could never forgive himself for having been imposed upon by the falsehoods and forgeries of a heartless villain.

Harkar pursued his naval career with his usual daring and success, whenever the turmoil of warfare suffered him to follow his congenial pursuit. His excesses were overlooked in consideration of the serious injury his address and intrepidity inflicted upon the foes of France. His fast sailing, fear-inspiring prow ploughed every sea, and his terror-bearing flag seemed to be ubiquitous from the numerous reports of its appearance at different places at the same time; such was the rapidity of the rover's movements.

A few months after the occurrence just related, the Terror was ploughing the green waters of the Atlantic, upon her usual mission; and one spring dawn the lookout announced a sail on the starboard bow, steering athwart the course of the ship.

"What flag?"

"Can't make out. Be like neutral. P'rhaps enemy's."

The word "enemy's" caught the commander's ear, and he gave orders to keep as close as possible by the strange craft, till the now rapidly increasing light should enable them to make out her colours. The lapse of half an hour satisfied them on this head. The object of their cupidity sailed under a neutral flag, the appearance of which was greeted by many a hearty curse from the Terror's disappointed commander and crew. A gun was fired athwart her bows to bring her to, for the examination of her papers—a process which never failed of proving profitable to the examiners, whenever they had to do with the bearer of a valuable freight. But judge of the astonishment and consternation of the legal pirates when, as if by the agency of electricity, so rapid was the action, the neutral flag disappeared, and the enemy's defiant colours floated proudly in its place on the morning breeze. To this startling mystery was superadded the equally significant fact, that the previously harmless-looking sides of the stranger became, as if by magic, pierced by formidable rows of menacing portholes, from which, in the twinkling of an eye, bristled a terrible-looking series of heavy guns! A volley of round shot flew on lightning wings through the spars and rigging of the Terror; and all this happened so rapidly that the daring crew, seldom taken by surprise, or unprepared by any event or series of occurrences, were completely taken aback for the moment, and looked at their commander, as if expecting that

even that lion-hearted chief, who never yet quailed in the face of the foe, would issue his orders to strike his flag, and surrender at once without a hopeless resistance.

Harkar was thunderstruck, but his habitual self-command did not forsake him for a moment. Who could the intrepid foe be that dared to engage him single-handed—him who had never failed to disable and capture any three ships of the enemy's fleet? He looked again at the hostile flag, and for the first time in his sea-faring career his cheek blanched, for over the well-known flag of the enemy there waved a sable banner, on which he discovered the arms of Karl Vardar; and in the supporters (he had heard that Knute had won knightly rank in his country's service) he could descry the form and features of a woman betrayed, looking towards the dexter side of the escutcheon at the stalwart form of a champion, as if for vengeance upon her betrayer. The legend, too, ran (for Harkar's excited fancy assisted him to discern everything)—"NO REST SAVE IN REVENGE." Harkar saw at once that this was no ordinary foe; that his cause was not a public one; and that he sought no enemy on the deep but the author of his wrongs. He could not for one moment doubt that Knute, the Dane, commanded the stranger; and he felt an instinctive conviction, or presentiment against which he sought to reason in vain, that he was destined to perish by the hand of the injured Dane. For the first time in his life he issued orders to put the Terror about and show her retreating stern to a willing foe! His officers and crew were astounded, but obeyed the more readily that another broadside from the stranger showed his mettle and his pluck were of the heaviest calibre. Harkar, by way of excuse for his extraordinary proceeding, blamed his officers for not having been sufficiently prepared for action, which they were; but they dared no more question his views than contravene his orders, and so, availing themselves of the superior speed of the Terror, they put as much seaway as possible between themselves and the enemy, without so much as returning by a single gun the gall-ing broadsides that raked them to the extent of no trifling injury, though fortunately for them what damage they sustained was not sufficient to diminish the sailing capacity of their ship.

The Terror continued to ply her mission on the deep, and with her usual success. She encountered and defeated every foe but one, and upon that one she invariably turned her helm, though followed and dared by the strange craft through all seas, and in all seasons. Harkar fancied that in the sinister figure in the escutcheon, on the black banner, he saw the living form of the betrayed, the murdered Kristine; and that the blade which the dexter figure waved aloft was the instrument of his doom. His success in his encounters with every other foe, his alacrity in engaging them, and his desire when one enemy was vanquished to encounter another, saved him from losing cast or credit for shunning "the Black Flag," as the stranger was termed by his crew; and after a time the hardest of his band contracted so much of his own superstitious dread of

the mysterious ship, as to share his desire for evading the encounter which she so perseveringly sought.

The War of the Succession could not last for ever no more than any other war, and the seven years' carnage of that protracted quarrel either exhausted the resources of the belligerents, or satisfied them that nothing could be gained on either side, and that much would be lost on both by carrying on the struggle any longer. So they signed a treaty of peace, which put a term to Harkar's occupation. But that restless spirit could not remain inactive, and an opportunity for employment occurred very soon. The intrigues of the wily William of Orange succeeded in forming an anti-Jacobite party in England, whose object was rather to cripple the royal prerogative in the hands of James than to forward the selfish designs of his dutiful Dutch son-in-law. Be that, however, as it may, William felt himself sufficiently strong in forces and in English sympathy to set sail for Torbay in tolerable strength, for the avowed purpose of instituting an inquiry into the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales! He was so solicitous for the honour of England as to give ear to the silly and mischievous tales told of the amiable and virtuous Mary of Modena by the foes of that hapless queen. The result, however, of the investigating expedition, was the flight of the queen first, and then of the king, to France; and the permanent installation of William at Whitehall. But Louis XIV., perhaps more from hatred of William than love of James, espoused the cause of the latter. He placed a French army at his service, under the command of the daring Count de Lauzun, who had boldly married, and, by the way, ill-treated, the king's cousin, "the Great Mademoiselle, daughter of France," and in this army Harkar obtained a command as officer of artillery, a branch of the service for which his experience qualified him. As our business is with him, and not with the fortunes of the unfortunate James (amongst whose misfortunes is the unfitted infamy of poltroonery), we need not enter far upon the Irish campaign. The hostile armies were drawn up on the banks of the Boyne, and James was reviewing the positions of his generals, when, upon approaching a battery, the officer in command of it rode forward to meet the king, and, pointing to a group in the hostile ranks, he said:

"If it pleases the king of these realms *de jure*, I will make him in a moment king *de facto*. One discharge of my battery, and yonder group, numbering the usurper, strews the plain with mangled corpses. Shall I, sire, cause the guns to be pointed, and rid you of the foe of your dynasty and your life?"

James at a blow might have won the day and his diadem, but, more generous than politic, his reply was:

"Scoundrel! it is not by the murder of my daughter's husband, and my sister's son, that I would regain my kingdom!" and he rode away to pursue his inspection of the field.

"Scoundrel!" repeated the officer, as the monarch turned away. "Arrant fool of a king!" he continued, with emphatic irreverence, "you are unworthy to wear the crown, to regain which for you brave men would

spill their precious blood. William will win the day, and I have seldom been on the losing side."

The battle commenced, and proceeded with varying fortunes throughout the day; but it had not lasted long when the keen eye of William observed that one of the French batteries, placed in a position of great advantage, did little or no execution amongst his ranks. His heart bounded with joy after having regarded for some time the play of the guns at this point; and, turning to one of his generals who rode at his side, he asked him if he detected nothing unusual in that direction.

"Whoever directs that fire," said the officer, "is no friend of James; and yet his position is the key of the Jacobite line."

"Right!" exclaimed William, joyfully, "and I have the key in my pocket. Direct your principal efforts towards that point: You will not meet there with serious resistance. Once that position is ours—and it is ours already, through what agency is a mystery to me—the day is won. Give me a good account of the officer in command there. Every hair in his head is worth his weight in gold."

After the defeat and rout of the united French and Irish forces, William was in his tent when a prisoner, Captain Darkligné of the French artillery, was brought before him, and without instituting any embarrassing inquiries as to the cause of his conduct, he contented himself with thanking our old friend Harkar for the services he had rendered, and promising that a continuance of his loyalty to the prevailing cause would not be lost upon a grateful sovereign.

And Harkar, or Darkligné, for by that name was he known now, continued to serve the politic Dutchman on every field, till he received, at the siege of Limerick, a severe, almost fatal, wound, which, to his great mortification, incapacitated him from serving any longer; and he was rewarded by his grateful master with a grant of a large tract of land on the northern bank of the Shannon, where, in a fine strong castle erected by the disinherited proprietor, Sir Pierre de Darkligné—for amongst his rewards was the honour of knighthood—prepared to pass the remainder of his days.

Meanwhile, the mysterious Danish ship lost sight of the Terror; but the Dane did not abandon his pursuit of her commander. The report which that person spread in Paris of his intention to sail to the East, when on the eve of joining the expedition to Ireland, had for a time thrown him off the right scent; but he fell upon it again about the period that the capitulation of Limerick put an end to the Williamite wars. He learned that Harkar had joined the force under Lauzun, and he expected that the failing fortunes of James would induce his return to France. So he lingered in the channel or in the capital, for he had heard nothing of Harkar's desertion to William of Orange.

Sir Pierre de Darkligné settled down to the improvement of his fine estate, to which, crippled as he was from his wounds, he devoted his native energy; and his great private wealth enabled him to command means of contributing to the increased value of his acres, which

none of his neighbours possessed. And yet those neighbours did not envy him. They did not cultivate his acquaintance, though they tolerated him—for men of substance are always tolerated, and often courted by the respectable world that affects to despise them. And when his wife and two children, son and daughter, arrived at his castle, the neighbouring gentry assembled to welcome them, and enjoy the *fetes* on the joyous occasion. On the first night of the rejoicings, a small schooner anchored in the roadstead adjoining De Darkligné's estate, and the knight was in such good humour with himself and the world, that he invited the captain to the feast, and requested him, so long as the winds remained contrary to prevent his making the port of Limerick, for which he was bound, to make the castle his home, and the captain consented; but at the mid hour of the night the deck of the ship was paced by a stranger, who bore an air of authority, but was not seen at any other time. And at that hour, when sleep had sealed every lid uninfluenced by a guilty conscience, the figure on the deck saw approaching the mansion of De Darkligné, a gigantic dark figure, of portentous aspect and female form; and he shuddered, for even in the monster proportions of the shade he thought he could, or did involuntarily, detect a confused resemblance to a form once dear to him. And the mansion seemed lost in the dark shadow, like the sun in a December cloud; and the amazed watcher expected to see it whirled into the air or swallowed into the earth, when, as the legend runs, the cock's shrill note announced the advent of day, when nothing of evil could wander abroad, and the shadow vanished. This did not diminish the watcher's amazement, and he said to himself—

"It is the offended shade of my murdered sister, come to reproach me with the tardiness or lukewarmness of my vengeance, or to anticipate my sloth in avenging her murder. But I will await and see further."

And await he did, to see the same scene repeated night after night; and he fancied that as the figure turned to vanish before the warning of the cock, it bestowed upon him a glance of reproach. And he communicated what he had seen to the supposed captain of the schooner, who, we may as well tell in this place, was Knute's second in command of the mysterious ship, and had loved Kristine with a silent adoration from his youth—and the captain said, "Very good," but no more. And on the night following the figure approached the castle as before, and the watcher on deck saw approach the river, in great haste, a man, who flung into the stream something that fluttered as it fell, and shrieked shrilly as it sank; and the figure put off in a boat, and having reached the schooner, said to the watcher, "Come, the hour of vengeance is at hand;" and at that moment a voice of wierd fierceness cried in their ears, "IT IS DONE!" and the shadow passed by them with the fury of the whirlwind, and the sound of thunder, and darkened the light of the moon; but for the light of the moon was substituted a blaze of such vivid brilliancy as to illuminate the landscape for miles

around, and the castle of Sir Pierre Darklignè was one mass of living flames!

"Do all perish there?" asked Knute, in some dismay, for his enmity embraced one only.

"No," replied his friend; "none save the guilty. The children are safe."

And that stately castle was on the morrow the blackened, charred, shapeless mass that we now behold it. The very bones of Sir Pierre were burned to ashes; and those ashes no future proprietor of the soil has disturbed; and the place is haunted by the troubled ghost of the guilty Dutchman, and those of his no less guilty associates, who were with him when he perished in the flames, for he had collected around him on the occasion as many as possible of his old comrades of the Terror.

THE LOVERS OF MOVILLE. *

BY ERIONNACH.

I.

What can a maiden say
With two lovers true?
If she marry one of them
She leaveth one to rue;
If she marry neither
"Twould be twice as bad,
Neither will have merriment,
And three may be sad!
O! what can a maiden do
With love in her breast,
When, of her two lovers,
She loves neither best;
When of her two lovers
She loves both the same?
And if they make it hard to choose,
She is not to blame!

II.

This and this—O! this was your ill,
Fairy Mary Barry,
Rose of Moville!
That you couldn't marry,
That you mightn't bide,
That you shouldn't tarry
Lone by the tide—
For the other young maids,

* Moville is a pretty village of Innishowen, on the west shore of Lough Foyle. At the narrow entrance to this grand Lough is a sand-bar, where great billows (in Irish, Tonn, or as they are called now, The Tonns,) rush and burst even in calm days, when they presage a storm. There Manannan Mac Lir, the Celtic Ocean-god lies buried, and thence his spirit sallies at intervals. There, too, have happened many wrecks. The roar of The Tonns is heard several miles off. They form one of the famous "Three Waves of Erin"—The Wave of the North (in this place), the Wave of Rury (in Dundrum Bay), and the Wave of Cliona (off Cape Clear); whenever Cuchulain smote his shield, The Three Waves lifted up their voices and answered.

Good, ay, and gay,
O! the other young maids
Were getting now to say—
(And, if you were in their place,
You wouldn't do it, pray?)
That, if she couldn't marry,
She should, to make amends,
Leave the chance to some who could,
Some among her friends!

III.

Mary's mother died
Afar in the south,
Leaving her three roses
Upon her cheeks and mouth,
Leaving her, her dark hair,
And kind hazel eye,
To console the old man,
That he shouldn't die—
Leaving her her sweet voice,
• But—leaving none
To whom to tell her sorrows
When she was gone.
The old man she tended,
Careful and kind,
But all her little heart-breaks
Kept in her mind.

IV.

Woodbine is beautiful
And safe on the spray;
If the bough be broken down,
In every breath 'twill sway;
If the bough be broken
'Tis no less as fair,
But beware the tempest-time
And storm-gusts of air.
And so, little Mary's grief
It darkened her brain,
Until she sought a spae-wife,
Some answer to gain;
She went to seek a spae-wife,
But found a Holy Well,
And lifting up her heart to God—
Behold what befell!

V.

There and there—O! there while you pray,
Softly come your lovers
Watching your way;
Softly come your two loves,
And start back in hate,
Speaking no menace
And uttering no threat;
Uttering no word, but
Looking a look,
That challenged, so angrily,
To turn from that nook—
Before turning from you,
One glance they took,

Then near came their angels,
Nearer and more nigh,
And the frozen waters of their hearts
Troubled to a sigh!

VI.

How could they sadden her,
Their sweet Mary there—
Think or plan a bitter strife
While she knelt in prayer?
So, when she, all startled
At the sigh, arose,
Snowy pale, and blushing red
Like a mountain rose,
O, one he stepped near to her
And lovingly he spake:—
“Mary, and O Mary!
I fear, for our sake
This sorrow that grieves you
Will end not, my heart!
Alas, until we do decide
For some time to part.

VII.

“Outward, to-morrow morn,
A ship leaves the bay,
I will sail the ocean wide
A year and a day;
When the time is over
I’ll come back to you,
Seeking who has constant been,
And who has proved untrue.”
O, then came his rival,
And clasping his hand:—
“I’ll keep good faith to her and you,
Tho’ I can’t leave Ireland;
Full many miles we’ll sail down,
I and my mother ill,
And from Greencastle shore till then
Shall never see Moville!”

VIII.

Then and then they all bade adieu,
Mary and her lovers,
Noble and true,
Mary and her lovers,
A word she couldn’t speak,
But thro’ her tears, tenderly
Kissed them, brow and cheek.
She unto the old man,
They unto the sea,
With one long look behind them
Parted The Three.—
And when his mother died there
Who nursed him on her knee,
Who willingly bailed with him
Although she was so ill,
Strangers bore the dear load home,
He wouldn’t see Moville!

IX.

Days wander slowly by,
The year’s nearly past,
Hark! upon the morrow morn
The vow ends at last!
Fisher of Greencastle
In wild unrest, is he:—
“Hasten, haste, O morrow morn!
O, haste quick to me,
I’ll need to row, to-morrow morn,
Right hard to reach Moville.”
For still the Tonns grew louder,
And night the blacker still,
’Till sudden, from its bosom
Leapt the lightning red,
And thunder after thunder shock
Shook the sky o’erhead.

X.

“God! guard the wanderers
Who sail on the deep,”
Prayed the thankful fisherman,
Amid his broken sleep.
Strange, as night wore onward,
More strange each thunder shock,
Sudden leapt the fisher up,
And climbed high a rock:
“A flash, so low? Great heavens,
No lightning that can be,
Hark, that sound; ah, sorrow,
The minute gun at sea!”
Then, with desperate courage,
He fired his cottage white,
And in his sturdy boat sailed out,
Far into the night.

XI.

Out and out—O out on the sea,
Lifted, lowered, dashing,
Steadfast went he,
Lighted by the flashing
From his cot of flame,
’Till unto the dark ship,
Wary he came—
Ho, there’s gold in plenty
Tossed on the deck!
Captain and sailors
Have fled from the wreck;
And now for his cottage burnt
How little need he reck?
Gay, turning with treasure,
Then—to hear a moan!
No wonder that a bitter thought
Smote him to the bone.

XII.

Who lyeth by the mast,
Now, who lyeth there,
Wounded, feeble, faint, and bronzed
With forehead only fair?

Wounded, feeble, fainting—
 Well the face he knew,
 Louder hummed an evil voice :
 "Come, leave him in rue,
 Your cottage burned, love may be spurned,
 The gold all will save,
 His fate it is, not your hand, digs .
 Your Rival his grave."
 Ah, he came of fathers
 Who served well their God,
 And lifting up his wounded foe,
 O'er the gold he trod.

XIII.

Steadfast upon the cliff
 That looketh out to sea,
 Since the morning star arose,
 That fair maid, is she—
 Kneeling on the tall cliff
 Guarding fair Merville,
 Gazing 'gainst the breezy morn
 O'er seas tossing still.
 Far away, and far off
 And nearing so slow,
 O whence comes yon small boat
 And whither doth it go?
 Nearer yet, and nearer,
 It grates on the shore,
 And ah, that last, sweet, dying smile,
 She is bending o'er !

XIV.

Thus and thus—O thus by the sea,
 Tearful, smiling, sighing
 Met there The Three !
 Glad to be dying
 One spirit stole away
 He so loved his rival's
 Great heart that day.
 Then, the lovers kissed him
 On the snowy brow,
 O, and on the kind lips,
 Stilled for ever now,
 And all his soul's loving
 It came to hind their vow,
 And nevermore, thereafter,
 Love failed their hearts to fill—
 So living loved, so loving died,
 The Lovers of Merville.

THE MUSICAL INSTITUTIONS
OF DUBLIN.

THE system of musical clubs or associations, which has latterly become so general in Dublin, as well as in most other leading cities of the United Kingdom, is not entirely of such recent growth as some may suppose. The "Charitable and Musical Society," the origin of which dates from a very early period in the reign of Anne, was founded by a number of amateurs, who were in the habit of meeting at the "Cross Keys" tavern in Christ Church Yard, its object being to organise funds for discharging the liabilities of confined debtors, whose condition in those days, was very pitiable indeed. It was preceded, however, by a club on a more limited basis, and with a less accurately defined purpose, called the "Bull's Head Society," from the circumstance of its meetings being held at the "Bull's Head" tavern in Fishamble Street. The members of the "Bull's Head" met on every Friday evening, and after the performance of a miscellaneous selection of music, "concluded the night with catch singing, mutual friendship and harmony." The programme was regularly arranged by a committee, and the members paid a subscription of an English crown each. An annual dinner was held in December, and the "season" closed in May, when the funds in the hands of the treasurer were distributed in accordance with the design of the founders. In some instances they were given to the Dublin Society to be awarded as premiums, but "more frequently," says the historian of Dublin City, "a committee was appointed to visit the various gaols of the city, and compound for the liberation of the distressed incarcerated debtors, large numbers of whom were thus restored to liberty." It was in the year 1723, that the club expanded into the "Charitable and Musical Society," with the regularly defined object of procuring the liberation of distressed debtors. The president at this period was John Neal, a music publisher, and the condition of the society while under his sway is the subject of some amusing doggerel by one of its members, of which the following is a specimen.

"While honest Neal the mallet bore,
 Who filled the chair in days of yore.
 There lawyers met and eke physicians,
 Attorneys, proctors, politicians,
 Divines, and students, from the college,
 Men full of speculative knowledge,

* * * * *

Some poets, painters, and musicians,
 Mechanics and mathematicians.

* * * * *

Some gentlemen, some lords and squires,
 Some Whigs and Tories and highfliers,
 Some Papists, Protestants, Dissenters,
 Sit cheek by jole at all adventures.

* * * *

Meanwhile the jug, just like the ocean,
Was always in perpetual motion."

This confession by one of its members of the convivial character of the society, is borne out by the fact, that Swift directed his sub-Dean and Chapter, to punish any member of his choir who should appear at "the club of fiddlers in Fishamble Street;"—an order which does not appear to have had the desired effect, as the Dean in a subsequent manifesto names three members of his "rebellious choir," Taberner, Phipps, and Church, "who in violation of my sub-Dean's order in December last, at the instance of some obscure persons unknown, presumed to sing and fiddle at the club above mentioned," and then directs the sub-Dean to proceed to the extremity of expulsion if the said vicars should be found "ungovernable, impenitent or self-sufficient." The members of the society having accumulated sufficient funds for the purpose, decided on erecting a building for their future musical performances, and on Friday the 2nd October 1741, the new music hall, (now Fishamble Street Theatre), was opened for the first time with a concert, "for the entertainment of the Charitable and Musical Society."

One of the members of the society has left an elaborate description in verse of the new building, with which its present dilapidated state contrasts mournfully :

"The architect has here displayed his art
By decorations proper for each part ;
The cornice, dentilla, and the curious mould,
The fret work and the vaulted roof behold,
The hollow arches and the bold design
In every part with symmetry divine."

Handel, who arrived in Dublin a few weeks after the hall had been publicly opened, hired it for the purpose of giving a series of concerts, which proved eminently successful, as Handel himself states in a letter to Charles Jennens, by whom the words of the Messiah were selected. Handel says, "the nobility did me the honour to make amongst themselves a subscription for six nights, which did fill a room of six hundred persons, so that I needed not to sell one ticket at the door. I cannot sufficiently express the kind treatment I received here ; but the politeness of this generous nation cannot be unknown to you, so I let you judge of the satisfaction I enjoy, passing my time with honour, profit, and pleasure." It is still a vexed question as to where the "Messiah" was first publicly produced, and, like the authorship of "Junius," the matter will, in all probability, continue to remain just as it is. The general belief on the subject is, that it was first heard by a Dublin audience ; but Mr. Gilbert, in his learned history, is of opinion that "no adequate evidence has yet been adduced to disprove the contrary assertion of Mainwaring, the contemporary and biographer of the composer." There is no doubt, however, that one of the first public performances of this sublime work—if not the very first—took place under the direction of Handel himself, at the Music Hall, on the 18th April, 1742, for the joint

benefit of Mercer's Hospital and the Charitable and Musical Society, when a sum of nearly four hundred pounds was collected. The audience exceeded seven hundred persons, and the newspapers of the day contain advertisements, in which the stewards of the charitable and musical society request the ladies to attend without their hoops, and the gentlemen without their swords, in order to economise space as much as possible. It is but right to state, that Mr. Horatio Townsend, in his entertaining little work, "Handel's Visit to Dublin," leans to the opinion that this was the first public performance of the "Messiah" ever given. Handel left Ireland on the 13th August, 1742, having given another performance of the "Messiah" on the 3rd June preceding. In 1743, Dr. Arne, the composer of the celebrated air, "Rule Britannia," gave a series of concerts at the Hall, and Handel's "Judas Maccabeus" was performed on the 11th February, 1748, for the benefit of the Lying-in Hospital, by the command of the Earl of Harrington, Lord Lieutenant. The cost of a ticket to the concerts of the Charitable and Musical Society itself was half a guinea, and some idea of the good which it effected may be formed from the fact, that from the time of its formation, at the commencement of the century, up to 1750, it procured the release of nearly twelve hundred debtors, whose accumulated debts exceeded nine thousand pounds, besides which, a sum of money was presented to each debtor on his enlargement. The "Musical Academy," founded by the accomplished Lord Mornington, in 1759, gave its concerts at the Hall. This society was not, as its name would indicate, formed with a view of diffusing musical education—it was purely charitable ; and "in four years, by loans of small sums of about four pounds each, it relieved nearly thirteen hundred distressed families." The Academy reckoned among its members "persons moving in the highest spheres of society," and all professors or mercenary teachers of music were excluded. The members met once a week for private practice, once a month in a more public manner, on which occasions a select audience was admitted, by ticket ; and once a year a grand public performance took place for the benefit of some charity, and to this all who paid were admitted. The Academy continued its delightful meetings for several years ; but eventually, through the death of some and the negligence of others, it gradually died out, and "charity lost a powerful and profitable advocate." We have at present an academy of music, also supported by "persons moving in the highest spheres of society," but constituted for a different purpose—namely, to bring within the reach of persons in moderate circumstances the advantages of a first-class musical education. The academy was founded about ten years since, and is supported by the subscriptions of members and the pupils' fees. An amateur concert is also given for its benefit annually, in which the ladies and gentlemen of the first rank take part, thus far adopting the principle of the old academy. All the leading professors, vocal and instrumental, in Dublin, are engaged for the instruction of the pupils, whose progress is displayed at an annual concert, to

which the public is admitted at a moderate charge. Public assemblies, balls, and exhibitions were also given at the Music Hall, from time to time; and in the year 1771, the "Constitutional Free Debating Society" began its meetings there. John Neal, the president and treasurer of the old "Bull's Head Society," who ultimately became the proprietor of the Hall, died in the year 1769, at a very advanced age. His son, Surgeon John Neal, was esteemed one of the first amateur violin performers in Europe. In 1793, the Hall was converted into a private theatre, having previously fallen a good deal into disuse, owing to the rise of the Rotunda as a place of public entertainment. The company was under the management of the Earl of Westmeath and Frederick Jones, afterwards lessee of the Theatre Royal. A Philharmonic Society existed in Dublin from an early period in the eighteenth century; for in the year 1742, Dr. Arne, his wife, and Mrs. Cibber, gave a series of concerts at the "great room" of the Philharmonic Society, opposite to St. John's Church, in Fishamble-street. The concert of the society for the year 1744 comprised in their programme all the leading classical works then written, with an oratorio—"Solomon's Temple"—written by one Broadway, organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral. This work, we may fairly suppose, can have had little merit, as it is now unknown, save to the musical antiquarian. "The Incorporated Irish Musical Fund Society" was founded in the year 1796, and, like many other successful organizations, had a very humble beginning. It was originated by some half-dozen members of the Crow-street theatre orchestra, the object being to afford relief to distressed musicians, and to provide for destitute widows and orphans. As soon as the funds subscribed amounted to a thousand pounds, an Act of Parliament was obtained and the society incorporated. In a few years the committee was enabled to invest £6,000 in bank stock, and subsequently a further sum of £4,000 was sunk in grand canal debentures, which, owing to the gradual depreciation in their value, are now worth £1,800 only. The affairs of the society are managed in the most effective and unostentatious manner, and its prosperous condition is in the highest degree creditable to the members of the musical profession in Ireland. The talented and zealous secretary, Mr. R. M. Levey, has done much to advance its interest, omitting no opportunity of bringing forward its claims where there is any chance of their being practically recognised. Owing mainly to his exertions a grand performance of the "Messiah" was given for its benefit, in the year 1857, on which occasion the gifted Irish songstress, Catherine Hayes, gave her services gratuitously, as did also all the leading members of the profession in Dublin, Mr. Joseph Robinson conducting. Several hundred pounds were realized by this performance. In the year 1859, the "Messiah" was again performed, for the joint benefit of the society and of Mercer's Hospital, when Madame Lind Goldschmidt sang gratuitously. A very large sum was produced by this performance, as there was a full band rehearsal in the day time, to which the public was admitted, at five shil-

lings a ticket. Several of the other performers who were brought from England for the occasion, were paid for their services, but Mr. Robinson arranged and conducted the entire performance without any remuneration. Mr. Levey also led the orchestra on the same liberal terms. The Anacreontic Society was founded about the middle of the eighteenth century, for the practice and encouragement of vocal and instrumental music. It was supported by all the lovers of the art in the higher ranks of Irish society, and continued its meetings down to the year 1845-6, when it was dissolved, and merged in the new Philharmonic, which, with the Antient Concert Society, is the principal musical association at present existing in Dublin. The Philharmonic seems to be well managed and successful, and for some years the Antients continued under the direction of its accomplished and energetic conductor, Mr. Joseph Robinson, to follow out strictly the career which its founders proposed for it. All the great choral works were produced at its concerts, season after season, in the most complete and effective manner, sustained by local talent, alone. It is needless to dilate upon the permanently beneficial effects of such performances, conducted in such a style, on the musical taste of the public; that good has resulted from them there can be no question, but it is, unfortunately, the fact, that latterly the Antient Concert Society has been compelled to abandon, partially at least, its original vocation, and to resort frequently to performances which, for want of any more distinctive appellation, have come to be designated "miscellaneous," frequently unaided by any orchestra whatever. Can it be that the same state of things which drove Handel, in despair, from London to the "Hibernian shore," has now arisen in Dublin—that the tide of refined and elevated taste upon which he was so triumphantly upborne here, has receded from us, or abandoned us altogether? It is certain that a positive relapse has occurred in our musical taste, of which this alteration in the course of the Antients is, to some extent, a decided indication. The craving for novelty and variety—the source of many evils—has, for a time, overmastered the higher intellectual instincts which should have the principal share in the guidance and formation of a correct taste, and the result is—what has been stated—a forced abandonment of the regular choral performances of the society, and the substitution of a *melange* of part singing (admirable, no doubt, but not a fitting test of the Antients' resources,) and violin and piano forte soli at its recent concerts. Is it possible that there can be no remedy for this? We scarcely think so. The Antient Concert Society is, after all, not to be taken as fully representing the existing musical tendencies of the people of Dublin, being, as it is, a select and rather exclusive body.

If it were reconstructed on a more liberal and extended basis, so as to become possessed of those expansive principles which would enable it gradually to assume the proportions of a great national institution, instead of a mere local club, there are many reasons to

warrant the belief that the experiment would result in complete success. We have an example before us in the Sacred Harmonic Society of London, the aim of which is identical with that which the founders of the Antients had in view. This great society is in a healthy and prosperous state, simply, we believe, because in its management there is nothing of that narrow and exclusive spirit, which, if adhered to in the case of the Antients, must end in its practical dissolution. The Sacred Harmonic Society reckons on its list of members peers, merchants, traders, and shop-keepers; in fact, any person, no matter what his particular trade, calling, or occupation, of respectable character, is admissible to the society on the payment of the requisite subscription. It is difficult to believe that Dublin, the metropolis of a nation whose love of musical art is one of its distinct national characteristics, has not within it the materials of a great choral society, which instead of dragging on a precarious existence on sufferance (the condition being apparently, as before observed, the abandonment of the purpose for which it was constituted), might become a permanent national institution. It is right to guard ourselves from the imputation of supposing or suggesting that the present anomalous condition of the society, is in any degree owing to the influence or wishes of its talented conductor. The very reverse is, we believe, the case; persons with little or no capacity for appreciating the great classical compositions, with which alone the Antients has any legitimate concern, have evidently obtained such a voice in its councils as to lead it gradually but steadily away from the right path, in a foolish and profitless competition with other societies of an entirely different character, merely because they seemed to attract a larger share of public support. That this policy is not a dignified one, it requires no argument to demonstrate—that it has, so far, proved unsuccessful as a means of securing increased patronage, is a matter of notoriety. We ardently trust that an effort will be made to rectify this unfortunate state of things before the commencement of the ensuing musical season—if not to the full extent suggested in an earlier part of this paper, at least so far as to bring back the society to its original distinctive purpose, and to keep that purpose continually in view in all its future proceedings. Better to have only two, nay, even one, concert in the season, such as the society gave in the earlier and more flourishing period of its existence, than half a dozen of those “miscellaneous” entertainments which it has latterly given, and which were Antient Concerts only in the name. A great choral society, it is to be hoped, Dublin will have, in any case, before long; the vocal material exists in profusion and only requires ordinary training and organization, to render it equal to the highest requirements of art. The disposition to support an institution of the kind, founded on broad popular principles, we believe also exists, and consequently proper exertion only is needed to bring the project, if once entered upon, to a successful issue.

H. N. L.

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE ESPLANADE.

BY FRANCES CROSSBY.

(Concluded from our last.)

“Was it a caprice or a presentiment that made me pause as we stood on the threshold, and implore of my sister not to enter the gloomy pile that had most fitly received the name of the ‘Maison Noire?’ What was it that turned my blood cold as the shade of the overhanging roof fell on us in the darkened doorway? Was it fancy that made me hear wailing, mournful voices whispering in the leaves that rustled overhead, warning us to return while it was yet time? Would to God we had done so, my lost sister!

“But Estelle only laughed merrily, and told me I was turning coward in broad daylight. She would not return, why should she? So we entered, leaving the heavy door ajar, and passed out into the neglected court-yard and on to the dwelling-house.

“*All exactly as Estelle had seen it in her strange dreams.*

“Need I dwell upon our feelings, as, awed and confounded, we passed from room to room, exchanging looks of bewilderment and dismay, no longer daring to raise our trembling voices above a whisper? Estelle’s merriment was hushed, and each time I glanced at her face, I could see the shadows deepen into a more solemn thoughtfulness. And yet, when I whispered an entreaty that she would come away, she shook her head, and said she must see all—all. And that with a dreamy fixity of purpose most foreign to her usual gentle manner.

“At length we had seen every nook and corner of the place, and with a feeling of infinite relief I turned to leave it. In silence Estelle accompanied me. As we passed out on the terrace on which the house stood, a ghastly look came into her face, and clutching my arm tightly, she pointed to the court-yard below, with a wild scared cry of “Look there!”

“I did look, and this time I saw nothing to alarm me, save indeed the ghastly hue of my sister’s face. Standing by the great stone basin in the centre was our father, and with him a stranger of noble and dignified appearance. I was indeed a little surprised that they should be there, but I could see nothing alarming in the matter. I said a few soothing words to Estelle, who already began to look more composed, and in obedience to a sign from my father, I descended the terrace steps and advanced towards him, followed more slowly by my sister. We were at once introduced to the stranger, who, it appeared, had come to look at the old mansion, to see if anything might be made of it as a residence.

“Don Alonzo de Penalosa, for such was the stranger’s name, was a handsome man of about twenty-five or six, tall, and slenderly made, and with the proud ease of carriage peculiar to his country. His olive complexion, dark, brilliant eyes, softened by their drooping lids, and grave expression, were also Spanish. His hair was black as jet and singularly beautiful, his nose straight, his dark beard and moustache long and silky. I have

described him thus minately, because I would not have you imagine that it was from any personal defect or blemish that arose the distrust and vague feeling of aversion with which he from the first inspired me. So utterly groundless was it that I did my best to conceal and overcome it. In the first effort I succeeded; in the second my attempts were vain.

"Strange to say, he seemed almost as much moved at sight of Estelle as she had been on first seeing him. His brown cheek paled perceptibly, and it was with an evident effort that he was able to employ towards her even the customary forms of politeness. His voice was very soft and musical, and even his foreign accent was rather pleasing than otherwise. As he began to speak, Estelle, whose eyes had been fixed on the ground, raised them timidly, and turned on him an earnest, enquiring glance that I could not at all understand, but before which his dark eyes flashed, and his cheek flushed deeply. Then with blushing face she averted her gaze, and looked no more towards the stranger.

"To everyone's surprise, the Spaniard purchased the gloomy old 'Maison Noire' from my father. Workmen were at once employed to raze the house to the ground. And then, when people were speculating as to the style of mansion the wealthy Don would construct for his future residence; lo! he began and rebuilt *an exact copy of the house he had just demolished*; the only difference being, that one 'Maison Noire' was new and the other had been old: the one was magnificently furnished, the other had been a total ruin.

"And my Estelle? Alas, my Estelle no longer! She was so changed that I could hardly have believed she was indeed my own merry little sister. Her day-dreams were more frequent than ever, and of her night-dreams she shrank from speaking. With me, who loved her so well and truly—God knows how well, my child!—she was silent, reserved, and dull. Only in the presence of the Spaniard, who had become almost domesticated at our house, did she seem fully to exist. But even then she was no longer her former bright, happy self; she had changed into a timid creature who would tremble and flush if only a gleam of his dark eye rested upon her for a moment. Her love for him was like adoration. Poor child, poor, gentle Estelle!

"For they were lovers from the first; next betrothed; lastly, he took her from me entirely, promising to love and cherish her in all fervour; although, unaccountably to myself, I would have kept her from him if I could. But of course I was powerless to do so, though it nearly broke my heart to have her leave me.

"They were married in April, but it was not until the following October they returned to Courtrai. My heart used to sink whenever I thought of my Estelle being brought to live in the strange house that I at times thought to have exercised an evil influence on her life; A house, connected with which there was certainly some mysterious link that joined a corresponding link in her existence. In vain I tried to shake off my fears, to laugh at myself as superstitious. I could not rid

myself of the remembrance of the three months during which Estelle's dreams had been of the old house—dreams in which she had so wondrously become acquainted with scenes of which she had no other knowledge—dreams leading to the visit to the "Maison Noire," in which she had first met with the man who was now her husband. And to end all, the acquaintance commenced in the Old House was to terminate in a residence beneath its gloomy roof. I could not shake off my apprehensions, do what I would.

"How closely I watched my child after her return! Her words, her actions, her very glances came under my observation, and all were keenly scrutinized. But it ended in my saying to myself, "Thank God! she is happy."

"But this was not to last. A couple of months had hardly passed when the shadow of the "Maison Noire" began to fall upon my sister. She could not deceive me. I saw too well that something was troubling and grieving her, weighing upon her mind, and rendering her life restless and unhappy. And yet, when I ventured to question her, she evaded my enquiries by asking how a wife could be unhappy, loving and beloved as she was? or some such light shifting of ground. So I was forced to leave her to herself, and to see her daily growing paler and thinner, and her manner more subdued, and her glance less bright, and her smile less frequent.

"One day in the month of December, a messenger came to summon me to the Maison Noire to spend the day with my sister, who was not very well. I found her in her dressing-room, cowering by the fire, and hardly was I within the room when she threw herself into my arms, and laying her head wearily on my bosom, burst into a perfect passion of tears and sobs. In vain I by turns soothed her and scolded her; the tears and sobs continued, and it was a full hour before she was again restored to anything like quiet. I now ventured to ask for her husband, whom I had not seen for some days.

"No," she said, her face darkening as she spoke, 'he has been writing in his study every day for a week now. Do you know, Camille, that even I have never been within that room since I came here as mistress?'

"I replied, with an anxious glance at her troubled face, that as she had never before told me so, I was of course ignorant of the fact.

"It is so, then, and, Camille, I have sent for thee to tell thee of what has been long preying upon my mind, and which I can no longer bear to keep shut up within my breast. Thou wilt hold the trust sacred, my sister?"

"I assured her I would do so, and she continued, leaning all the time against me, with her head drooping on my breast, and her eyes fixed gloomily on the fire—

"You remember the first time you saw Don Alonzo, my sister?"

"Of course; it was the very day we came to the old house that stood here," and I shuddered involuntarily.

"Yes, that was the first time *you* saw him, I know. But, Camille, I had seen him long before."

"My child! you are but in jest!—How could that be? Thou knowest he only arrived in our town on the morning of that day! My poor little sister, I fear thou art ill, and—" I was stopped by Estelle, who, without looking up or otherwise changing her position, laid her little palm softly over my mouth.

"Hush!" she said, in the same gloomy, unnatural way as before, "thou knowest nothing about it, Camille, but I am going to tell thee all. I know thou hast not forgotten the strange, haunting dreams that drew me so irresistibly to this old house. Well, in those dreams, and in the old house, I met my present husband long before the day on which we met him in person in the court-yard below. Thou knowest how startled I was at seeing him there, Camille?"

"Yes, I remember; but he was just as much startled at seeing thee, and I very naturally set both effects down to the same cause—love at first sight. And indeed, my child, thou art in the wrong to think so much of—"

"Hush!" she cried again, stopping me in her dreary way, while I felt really alarmed at her wild words, though I dared not shew it. "Hush, Camille, let me finish my story. Not a merry one, God knows. But it was fate. I dreamt of this house, and of a stranger I had never seen, save in my sleep. I came hither, and here I met that stranger face to face. That is my story, so far. He in his dreams, visited a desolate old house where he saw a young girl he had never seen save in his sleep. He, too, came hither, on the very day of my visit, to meet me face to face. I knew him, and he knew me; we recognised each other, in the body, where we had so often met in spirit. That was the beginning. Now the old house overshadows the two dreamers, so mysteriously destined for each other. And ought they not be happy in their fate?"

I was so bewildered by her words, so horrified at the terrible suspicion her speech suggested, that I could hardly reply. I forced myself to speak.

"My child," I said, "that is a pretty romance, truly, but thou hast not told me how it was, that the second dreamer—a foreigner—knew where to come in search of the old house. How could he know that such a house was in existence?"

"That I know not," she replied, in a subdued tone; "that I know not, for he never told me. And, Camille, I dare not ask him when he does not wish to tell. I love him too well to anger him, or to make his dark eyes burn, as I have seen them do, when anything irritated him." She shivered, and nestled up closer to my side—poor, poor, gentle Estelle!

"Suddenly she started up straight, but still gazing into the fire, and began speaking again hurriedly and constrainedly, while she gently but firmly resisted the hand that would have drawn her back to my breast.

"And now, Camille, listen to the rest. No, I must not be interrupted this time. Let me finish what I have to say, then thou canst talk. I said just now that I had never entered my husband's study since I came to this house as mistress. He shut me out, as one unworthy of his confidence, and never allowed me to put a foot across the threshold. He keeps the outer door constantly locked, and if I wish to speak to him while he is there, he lets me stand without; he comes out into the corridor to me, and goes back again, re-locking his door as against a thief or a spy. And this is not the worst. It is not enough to see myself excluded from his confidence in such a way, but I must look on and see him extend to others the trust denied to me—his wife. For that Spanish servant of his, Diego, is free to go in or out while I am excluded. Think of that, Camille, how infinitely painful to my feelings!"

"She had become greatly excited, and springing up, she began to pace the room with hurried, uneven steps, moaning softly the while, and twisting her fingers together in a restless nervous way, that had always been habitual to her when excited. After a few minutes, however, she seemed to have recovered her composure—if composure it could be called—and of her own accord she resumed her seat beside me and went on.

"But spite of all, I have been there! Locks and bolts, and unkind distrust failed to exclude me. In my sleep I have been there, Camille!"

"It was about a month ago I first dreamed of it. I had been fretting all day at seeing myself excluded from the confidence of one for whom I could gladly lay down my life. I could never give thee any idea of my love for my husband, Camille, never! And the more one loves, the more keenly does one feel the pain of such a slight—of any slight.

"I felt so wretched that night! My heart was burning within me, and every thing seemed to increase the very pain I felt there. I even felt jealous—ah, so jealous! of the Spanish servant, who had been in and out of my husband's room several times during the day. I was yet brooding over this when I fell asleep, leaving Alonzo still shut up in his study.

"I dreamt then, that I awoke and heard the carillon ring the hour. When it had ceased the solemn clock struck one. My husband had not yet returned. Then I felt a strange restlessness and longing to go and seek him. I rose, threw on my dressing-gown, and passed into his dressing-room, of which the door was open. He was not there, nor had I expected there to find him. Remember, my sister, that this was but a dream.

"I entered the corridor leading to my husband's private rooms. Here everything looked so ghastly that I trembled, and could hardly summon courage to proceed. The moonbeams, broken by the overhanging roof, assumed the most fantastic shapes as they slanted across the corridor, and the shadows of the trees, in parts impeding the light altogether, fell black and thick upon the walls and ground. But arming myself with the holy sign of the cross, I stepped over the pale

streams of light, and through the waving gloomy shadows, and stood breathless at the study door. I knocked, but in doing so, the door, to my surprise, yielded to my light touch. The next moment I stood for the first time within the room, lighted by the moonbeams, and tenantless save by myself, the intruder. Satisfied that I was alone, I looked curiously around.

"The room was handsomely fitted up as a study, the walls being lined with book-cases, the centre table strewn with volumes and papers, apparently in recent use. To my right, as I entered, was the door that I knew led into the inner room. And on either side of this doorway hung large pictures, that at once rivetted my attention.

"The first was that of my husband, Don Alonzo. A full-length picture, and a splendid likeness. The dress was curious, and such as I had never seen save in pictures of the olden times, and certainly, but that I felt sure it could only be the portrait of my husband, I should have imagined it to represent some handsome cavalier who lived and died long, long ago. As it was, I marvelled much that he should keep such a picture shut up here without ever shewing it to me, who would surely have valued it more even than its original could do.

"But the second picture, Camille, how shall I describe it?

"It was that of an old woman, withered and with snow-white hair, but of a stately commanding carriage. She was clad in a dark, flowing robe of antique cut; a tight-fitting coif of black velvet covered her head, only allowing an arch of silvered hair above the brow to remain visible. Over this was thrown a veil that fell in graceful folds even to her feet. But it was the face that struck me, my sister. It was a handsome face for an old woman, with dark, bright eyes, a delicately formed nose, and small thin mouth. But the expression was horrible. The eyes seemed to glisten with a snake-like gleam that alone would have been most repulsive, and when joined with the sneering, crafty, cruel lips, was downright frightful.

"I was still gazing at this picture when a smothered sound of voices, proceeding from the inner room, fell upon my ear. I started and listened intently. I recognised my husband's voice, speaking in the language with whose sonorous tones I had by this time become familiar. This lasted for a couple of minutes, and then there was a momentary silence broken by a laugh, so fiendish, so mocking, so horrible, that without a pause, I turned and fled. I reached my own apartment, and threw myself, terrified and panting, into my bed. Just then I awoke with a start, to find that it was but a dream, and that the pale moonbeams, streaming full upon the bed, fell upon my husband's face as he lay asleep beside me!

"Hush! I know what thou wouldst say, my sister, but I have not done yet. I must finish my story.

"Although this dream made a profound impression on me, I thought not of attaching any importance to it. But I could not help thinking of it very frequently.

Do what I would, I could not forget the malignant face in the strange picture I had seen, nor the fiendish sound of the laugh I had heard in my sleep. These haunted me, and the more fixedly that I had resolved not to speak of my dream. To my husband, for many reasons, I could not do so.

"It was about a month after that this dream recurred;—exactly a month, I believe, for the moon was at its full again. And that is now two nights ago.

"It began, as before, by my listening to the carillon ring the hour, and the church clock strike one. I had a full recollection of what had passed in the former dream, and when the longing came upon me to rise and seek my husband, as before, I shuddered as I recalled the sneering, cruel face of the old woman in the picture, and shrank from the possible recurrence of the unearthly laugh that even now rang in my ears. But the impulse was too strong for me; I was powerless to resist. I rose, traversed the shadowy corridor as before, and entered the study, once more open to me. Again I stood before the pictures, and again I heard my husband's voice from within.

"This time I did not fly. I knelt down, pushed aside the curtain that hung before the doorway, and looked through the keyhole from which the light streamed. I had a full view of the inner room and its inmates.

"Here she paused for an instant, and with a sudden movement nestled up against me as before. I folded my arms round her, sadly troubled as I was, and kissed her pale brow, but without speaking. After a moment she went on—

"The room was hung with black, and lighted by a massive silver lamp that depended from the ceiling by chains of the same metal. By this light I saw, to my horror and unutterable dread, *the living original of the horrible picture beside me!* At her feet, kneeling, as if in earnest supplication, was my husband. His back was towards me, but I could not be mistaken. Just then, the same mocking laugh I had before heard resounded through the room, proceeding from the thin, cruel lips of the hag. With a despairing gesture the petitioner rose to his feet and turned to the door. I sprang up, fled, and reaching my own room, sank fainting upon the bed. This time I did not awake until the morning light filled the room.

"But this time I was utterly upset by the repetition of the horrible dream. It haunts me, pursues me, tortures me, and I cannot bear to be one moment alone. To my husband, as I said before, I cannot tell my story. Therefore, my sister, have I sent for thee; thou must remain with me and comfort me. And now I have done, speak to me as thou wilt."

"What could I say? I was so deeply impressed by the dreary, hopeless solemnity of her words and manner, that I could hardly shake off the fears that hung over me, and had gone on increasing since she began to speak. I trembled to think of her mind being indeed affected, and yet I could not rid myself of the dread—

ful thought. But I forced myself to speak cheerfully; jesting with her for her credence in what seemed but foolish dreams, naturally resulting from her having allowed her mind to dwell continuously on the subject. I said she was still but a silly, romantic child, and that I should remain with her myself, until I saw her in better spirits, and in a more reasonable frame of mind. It did her good to be treated so. Little by little she became more cheerful, and as days passed on, I made her smile at her former terrors. Early in spring came a little baby-blossom, fair as the snow-drop that bared its delicate bells in welcome to the season that gave it birth, but alas! even more fragile.

"Before the snowdrop had disappeared, the angel-blossom was laid in the earth, and the fresh grass was already growing on its grave. And such was the young mother's grief, that she fell dangerously ill, and a second time I was obliged to take up my abode at the Maison Noire, to watch and guard her.

"One night, when I was seated beside her as she slept, the sound of the carillon, followed by one stroke of the clock, brought back to my mind, with uncomfortable vividness, the strange nature of the dream of which Estelle had last told me. Her husband had just been in the room to inquire for her, and finding her peacefully asleep, had retired again. I had heard his footsteps echoing along the corridor without, until they ceased at the mysterious door; and I listened to him enter and lock the door after him. The Sœur Grise, who had been up with Estelle the whole of the previous night, was now fast asleep in an arm-chair by the fire. Not a sound was audible in the room, save the light breathing of the patient and the deeper respiration of the nurse. The moonlight was this night so clear and beautiful, that I had drawn wide the curtains to give it admission.

"Suddenly it occurred to me that for some minutes past I had only heard the deep breathing of the nurse in the room. I leant over Estelle, and, to my alarm, could find no breath from her lips. I touched her, and she felt cold. The only sign of life about her was the faint and irregular pulsation of the heart, and this, too, ceased while my hand yet rested upon it. Seriously alarmed, I summoned the nurse to my aid, and we set about restoring animation. After a lapse of about ten minutes the heart began to beat again, respiration returned, and I soon had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes. But hardly had she done so, when, with a wild glance around, and a trembling, wild cry of "my child!—my child!" she threw herself into my arms, apparently in a paroxysm of terror. When she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she motioned the nurse away, and in quivering, whispered tones, told me she had been a third time in the mysterious chamber.

"But not as before," she added, shuddering; "this time, just as the stroke of one was dying on the night air, the horrible old woman was at my bedside—there, in that spot—to bid me rise and follow her. I obeyed, full of terror. She led me out on the gallery that runs round the house, and along until we reached the end

window, belonging to the room I had not yet entered. We must go in through the window, she said, for Alonzo de Penalosa was in the outer apartment, and must not see me. Then she stepped into the room, and I followed. In the centre stood a large bed, hung with black, round which the curtains were close drawn. To this bed she led the way, I still following. She drew back the curtains and bade me look. And, oh! holy Virgin!—there, sweetly sleeping, lay my little child, my lost baby! I forgot all else—my terror—the mystery—the hag's presence, and with a cry of rapture I sprang forward to take my child into my arms. But with a mocking laugh she thrust me back, and let fall the black curtains again, and told me how my husband, the child's father, had himself given it into her keeping. And when I struggled, and would have forced my way to the bed again, she laid her cold hand upon my brow, and at the touch I lost all recollection until I woke to find myself in thy arms, my sister. But oh, Camille, this was no natural dream—it was no dream!"

"Estelle, my child! how canst thou be so foolish? Thou hast fainted, that is all. Thou wilt kill thyself in this way, and it is very sinful. Try to rouse thyself, my sister, and pray."

But she only moaned and looked wildly into my face, and cried again, "My child, my little child!"

"Estelle!" I said, suddenly, "I will do something to satisfy thee. I will go this instant and see with my own eyes the unlucky rooms of which thou speakest. Never fear, I will manage to do so when I have determined on it. Will that do?"

"She eagerly caught at the suggestion, and giving her in charge to the good sister, I left the room on my mission.

"My feelings were highly wrought, and without a moment's hesitation I knocked at the study door; the key turned in the lock, and Don Alonzo stood on the threshold. By a quick movement I pushed past him, and stood within the room. How my heart sank as I gazed on the table strewn with books and papers, the walls lined with book-cases, the door to the right, with a large picture on either side. These I must see closely. My brother-in-law, seemingly confounded at my strange behaviour, repeated his questions concerning Estelle.

"She has been very ill," I said, summoning all my composure; "but is better now. She wishes to see you Don Alonzo: go, and I will await your return to speak with you."

"Would it not do to-morrow—what you have to say?"

"No—it must be to-night."

"His face changed into one of stern gravity. 'Then, he said, 'you can do so either in my wife's dressing-room or my own, for I am now about to lock up these rooms for the night, as it is my custom to do.'

"But I was not to be balked. I seized the lamp that stood on the table, and grasping it firmly, stepped over to where the pictures hung, and threw its light full on them, one after the other. The first was that of a re-

pulsive old woman, exactly as my sister had described it. And from a table on which the right hand rested, depended a scroll with the inscription—

‘BEATRIX AL EDRISI—1615.’

“Turning rapidly to the second, the exact likeness of my brother-in-law, I had just time to read on a similar scroll—

‘ALONZO DE PENALOSA—1615,’

when the light was dashed from my hand, and with a cry of horror I fell fainting to the ground.

“Weeks elapsed ere I recovered from the fever brought on by the terrors of this night. As soon as I was able to bear the news, they told that my Estelle, now a raving lunatic, had been taken to travel by her heart-broken husband, in hopes of serving her by change of air and scene.

“My first visit was to the now-abandoned Maison Noire, of which my father had the key. I entered the mysterious rooms, but to find them quite empty. The rest of the house was undisturbed.

“I never saw my Estelle again. A year or two later, and the Spaniard wrote to say that she was dead. He could not bear, he said, to revisit a town which must awaken so many painful recollections; so the house and garden, and furniture were made over on his sister, Camille. And with the letter came a casket of valuable jewels, in remembrance of the sister she had loved so well.

“This is my story: the story of the accursed house that took from me my little gentle sister Estelle.”

“As singular a case of monomania as ever came under my knowledge,” quoth the Doctor, “since it would seem the elder sister caught the infection from the younger.”

“Will that word explain all that is strange in the narrative?” I enquired, a little crossly.

“It is easy to explain, on scientific principles,” said the Doctor learnedly, “all that the ignorant would ascribe to the supernatural in this story. The poor lady, Estelle, who went mad, was, as is very plain, a young person of a nervous, excitable, imaginative temperament, one in whom a tendency to sonam—”

“Pray, pray, Doctor!” cried my niece, Georgina, “don’t explain it. We like terrible stories, and we hate explanations of them.”

So do I, therefore I give the story as I had it, trusting that the reader will agree with Georgie and me.

THE KNIGHT'S LAY.

As I stray on my gallant steed from thee
By river and mountain hoar,
Oh! thou dost rise before mine eyes
In thy loveliness evermore;
And evermore as I speed to thee
From tourney, tilt, or fight,
My guerdon sweet in thy smiles I meet,
And thy love, oh, my lady bright!

Oh! lovely is the eventide,
And the sunset's purple shine;
But as I gaze through its glorious blaze
I see but thine eyes divine;
And all through the morning heaven wide,
Whatever shines brightly there,
But fills my breast with its sweetest guest,
Thy form, oh, my lady fair!

As we camp at night by the mountain's wood,
I and my charger free,
The night bird's strain but brings again
Thy words of love to me;
And the flowers I see by the fountain flood
In the springtime of the year,
In their sheen of gold I ever behold
Thy bright locks, my lady dear!

The scarf thou gavest me long ago
Sees many a gory field;
But it giveth light to my heart at night
As I rest on my dinted shield—
This heart must be leal and strong, I trow,
That so well hath toiled and strove—
’Twas hope in you made it toil so true,
So long, oh, my lady love!

LITERARY NOTICES.

A HISTORY OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.*

BY J. T. GILBERT, ESQ., M.R.I.A., LIBRARIAN OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY; HON. SEC. IRISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL AND CELTIC SOCIETY.

THE three volumes now before us prove beyond all doubt that every attempt that has been made hitherto to compile a perfect account of the origin and progress of the city of Dublin was little short of being absolutely contemptible, notwithstanding the zeal with which Ware, Harris, Whitelaw, Walsh, and others laboured, to produce "a history" of the Irish metropolis. Harris's work, published in 1766, is merely a reprint of Sir James Ware's "Annals of Dublin," and so wretchedly meagre are its notices of the antiquities, public buildings, and streets of the city, that one wonders how its editors could have given it the name of a history. To supplement the shortcomings of Harris's work, Warburton, Keeper of the Records in Bermingham Tower, Castle of Dublin, projected another on the same subject, but dying before his compilations were half completed, he bequeathed them all, "crude and indigested," to Whitelaw, whom he appointed to methodize and arrange them. Whitelaw, however, did not live to discharge the onerous duty which he had undertaken, and on his demise, the Rev. R. Walsh set about elaborating the materials collected by the forementioned gentleman into shape and consistency, superadding all that he himself had gleaned in the interval, till at length, two quarto volumes, of 1,460 pages, entitled "A History of the City of Dublin," etc., etc., appeared in 1818, as the result of the investigations of three men who, as the fact proves, were utterly incompetent to deal with a subject of such vast importance. Whitelaw and Walsh did little more than reprint "Harris's Dublin," and Archdall's "Monasticon"—the latter a work of dry dates, chiefly derived from the Inquisitions taken either immediately before, or soon after the dissolution of the Religious Houses—and what is still more discreditable to their memory they took their accounts of the public buildings of Dublin from sources which no erudite writer would have consulted or relied upon as authentic. As for their biographical notices of the eminent men born in Dublin—a particular of all others on which they should have bestowed the greatest possible attention, Whitelaw and Walsh seem to have depended altogether on merest common-places or charlatanism, thus duping themselves as well as their readers, and giving us, in this instance, instead of vivid portraiture of men and manners, flimsy sketches, which bear not even a remote resemblance to the originals. In a word, Harris and his continuators, if we may

so style Warburton, Whitelaw, and Walsh, instead of producing a correct and readable history of the metropolis of Ireland, have left us, under that name, a work which the most ordinary critical analysis will pronounce to be an utter failure, and in every respect unworthy the pretentious designation on its title page. If we are asked to account for the miserable deficiencies and errors so glaring in every page of the works to which we have been alluding, we can easily do so by stating that Harris, Warburton, and the continuators of the latter, did not possess a tithe of that varied knowledge or acquaintance with the multifarious minute details, topographical, archæological, biographical, and literary—without which it would be utterly impossible to produce a sterling history of Dublin, or, indeed, of any other metropolis. To write such a work as it should be written, an amount of labour and research, of which only a few can for many adequate conception, was absolutely required of the author, who, instead of collecting his facts from published books, must seek for them in original documents, most of which are in manuscript, not only in local archives here at home, but in that greatest of all repositories, the State Paper Office, London. That Warburton and his immediate followers gave themselves little or no trouble on this head, is clearly evident, and this fact of itself fully satisfies us that he and they were in every respect incompetent to write a history of Dublin. Happily, however, for his own fame, as well as for the information of the public at large, Mr. Gilbert resolved to go anew into the whole subject, and the result of his most toilsome labours has been to produce a history of the Irish capital which, whether we regard the thrilling interest of its details, its research, or the elegant simplicity that characterizes the entire composition, entitles him to a foremost place among the most distinguished of those writers who are an honour to our country.

Far from exaggerating the value of Mr. Gilbert's work, we feel ourselves utterly inadequate to speak of it as it deserves, and the longer we pore over its pages the more forcibly does this conviction impress us. To say nothing of the accuracy with which he has identified localities hitherto involved in obscurity, the reader will find in the pages before us a wonderful combination of local history with biography; literary history, as well as scientific and dramatic, and all so admirably arranged, that the entire work, instead of being a series of dry annalistic entries, or meagre records, teems with facts of the most absorbing interest.

For the earliest notices of the city Mr. Gilbert has drawn largely on Gaelic and Anglo-Irish documents, and also on the *unpublished* Rolls, thus enabling us to form a very correct idea of what Dublin was long before that eventful period when Strongbow planted his victorious ensigns on the eminence now called Cork-hill. The same spirit of research is manifest in every page of the work, at subsequent periods, from the days of St. Lorchan O'Tuathal to the passing of the Act of Union—comprising every event that was worth record-

* Dublin: JAMES DUFFY, 7, Wellington-quay; and 22, Paternoster-row, London. Price One Guinea.

ing, and throwing strong light on the men and manners of each successive epoch. Every street has its particular history. Mansions, once the abode of aristocracy and wealth, but now crumbling and tenanted by paupers, are repeopled with their former occupants; the sites of churches and monasteries, of which not a vestige survives, are clearly defined; bridges, theatres, colleges, law courts, in a word, every public institution that embellished or still decorates the metropolis of Ireland will be found learnedly described in Mr. Gilbert's volumes; and we venture to predict that no one will rise from the perusal of them without reaping a store of information, far more extensive and varied than has ever before been presented in any similar number of volumes of topographic history. To the student of Irish lore we need hardly say that Mr. Gilbert's work is indispensably necessary, for it abounds with details of most important events connected with the history of Ireland, and that in a style far more ample and graphic than we could expect to find in any general history of the country. In fact, Mr. Gilbert's extraordinary research has left nothing connected with the rise and progress of Dublin untouched, either in regard of its ecclesiastical or civil concerns. As to the former, we need only refer to the invaluable notices of the Catholic Clergy during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the persecution they had to endure, and the firmness with which they bore up against all manner of the most execrable tyranny. The particulars too regarding printers, publishers, newspapers and periodicals connected with Dublin, and the biographies of the medalists, painters, architects, and other celebrities, who once figured in the Irish capital, are all handled in a masterly and most comprehensive manner, clearly proving that the author has spared no pains to produce a work singularly perfect in all its departments.

If space permitted we would make copious excerpts from the invaluable account which Mr. Gilbert has given of the Parliament-house, down to the time of the legislative union; for indeed the chapter devoted to that subject not only affords a most thorough insight into the state of the country, and the way in which it was governed, both before and after the passing of that measure, but also comprises, in our opinion, the most interesting narrative of the debates on the union, and the profligate corruption by which it was carried. Need we add, that the numerous biographies of distinguished Irishmen, abounding with anecdotes relating to the individuals themselves, as well as to most of the noble families of Ireland, have been carefully collected from various sources, to which Mr. Gilbert alone has had access, and that this special department of the work, irrespective of its other excellencies, bears upon it the impress of learned and laborious investigation.

In order to give our readers some idea how Mr. Gilbert writes of the streets and denizens of Dublin in times long gone, we make a few extracts, which we doubt not, will be read with interest.

"SAUL'S COURT"

On the eastern side of Fishamble-street, takes its name from Laurence Saul, a wealthy Roman Catholic distiller, who resided there at the sign of the "Golden Key," in the early part of the last century. The family of Saul or Sall was located near Cashel early in the seventeenth century. James Sall, a learned Jesuit, during the wars of 1642, protected and hospitably entertained Dr. Samuel Pulein, subsequently Archbishop of Tuam, who, during the Protectorate, encountered Dr. Sall in England, preaching under the disguise of a Puritan shoemaker. Andrew Sall, a Jesuit "of the fourth vow," Professor in the Irish College of Salamanca, and afterwards at Pampeluna, Placentia, and Tudela, was appointed Superior of his Order in 1673, and in 1674 publicly embraced the Protestant religion in Dublin. Sall, who is said to have been the first Irish Jesuit who renounced the Roman Catholic faith, obtained considerable preferment in the Established Church, and died in 1682, leaving behind him many controversial works. He was the intimate friend of Nicholas French, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ferns, who lamented his heterodoxy in a work entitled "The Doleful Fall of Andrew Sall," 1674. "I loved the man dearly," says French, "for his amiable nature and excellent parts, and esteemed him both a pious person and learned, and so did all that knew him."

About 1759 Laurence Saul was prosecuted for having harboured a young lady named Toole, who had sought refuge in his house to avoid being compelled by her friends to conform to the Established Church; and the Chancellor, on this trial, made the famous declaration, that the law did not presume that an Irish Papist existed in the kingdom. In a letter to Charles O'Connor, who had advised him to summon a meeting of the Catholic Committee, for the purpose of making a tender of their service and allegiance to Government, Saul wrote as follows:—"Since there is not the least prospect of such a relaxation of the penal laws, as would induce one Roman Catholic to tarry in this house of bondage, who can purchase a settlement in some other land, where freedom and security of property can be obtained, will you condemn me for saying, that if I cannot be one of the first, I will not be one of the last, to take flight from a country, where I have not the least expectation of encouragement, to enable me to carry on my manufactures, to any considerable extent? 'Heu, fuge crudeles terras, fuge litus avarum!—But how I will be able to bear, at this time of life, when nature is far advanced in its decline, and my constitution, by constant exercise of mind, very much impaired, the fatal necessity of quitting for ever friends, relatives, an ancient patrimony, my *natale solum*, to retire perhaps to some dreary inauspicious clime, there to play the schoolboy again, to learn the language, laws, and institutions of the country; to make new friends and acquaintances; in short, to begin the world anew. How this separation, I say, from every thing dear in this sublunary world would afflict me I cannot say, but with an agitated and throbbing heart. But when Religion dictates, and Prudence points out the only way to preserve posterity from temptation and perdition, I feel this consideration predominating over all others. I am resolved, as soon as possible, to sell out, and to expatriate; and I must content myself with the melancholy satisfaction of treasuring up in my memory the kindnesses and affection of my friends." Saul soon after quitted his native land and retired to France, where he died in October 1768.

"BACK LANE."

"Early in the reign of Charles I., a chapel and Roman Catholic University were established in Back-lane by the Jesuits, of whose history in Ireland but few particulars have been preserved. Towards the end of the reign of Henry VIII., Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Order, sent

Fathers Alphonso Salmeron and Paschasio Broet, two of his first companions, with Francisco Zapata, to this country, where they remained for little more than one month. During the generalship of Francis Borgia (1565-1572) the Irish mission began to be regularly supplied with fathers of this Order, but until 1620, they were "usually attached to the persons or houses of the gentry: after that period they obtained stations of their own, which increased to eight colleges and residences, some of which counted eight members in community and none less than three. The novitiate was at length established at Kilkenny, but shortly afterwards removed to Galway." The Order made great progress in Ireland and became exceedingly flourishing under the government of Father Robert Nugent, who was highly distinguished both as a scholar and a mathematician, as well as for his skill in music, having, by an invention of his own, greatly augmented the melodious power of the harp. Of the Dublin Jesuits in the early part of the seventeenth century the most eminent were, Christopher Hollywood, or, "a sacro bosco," who died in 1626, having presided over the Order for twenty-three years, although he had been specially denounced by James I. in his speech to parliament in 1614; Henry Fitz Simon, for some years professor of philosophy at the College of Douay, subsequently imprisoned in the Castle of Dublin; and William Malone, who for twenty-four years resided in Dublin, whence he was summoned in 1635 to preside over the Irish College at Rome, from which in 1647 he was despatched to Ireland as superior of the entire mission there. In reply to Malone's paper called "The Jesuit's Challenge," Ussher in 1624 published his "Answer to a Challenge made by a Jesuit in Ireland;" to which Malone rejoined in "A reply to Dr. Ussher's answer about the judgement of antiquity concerning the Romish Religion," 4to. Douay: 1627. Large numbers of Ussher's work were circulated, but Malone's book was not allowed to come into Great Britain or Ireland; to which Sir Henry Bouchier alludes as follows in a letter to the Primate from London in March, 1629:—"The Jesuit's reply to your Grace is not to be gotten here; those that came into England were seized, and for aught I can hear, they lie still in the Custom-house: that which I used, was borrowed for me by a friend of the author himself, half a year since, he being then here in London, and going by the name of Morgan."

The establishments of the Jesuits in Back-lane were in 1630 seized and sequestrated by Government, by whom the College there was transferred to the University of Dublin. Of those buildings a traveller in 1635 has left the following notice:—"I saw the Church, which was erected by the Jesuits, and made use by them two years. There was a College also belonging unto them, both these erected in the Back-lane. The pulpit in this Church was richly adorned with pictures, and so was the high altar, which was advanced with steps and railed out like cathedrals; upon either side thereof were there erected places for confession: no fastened seats were in the middle or body thereof, nor was there any chancel; but that it might be more capacious, there was a gallery erected on both sides, and at the lower end of this Church, which was built in my Lord Faulkland's time, and whereof they were disinvested, when my Lord Chancellor (Loftus) and my Lord of Cork executed by commission the Deputy's place. This college is now joined and annexed to the College of Dublin, called Trinity College, and in this Church there is a lecture every Tuesday." An annuity of forty pounds was paid for a few years by the Earl of Cork to maintain these lectures; and a writer in 1643, arraigning the Earl of Strafford's government of Ireland, states that:—"When the late Lord Chancellor Loftus, and the Earl of Cork were Lords Justice, they endeavoured to suppress the Mass-houses in Dublin, and to convert them to pious uses, one of which was in the street called Back-lane they disposed of to the University of Dublin, who placed a Rector and scholars in it, and maintained a weekly lecture there, to which lecture the Lords Justices and State of Ireland did usually resort, to the great countenance of the

Protestant religion there. But after the Earl of Strafford came to the government the lecture was put down, the scholars displaced, and the house became a Mass-house as it had formerly been."

The site of these edifices was the property of the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, by whom they were leased for forty years at the annual rent of twelve pounds to Wentworth Earl of Kildare, whence they acquired the name of "Kildare Hall" and "Kildare Chapel." The "Mass-house in Back-lane" which is described as a "fair collegiate building," was subsequently converted into a government hospital, for which purpose it was used till the conclusion of the reign of Charles II.

Dr. Petty resided in Back-lane in 1657, at which period we find notice of a building there styled the "Cradle."

Of Newgate, formerly standing in Corn-market, and the Black Dog, a debtors' prison, Mr. Gilbert gives us the following particulars, which present a strong contrast to our modern Jail discipline.

In both Newgate and the "Black Dog," the gaoler carried on an extensive trade by selling liquors to the inmates, who, on entering the latter place, although for only one night, were immediately called upon to pay 2s. 2d. for what was styled a "penny pot;" prisoners refusing to comply with this demand were abused, violently beaten and stripped; and persons not having sufficient money to pay the impost were dreadfully maltreated, and their clothes seized and sold to supply the required funds. In the "Black Dog" there were twelve rooms for the reception of prisoners, two of which contained five beds each; the others were no better than closets, and held but one bed each. The general rent for lodging in these rooms was one shilling per night for each man, but in particular cases a much higher price was charged. It frequently happened that four or five men slept together in one bed, each individual still paying the rent of one shilling, which at the close of the week was collected by Mrs. Hawkins, wife of the gaoler. Prisoners unable to meet these demands were immediately dragged to a damp subterranean dungeon, about twelve feet square and eight high, which had no light except that which was admitted through a common sewer, which ran close by it, carrying off all the filth and ordure of the prison, and rendering the atmosphere almost insupportable. In this noisome oubliette, frequently fourteen and sometimes twenty persons were crowded together, and there robbed and abused by criminals, who, although under sentence of transportation, were admitted to mix among the debtors; and if any person attempted to come up stairs in the day time, to obtain air or light, he was menaced, insulted, and driven down again by Hawkins, or his satellite, Martin Coffey, the turnkey of the gaol. Among the many instances of the brutality of Hawkins, we may mention his treatment of Edmond Donnelly, a gentleman who was arrested on a sheriff's writ for £400 while confined to bed with a broken leg. Notwithstanding Donnelly's offer to pay any requisite number of bailiffs to guard him until his health was restored, and despite the representations of the surgeon, he was carried at 9 P.M. from Church-street, in his bed supported by chair poles upon men's shoulders, and laid at the door of the "Black-Dog," whence he was dragged to the "oubliette," where his leg was again broken in passing down the winding stairs; and in this dungeon he lay for two months, during which the water frequently rose to the level of his bed, which consequently rotted under him. Surgeon John Audouin, of Wood-street, executed in 1729 for the murder of a servant-woman, was known to have expended three hundred pounds in the "Black Dog," during the six weeks which elapsed between his conviction and execution: the greater part of which sum was paid to prevent Hawkins from executing his daily threat of loading him with irons, and transferring him to Newgate. On the night before Audouin's execution, his money and valuables were seized

by the gaoler, who subsequently demanded one hundred pounds, and received thirty guineas for the dead body.

"COOK STREET."

Tradition stated that Lord Maguire was arrested at midnight, in a small house on the northern side of Cook-street, nearly opposite St. Audŕen's Arch; and to commemorate his capture in this parish, it was an annual custom, down to the year 1929, to toll the bells of St. Audŕen's Church at 12 o'clock on the night of the 22nd of October.

Thomas Austin, parish priest of St. Nicholas Within, who had received orders in 1691 from Jacob de Bryas, Archbishop of Cambrai, is noticed as resident in Cook-street in 1704. Father John Austin, born in Dublin on the 12th of April, 1717, and admitted to the Order of Jesus at Cham-paign, in 1735, returned in 1750 to his native city, where he acquired a high reputation as a preacher, and established a school in Cook-street, in which John O'Keeffe, the dramatist, and the majority of the Roman Catholic youth of the metropolis, received their education. Dr. Thomas Betagh became subsequently associated in the management of this seminary with Father Austin, who died on 29th September, 1784, and was interred in St. Kevin's church-yard. "I was informed," says a writer in 1791, "that Austin was a very remarkable character in this metropolis about twelve or fourteen years ago, of extraordinary learning, and extraordinary piety; that he constantly dedicated his acquisitions, which were very considerable, to the poor; visiting them in cellars and in garrets; never a day apply that he did not give food to numbers. The principal Roman Catholics, knowing well his disposition, were liberal to him; and he kept his door open to all who were in want; and, while the means lasted, was constantly on foot administering relief to innumerable poor wretches, never resting while he had a single guinea. Besides this, he was a great preacher, and injured his health by his exertions in the pulpit. He was a most affectionate son to an aged mother—she died, and he was overpowered with affliction—he never afterwards raised his head—but drooped into a second state of childhood. He remained in this situation near three years, and would have perished, were it not for his brother Jeŕmits, Messrs. Betagh, Fullam, and Mulcaile. When he died, his friends, who neglected him on the bed of death, erected a monument to his memory." Another writer concludes his remarks on Father Austin as follows:—"May the memory of the hard usage you received from a public, to whose service you sacrificed your health, sleep with you for ever in the grave! May it not be recorded lest it should intimidate, through the painful apprehension of thy fate, other benevolent souls from treading in thy footsteps—nor be the means of withdrawing from the houseless children of want, such relief as you freely bestowed on them! It was thy lot to be caressed by the great—to be followed and hailed by the multitude: and yet the period arrived that saw you live in misery unpitied, and die unlamented." A portrait of Father Austin, engraved by Brocas, was published by B. Corcoran, dedicated to the Roman Catholics of Dublin, and inscribed, "To you the poor were left, and you

In concluding this brief yet inadequate notice of this most important work which is brought out in excellent style, as regards its typography, general index, and binding, we have only to say, that Mr. Gilbert's learning and research reflect the highest credit on him, and as we have already said, entitle him to a distinguished place among the celebrities, of whom the Irish capital may be justly proud.

THE SISTERS, INISFAIL, Etc.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.*

MR. DE VERE has of late almost exclusively wooed the sacred muse, but in the little volume now before us his theme is chiefly Ireland. Rarely has patriotism been expressed with more vividness and ardour, than in some of these poems; but it is the patriotism of a mind exquisitely refined, and it is evermore blended with a sweet strain of religion. Others may vow vengeance for their country's wrongs, or rejoice in her prospects of worldly prosperity; our poet evermore looks upwards for justice, or strength, or reward, and while he discourses with thoughtfulness of the realities of our state or of our history, he still leads the mind, though imperceptibly and unostentatiously, towards Heaven. Indeed he always devotes poetry to its true end and object; but in the collection comprised in this volume he selects subjects of peculiarly affecting interest, and arranges them in wonderful grace and attractiveness, while in no others of his productions do we find the high intellectual qualities of his style more beautifully exemplified.

The first poem—"The Sisters; or, Weal in Woe"—may be considered as an allegory, so well does it illustrate the destiny of Ireland; but we would not willingly believe it to be other than a tale of real life, so like reality is it, and so beautiful when viewed in that light. The poet relates the story to an English friend who comes over with all his national prejudices, but returns with these prejudices considerably softened down by what he has seen and heard. In their concluding conversation the case of the two countries is thus put, the Englishman being the first speaker, and expressing his ideas about the Irish:—

"How strange a race, more apt to fly than walk;
Soaring yet slight; missing the good things round them,
Yet ever out of ashes raking gems;
In instincts loyal, yet respecting law
Far less than usage; changeful, yet unchanged;
Timid, yet enterprising; frank, yet secret;
Untruthful oft in speech, yet living truth,
And truth in things divine to life preferring:—
Scarce men; yet possible angels!—Isle of Saints!
Such doubtless was your land—again it might be—
Strong, prosperous, manly never! Ye are Greeks
In intellect, and Hebrews in the soul:—
The solid Roman heart, the corporate strength,
Is England's dower! Unequally, if so,
I said, 'in your esteem the isles are matched'"

* * * * *

"I'll sorted yoke-mates truly. Strength, meanwhile,
Lords it o'er weakness!" Never yet, I answered,
'Was husband vassal to an intricate wife
But roared he ruled her; ere his smile had ceased
Continuing thus:—"Ay! strength o'er weakness rules!
Strength hath in this no choice. But what is strength?"

* *The Sisters, Inisfail, and other Poems*, by AUBREY DE VERE. (London, Longman & Co.)

Two strengths they are. Club-lifting Hercules,
A mountain'd mass of gnarl'd and knotted sinews,
How shews he near the intense Phœbean Might
That, godlike, spurns the ostent of thews o'ergrown ;
That sees far off the victory fix'd and sure.
And, without effort, wings the divine death
Like light, into the Python's heart ?— My friend,
Justice is strength ; union on justice built ;
Good-will is strength—kind words—silence—that truth
Which hurls no random charge. Your scribes long time
Blew on our island like a scythed wind :
The good they see not, nor the cause of ill :
They tear the bandage from the wound half healed :—
Is not such onset weakness ?”

The poem entitled *Inisfail* is rather a series of short poems dissimilar in metre, and each independent in sense, although linked together in an ideal chain, and intended to co-operate as a whole. It is in fact a series of poems which might have been written by Irish bards at different periods of our annals, commemorating in a consecutive order important incidents of history, and scenes illustrative of popular feeling and social manners. Thus the author himself describes it in his preface as “a sort of National Chronicle cast in a form partly lyrical, partly narrative, and of which the spirit is mainly dramatic ;” and he adds :—“its aim is to record the past alone, and that chiefly as its chances might have been sung by those old Bards, who, consciously or unconsciously, uttered the voice which comes from a people's heart. That voice includes many tones besides its sadder or more solemn ones : it changes also at different periods of a nation's history ; and this diversity I have endeavoured to mark by a corresponding change of tone in the three parts of the poem.....The annals of Ireland were stormy and strange after the lapse of those three golden centuries between her conversion to Christianity and the Danish inroads. But there were also great compensations :—Religion ; natural ties so powerful that they long preserved a scheme of society almost patriarchal ; an ever-buoyant imagination ; and the inspiring influences of outward nature on a temperament as susceptible as the heart was deep. After the storms had rolled by, there still remained a People and a Religion.”

The recuperative or self-resuscitating power so manifest in the Irish, as a people, and their abiding hopefulness in Heaven, are points often and very beautifully touched on in these poems. Thus—

“The unvanquished land puts forth each year
New growth of man and forest ;
Her children vanish ; but on her,
Stranger, in vain thou warrest !

She wrestles, strong through hope sublime,
(Thick darkness round her pressing) ;

Wrestles with God's great angel, Time—
And wins, though maimed, the blessing.”

* * * * *

“Her children die ; the nation lives ;—
Through signs celestial ranging,
The nation's Destiny still survives
Unchanged, yet ever changing.
The many-centuried Wrath goes by ;
But while earth's tumult rages
In Cælo quies. Burst and die
Thou storm of temporal ages !”

Or thus—

“Not always the winter ! not always the moan !
Our fathers they tell us in old time were free ;—
Free to-day is the stag in the woods of Idrone,
And the eagle that fleets from Loch Lein o'er the Lee !
The blue-bells rush up where the young May hath trod ;
The souls of our martyr's are reigning with God !
Sad mother, forgive us ! yon sky-lark no choice
Permits us. From heaven he is crying, Rejoice !”

In “the Bard Ethell” the poet has caught most felicitously the spirit of the ancient Irish bardic compositions, and the collection altogether shows that he has read and pondered Irish history to some purpose. The “Ode to Ireland after one of the famine years,” is full of pathos, welling from a heart touched by the kindest sympathy. The following are its concluding verses :—

“Blessed are they that claim no part
In this world's pomp and laughter ;
Blessed the pure ; the meek of heart :
Blest here ; more blest hereafter.
‘Blessed the mourners.’ Earthly goods
Are woes, the Master preaches ;
Embrace thy sad beatitudes
And recognise thy riches !

And if, of every land the guest,
Thine exile back returning
Finds still one land unlike the rest,
Disown'd, disgraced, and mourning ;—
Give thanks ! Thy flowers to yonder skies
Transferr'd, pure airs are tasting ;
And, stone by stone, thy temples rise
In regions everlasting.

Sleep well, unsung by idle rhymes,
Ye sufferers late and lowly ;
Ye Saints and seers of earlier times,
Sleep well in cloisters holy !
Above your bed the bramble bends,
The yew-tree and the alder ;
Sleep well, O fathers, and O friends,
And in your silence moulder !”

Such poetry awakes the finest feelings of religion, fraternity, and love of country.

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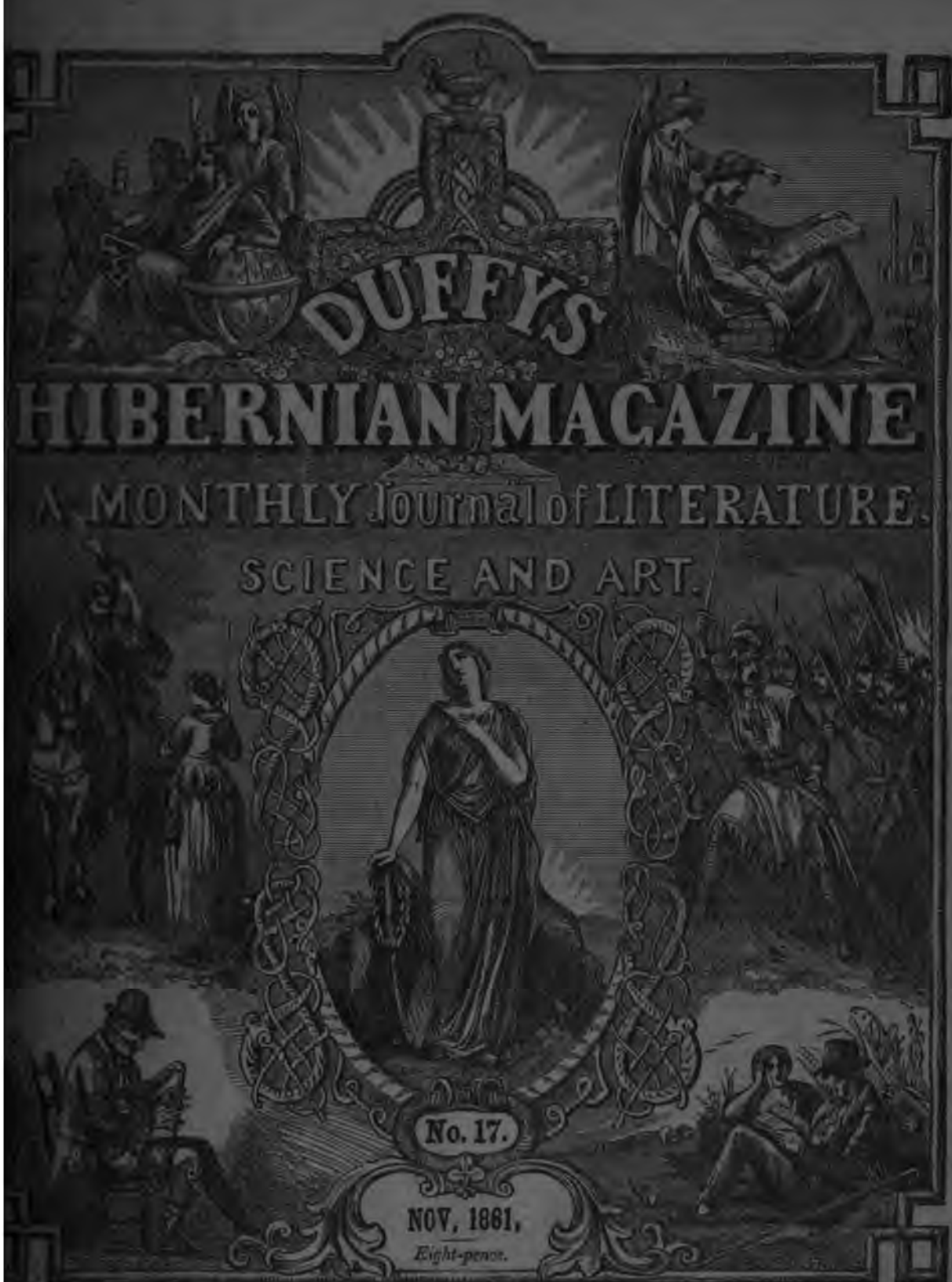
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NOVEMBER,

1861.

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DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE.

No. 17.

NOVEMBER.

1861.

ANCIENT IRISH MINSTRELSY.

THE FENIAN POEMS.*

If we remember aright, M. de Lamartine relates in his "Confidences" a sufficiently absurd episode of his youthful days. He was violently sentimental, and given to wandering about in the woods and over the hills of his native province, seeking in vain to satisfy the craving for something unknown that had sprung up in his breast. In this mood he fell in with Baour-Lormian's French translation of Macpherson's Ossian. Of all others Ossian was the book best suited for a young man in his then frame of mind. This was in the first decade of the present century, while Byron was still a school-boy, guiltless of "Childe Harold," "The Corsair," "Lara," and the other creations, which since that time have been the proper and natural mental nourishment of poetical young gentlemen of from sixteen to twenty years of age. Had Byron's poems existed at the time of which we are writing, we have no doubt that M. de Lamartine would had gloomy things to reveal to us. We can imagine that his Confessions would be, that he had forthwith been struck with a violent hatred of and contempt for everything and everybody around him. Some one fair being perhaps would have been excepted from this general loathing, but then he and she alike would have been the victims of an all-consuming passion, all the more roused of course by the opposition of cold-hearted and business-like parents or guardians. Byron, however, was not, and Ossian, or rather Macpherson, done into faultless French Alexandrines by M. Baour-Lormian, was. The poetic fever of seventeen, therefore, took the mild form of gazing on the clouds, the mists, the moon and the stars, listening to the moaning of the wind, and calling on the spirits of old. Now, M. de Lamartine, or rather his parents, had a neighbour, and this neighbour had a daughter, whose name, M. de Lamartine tells us, was Lucy. Miss Lucy and M. de Lamartine, after the fashion of young people, whether in sunny France or in foggy England, struck up a flirtation, and the young gentleman inoculated his fair companion with all his own love for the blind bard of Morven. They studied intensely the pages of the supposed Celtic poet, they committed to memory long passages of Fingal, and strove to imitate Temora. One fine winter's night the future orator and poet induced Miss Lucy to defy the snow, to condemn the dangers of wet feet, and to meet him in

some quiet spot, where they might in peace, and amid a congenial scene, meditate upon the beauties of their favourite author. The young lady assented, and accordingly they met. The gentleman wiped away the snow which lay upon a stone bench, spread his cloak as a cushion, and the pair seated themselves. The night was most propitious for an Ossianic meditation. The moon was up, and the wind was fleetly driving the clouds across the sky, occasionally obscuring the light poured down by the pale goddess of the night. In a word, everything was most romantic, but it was woefully cold. Both parties, in spite of poetry, felt extremely uncomfortable, as well on account of the weather as from a lurking dread of the proprieties. The gentleman hazarded an observation, in the most approved Macphersonic style, upon the beauty of the night, to which Miss Lucy answered only by a shiver, and the romantic couple began to feel excessively embarrassed, not to say foolish, when a loud noise startled them, and the young lady sprang up and ran home as fast as she could, leaving her admirer to deal with the interruption as best he might. The intruder turned out to be nothing more terrible than a large dog belonging to M. de Lamartine, which had got loose and set out in search, and now, loudly barking, came bounding towards him. The interview was at an end, however, and neither M. de Lamartine nor the fair Lucy ever again thought it worth their while to push their love for Ossian so far as to sit out in the cold and damp of a winter's night with no better object than to talk fustian and look at the moon.

Such was the lame and impotent conclusion of the future French poet's Ossianic episode. And something of this absurdity clings at the present day about every attempt to deal with Macpherson's production. It has fallen into a hopeless disrepute. Its images are stigmatised as false and monotonous. Goldsmith's line, "Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style," expresses what is felt about its composition. As to anything like discussion upon its authenticity as a correct translation of an actually existing Gaelic original, that is not even listened to. In fact there are few more melancholy things in literature than the history of Macpherson's Ossian. When Fingal first appeared, it was as if a new light had broken in upon the world. Homer and Virgil were to give way to the old Celtic bard, whose productions after the neglect of centuries were now at length made known. Long and learned essays were written in defence alike of the authenticity of the poems and of their literary merit. Doctor Blair gravely published a dissertation in which "Fingal" was held up as the model

* Publications of the Ossianic Society. Dublin. Simpson's Poems of Ossian. London.

of what an epic ought to be. The work, it was said, was valuable too, apart from its literary merits, in an antiquarian point of view. The historian, who desired to describe the manners and laws of the early inhabitants of these islands, could find no better authority than Ossian. But, to use a vulgar phrase, some cold water began to be thrown upon all this enthusiasm. People began to ask where were the originals of these wondrous poems, and to this very natural question no satisfactory answer was ever returned. Then came assertions that in fact there were no originals, and to the great disgust of very many patriotic Scotsmen, this assertion began to be credited, and has now, after a smart struggle, been accepted as the undeniable truth. James Macpherson was Ossian, and Ossian was James Macpherson,—such is the simple proposition in which the controversy has ended. Poor Doctor Blair's dissertation, and the hundred other similar essays that were generated by the publication of "Fingal" and "Temora," have passed away to nothing, and the result of all is, that Ossian was a successful literary humbug. Once this was settled, the fate of the work was sealed. Its literary merits were at once forgotten or contested; no one would read what had been announced as genuine and had proved to be false. Accordingly few books are now more neglected than the once-admired Ossian. Each of us has perhaps felt this process in his own mind. When very young we have taken the book up, and allured by the language of the preface of Doctor Blair, we have gravely set to work to read it in perfect good faith. So long as we had no doubts of its authenticity, we read on with delight. It was to us the truest of true poetry; the only scepticism we had was as to Ossian being a Scotsman, and with all the patriotism of youth we were ready to assert that our own green land had had the honour of his birth. But soon we found that in plain truth the book was simply the production of a Scotch literary man of the last century, and that our beloved poems had no earlier existence. Then at once our judgment changed. Our mildest word for the book was that it was "rubbish," and even now the once well-thumbed volumes collecting dust on our top-most shelf, whence for years back it has never been removed.

There is something of injustice in this neglect of Ossian. True it is that it is simply an imposture, but it is a very clever one. True it is, that there is no Celtic original for the great mass of the poems; taking them simply as English productions, there is much in them that is really very beautiful. The fact that the blind old man of Morven is merely a myth, does not prevent that Macpherson had now and then a good deal of the poet in him, and that he has given vent to the poetic spirit in very touching language. Though Goldsmith stigmatized his style as bombastic, it must be confessed that it is occasionally the very reverse. No one can read without emotion the various descriptions of nature, or the pictures of desolation which are sometimes presented, and which are almost Biblical in their vividness, while the supernatural element is often introduced with an unrivalled grace and

solemnity, removed alike from vulgarity and puerility. We think then, that for his own merits, James Macpherson is deserving of a better fate than the almost total oblivion in which he is paying the penalty of his detected imposture.

Macpherson's imposture, however, like most other impostures, had a ground-work of truth. He had worked up into his epics the ballads which, popular alike in the Highlands of Scotland and in Ireland, had formed, so to speak, the epic cycle of the Gaelic race. These ballads were very far indeed from constituting a regular epopee. Still they existed, connected with each other so far as that they all celebrated the achievements of a particular number of individuals, whether historical or fabulous, it matters little. It would have been strange indeed, if the Gael had been without some such poems. In the infancy of all nations, we ever find some characters who are the heroes of the race, and whose exploits form the theme of the earliest examples of the national literature. From the heroes who fought on the plains of windy Troy to the jovial forest outlaws and stark moss-troopers who are the darlings of the minstrels of England and of the Scottish border, we find every nation has its favorites the subjects of song and ballad. The Iliad, the Niebelungen Lied, the Romancero del Cid, the Welsh and Breton songs on Merlin and King Arthur, the Little Geste of Robin Hood, with Chevy Chase, and all the glorious store of English and Scotch ballad poetry, are so many examples of this national literature,—a literature sprung from the people itself, not fostered by alien influence, and conversant with men who trod, or were supposed to have trod, the country's own ground. Of course when we class the Iliad with this popular literature, we do so with all due reverence. Alone perhaps among all human productions, that poem, and its sister epic the Odyssey, possess at once all the correctness, unity, and finish of the regular epopee, and the freshness, vigour, and familiarity of the popular ballad, and thus they may be said to belong at once to both classes. They are the best examples alike of regularly cultivated poetry, and of that which springs up spontaneously in every nation; and the blind old man of Chios was the forerunner alike of the polished Italian who told the high emprise of Christendom against the Paynim in the Holy Land, and of the "blind crowder" who first to an audience of rustics sang the rude but spirit-stirring strains of Chevy Chase. Eminently gifted with all the qualities which tend to give a poetic spirit to a people, and at the same time, peculiarly tenacious of tradition and peculiarly given to hero-worship, the Celts of Scotland and of Ireland, who form in fact the one family, could not be destitute of that collection of tales and legends which every other race in Europe possesses. Accordingly, at the bottom of Macpherson's production, unreal as itself was, there lay a certain foundation of reality in the shape of old songs, celebrating the exploits of certain national heroes, which had for centuries formed the delight of the Gael whether in Scotland or in Ireland. These heroes, however, are by no means

the faultless gentlemen whom Macpherson brought before the world. Fionn, the son of Cumhal and the companions who gather around him in the old ballads, are very different from the perfect king who ruled over the ideal Morven, and the gallant knights worthy of the best days of chivalry who formed his court. The heroes of the genuine poems are simply the chiefs of a militia which, according to tradition, formed the standing army of Ireland for a couple of hundred years after the beginning of the Christian era, and which the same tradition tells us, was destroyed by King Cairbre Lifeaschair, in a great battle which took place in the third century. The exploits of the various leaders of this militia, their battles, their hunts, the dangers which they ran from the spells of enchanters, form the subjects of the cycle of poems which Macpherson worked up into such an elegant composition, as would suit the fastidious taste of the eighteenth century. The traditions respecting the Fenians are remarkably circumstantial. Thus we have not merely the names of the various chieftains who, at different times, commanded them, the last being the famed son of Cumhal himself, but we have also full details of their numbers, their subdivisions, and their discipline. The Fenian force, as the traditions and the old Irish annalists both tell us, consisted of seven battalions, each numbering three thousand men. It was a body recruited from the entire population of the country, and every candidate for admission into it was obliged to submit to a number of tests to prove that he was, both physically and mentally, worthy of the honour which he sought. He was compelled to stand without any defensive armour save a small buckler and a staff a cubit long, and with these to ward off the missiles hurled at him by nine of his future comrades, from the distance of the breadth of nine furrows. Getting no greater start than the width of a tree, he was to escape from the pursuit of nine of the Fenii. He was to be able while running to extract a thorn from his foot without lessening his speed. He should, on the one hand, jump over a barrier, equal in height to his own shoulders, and on the other, be able at full speed to creep beneath another as low as his knee. His long glibbes were to be so tightly fastened up as never to fall, in the heat of the fiercest pursuit, through the most difficult passes. But all these physical perfections were not sufficient to entitle him to the honor of serving in the ranks of the Fians of Erin. Some preconceptive notions of modern competitive examinations seems to have been floating in the mind of the framer of the rules of the Fenian militia. The candidate even for no higher grade than that of a full private in that distinguished corps, had to prove his acquaintance with the laws of old Irish prosody; and if he was not actually compelled to write from dictation, in order to test his knowledge of orthography and punctuation, it would seem that he was obliged to show some specimen of his proficiency in original poetical composition. It does not appear in any of the traditions which have come under our notice, that any great attention was paid to the quality of the compositions in question; but a rhymer, good or bad,

the candidate must be, or else he must renounce the honor of trailing a pike under the command of Fionn the son of Cumhal or of any of his predecessors, chiefs of the Fenians. Another rule is as curious as illustrating the state of society existing when these traditions took their rise. No man was received into the Fenian army unless his relatives entered into an engagement, that if he should be slain they would abstain from enforcing the *eric*, or money-penalty, which the next of kin of a murdered man was by the laws authorized to exact from the murderer. This, from the moment of a man's admission into the ranks of the Fenii, was the privilege of his new comrades. They alone were to settle all matters of this kind, and thus, in point of fact, they became his family, and he was severed from all connections outside the ranks which he had joined. Such were some of the rules of this force, which is celebrated in Irish tradition, and the names of whose chiefs are even at this day household words in many a district in Ireland. From the beginning of winter to the beginning of summer,—in Irish phrase, from Samhain to Beal Teine—these troops were billeted upon the inhabitants of the country. From Beal Teine till Samhain ushered in winter, they lived under the leaves of the forests, acquiring their sustenance by the chase, and in its toil-some exercise, keeping their limbs in vigour for the realities of war. All this is, of course, tradition, and may or may not be true; yet in favour of the existence, at least, of such a body as the Fenians, is the fact that they are repeatedly mentioned in the Irish annals, and that the period assigned to them is one not beyond historical memory. We are not, however, now writing a discussion upon history, but endeavouring to give an account of a certain body of popular Gaelic poems, so that for our present purpose, it is quite immaterial whether the Fenians did once bodily exist, or are merely the mythical creations of fancy.

It is with the last period of the existence of this militia that the poems and tales, which are all known by the general name of Fenian, are conversant. Like all great privileged military bodies, the Fians of Ireland became a scourge to the country which they were intended to protect, and accordingly they met at last, at the hands of one of its monarchs, the fate which within this century befel the Janissaries and Mamelukes. But during this latest period the Fenians were officered by a number of men whose names are as familiar to the Irish peasant as Robin Hood and Little John, with Will Scarlett and Friar Tuck, are to the lovers of English ballad lore. Foremost among the legendary heroes of the Gael comes Fionn, son of Cumhal, the last leader of the Fenians, and the chief whose name gives a certain unity to the various adventures which occur in the course of these old ballads. Fionn is the original of Macpherson's Fingal, and round him are gathered his son, Oisín, Fergus, the sweet-mouthed poet, Gaul the son of Morni, Osgur the son of Oisín, and the bravest of all the Fenian champions, the Hector of this series of poems, and Conan, a personage whom Macpherson was too fastidious to introduce, the Thersites of Irish tradition,

boastful, lying, and cowardly, but cunning and dexterous withal, and by his dexterity and cunning at times rendering no slight services to his more valiant but less prudent comrades. Nor, in enumerating the heroes of these ballads, should we forget Bran, Fionn's faithful stag-hound, that is ever by her master's side, and accompanies him through all his adventures. These then are the heroes of the poems. The scene of action shifts so often that scarcely a district in Ireland is left untouched. Even this, our metropolitan county, which for centuries has been English, in language at least, and whither few persons would think of coming to study the old traditions of the country, has a great part in these old tales. Howth, with its population of fishermen, its railway station, and its numerous villa residences, is classic ground in Fenian tradition. Farther north, close by the village of Garristown, was fought the great battle in which the Fians, who had waxed insolent, were exterminated by Cairbre Lifeachair. Castleknock was the scene of another combat. Southward, if the reader follows up the stream of the Dodder towards its source, he passes through the vale of Glenasmole, where, long before Davis had written his pretty ballad of Emmeline Talbot, a Celtic bard had laid the scene of one of the adventures of Fionn and his companions. Of course, when we travel into the wilder districts of the country where the old Celtic tongue has not yet disappeared before the advance of the Saxon, and where the ancient traditions linger still in all their freshness, the foot-prints of the old heroes become still more frequent, and there is scarcely a glen, scarcely a hill-top, which has not its Fenian tale or its Fenian song. Among the old people some will be found to recite ballads ever on the one subject, which have been handed down from generation to generation for centuries, and which still find eager hearers on the long nights of winter. Day by day, however, the number of those who are thus the depositaries of the old popular literature, is becoming smaller and smaller. The old tongue is fast dying out, and perhaps, in a very few years, Irish will be as strange to the people of Mayo or of Kerry as it now is to those of Dublin or of Wicklow. The Irish language as a living tongue, is, we fear, doomed; and, therefore, before it altogether ceases from the lips of men, it is all the more imperative to collect what monuments of it there yet may be remaining. We are glad then to see signs of a movement to publish the tales and ballads to which we have referred, and we wish all success to the Ossianic Society which has devoted itself to that task. We must not forget to thank Mr. Simpson, whose name stands at the head of our article, and to whose little volume we owe a couple of pleasant hours. Precisely because those tales and poems are, strictly speaking, popular, because they embody the prominent myths of the Irish Gael, and form a sort of epic cycle, we think in some sense the translation and publication of them is almost of more importance, and more desirable than the translation and publication of any other of the monuments of the Irish language. There are works which are more serious. Doubtless,

the student of the ancient condition of this country will consider the old chronicles, dry and dreary as the reading of them is, much more important. Doubtless, too, the Book of Rights, and the long-expected Brehon laws, have to the antiquary a deeper interest than can be possessed by productions which many may be disposed to stigmatize as frivolous. Nevertheless we cannot but think that the collection of poems which have for so long a time been the favourite mental food of the people, which, therefore must have peculiarly appealed to their feelings and imagination, and which cannot but have had a deep influence on their character, is a work which ought to stand high in our national literary and antiquarian undertakings. If the ballads of a people are of that importance which Fletcher of Saltoun ascribes to them, then, indeed, frivolous as these old poems may appear, we must not forget that they are the ballads of the Gael, and therefore more valuable in some respects than their laws.

But have these poems any intrinsic literary merits? It is almost invariably the fashion, when giving to the light such relics of former days as these Ossianic poems are, for the editor to descant upon their value to the historian and to the antiquary. The former is told that they are precious materials for the prosecution of his studies. The latter is reminded that in them he will find many a trace of long-faded customs, which he would vainly look for elsewhere. If we are neither historians nor antiquaries, our patriotism is appealed to, and we are asked to admire them because they are old, and because they are Irish. There is something in both these reasons for recommendation; but we wish for somewhat more. We should like to find that the poems which have so long filled the minds of our people had something really worthy of admiration in them. And in spite of very many faults, much extravagance, and occasionally much wearisome lengthiness, we are glad to be able to say, judging from the specimens before us, that these old poems contain no small spark of the fiery element of poetry. They are certainly far from being as neatly polished as the work that Macpherson carved out of them. They do not form any such a regular epic as is *Fingal*. The very plan of them is extravagant and startling, and marked with a good deal of that eccentricity which some writers love to ascribe to our national character. The various poems are supposed to be recited by Oisín, the blind old Fenian warrior, to Saint Patrick. Now, as there is a considerable interval of time between the era to which the existence of Oisín himself, supposing him to have existed, is attributed, and the date of Saint Patrick's preaching in our island, there is some difficulty in reconciling the meeting of the two personages with anything like probability. Of course the usual excuse may be fairly made, that poetry cannot be expected to submit to chronology, but independently of this, the old Irish tradition steps in, and by a pleasing legend removes the apparent inconsistency. Oisín, like King Arthur, did not die. When old age came upon him, and all his former compeers had passed away, slain in battle, or

bound for ever in the chains of hostile enchanters, he himself was carried off by some good genius to Tir-na-n-Og, "the land of youth." "Tir-na-n-Og," says a poem, the authenticity of which, however, it is right to say, the Ossianic society does not warrant :

"Tir-na-n-Og is the most beautiful country that can be found,

The most productive now beneath the sun ;
The trees are bending under fruit and bloom,
While foliage grows to the top of every bramble.

Wine and honey are abundant in it,
And everything the eye ever beheld ;
Consumption shall not waste you during life,
Neither shall you see death or dissolution."

In Tir-na-n-Og the frame of Oisín was renewed, the vigour of his early days was restored to him, and in the joys of this Celtic elysium into which he had entered without tasting of death, he spent some two hundred years. At the end of that time, in spite of the allurements of his abode, his heart yearned for the hills on which, with Fionn and the other valiant men of the Fenian host, he had alternately chased the deer and confronted the foe. In vain did the Queen of the Land of Youth oppose his wish and warn him of the danger to which the gratification of it would expose him. Oisín persisted, and then his patroness gave him a steed, which she bade him mount, cautioning him that if his feet touched earth his new youth would instantly vanish, and he would once more become the grey old man that he had been two hundred years before. Mounted on this steed, Oisín set out, and arrived in Ireland, where he journeyed on till one day he saw a man endeavouring in vain to lift a heavy stone from the ground. Forgetful of the warning which he had received, he dismounted to assist the stranger. As soon as he stood on the ground his fairy steed disappeared, his nerves were unstrung, his hair turned grey, and light fled from his eyes. Oisín stood again in his native land, withered, old, and blind. Great was the change in Ireland since he had left it, for Tir-na-n-Og. A new religion had been introduced. The old mythology had made way for a strange faith which Oisín knew not. There were monks where once there had been Druids, and the bells of the Christian churches sounded in his ears wherever he bent his steps. The tradition now makes him fall in with Saint Patrick, all whose efforts are directed to the conversion of the old Pagan to Christianity. No small part of the ballads is taken up with the discussion between the Christian bishop and the blind hero. Saint Patrick endeavours to persuade his pupil into a belief in Christianity, and sets before him the joys which in a future state await the true believer. He also more than insinuates, indeed asserts, that the son of Camhal and the other chiefs, whose valour and generosity Oisín loves to extol, are suffering in the other world for their want of faith. Oisín retorts upon the saint, and gives vent to an amount of "healthy animalism," that would gladden the heart of the Rev. Charles Kingsley. He scoffs at St.

Patrick's doctrines, and vauntingly compares the lives of the old Fenian heroes with the asceticism of "the tribe of Croziers." We take the following extract from one of the publications of the Ossianic society :

Patrick—"Oisín ! long is thy slumber,
Rise up and hear the psalm ;
Thy agility and valor have forsaken thee,
Though thou didst engage in battles and conflicts.

Oisín—"I have lost my agility and strength
Since no battalion survives to Fionn ;
In the clerics is not my pleasure,
Music after him is not sweet to me.

I have heard music more melodious than your music,
Though greatly thou praisest the clerics :
The song of the blackbird of Letter Lee,
And the melody which the Lord Fionn made.

The very sweet thrush of Gleann a Sguil
Or the dashing of the barks touching the strand ;
More melodious to me was the cry of the hounds,
Than of thy schools, O chaste cleric.

A delight to Fionn of the heroes
Was the cry of the hounds afar on the mountain ;
The wolves starting from their dens,
The exultation of his hosts, that was his delight

I would take more delight in the bound of the buck,
Or in looking at badgers between two glens ;
Than in all that thy mouth promiseth to me,
And all the joys I would get in heaven beyond."

Sometimes the controversy between the bishop and the old warrior waxed extremely violent, and language is bandied from the one to the other which brings to mind the specimen of "Ossian" which Hector McIntyre recites to Mr. Oldbuck in "The Antiquary." On the whole, indeed, most of the discussion could be spared with advantage, were it not that it is curious as shewing the subjects that amused our countrymen many years ago, and were it not also for some passages which are not devoid of a certain rude and popular vigour. Popular ballad poetry, however, is not to be judged by the standard which we apply to those great works on which a first-class intellect has spent all its energy for years. Even those first-class minds are not perfect. Homer nods now and again, and it is not to be wondered at if a rude author singing for a rude people should be guilty of passages which to us appear intolerably dull, but which, perhaps, from one circumstance or another, lost to us now, were not without some attraction for his hearers. Such passages undoubtedly do occur in these ballads. Some of the poems indeed, at least in their translated form, appear to be without a redeeming beauty from beginning to end. Such is the lay of "the Battle of Ventry," in Mr. Simpson's collection. The

battle itself is said to have lasted for a year. A lifetime would scarcely suffice for the reading of the poem, as no one could get through a page of it without being instantly plunged into a deep and lasting sleep, so that very small doses indeed of it can be safely taken at a time. However, this is far from being universally the case.

After such a prologue as we have described, consisting usually of a little controversy between Oisín and Saint Patrick, the latter prevails upon his pupil to relate some of his old adventures, and then the ballad properly speaking begins. The subject is usually a tale of enchantment, or a tale of war, and indeed, these two form the great classes into which all the ballads may be divided. Each class has its own well-defined mode of treatment, and its peculiar characteristics. The ballads of enchantment open usually with a hunting scene, generally very graphically described. In the course of the chase occur the adventures which make up the story. Either some strange deer is started which proves to be some powerful sorceress who has changed herself into that form for the purpose of misleading the hunters, or Fionn and one or two of his companions are separated from the rest of the band, and are entrapped into some enchanted castle, where they undergo much suffering till, by some fortunate chain of circumstances, they are released; or again in others, Fionn's own generosity and chivalry are abused to his misfortune, and some potent spell is cast over him, which changes his being, and turns him from a vigorous warrior into a powerless old man. There is not a little of vividness of fancy and of luxuriance of description in those specimens of this class which have come under our notice. Thus in the ballad known as the poem of the Chase, which has ever been one of the greatest favourites of all collectors and translators of Ossianic poetry, the following description is one which we venture to say would excite a good deal of admiration had it proceeded from the pen of some author better known than the obscure Celtic bard who wrote it.

"Fionn," so runs Mr. Simpson's translation, "heard the weeping of a woman; she sat on the banks of a lake; there the young damsel wept; her face and her figure were lovely.

"Her cheeks were redder than the rose; her mouth was like two berries; as the blossom was her chalky neck; her bosom was as fair as the lime.

"The colour of gold was on her hair; her eyes were like stars on frosty nights; hadst thou beheld her form, thy affection thou wouldst have given to the woman."

Homely as are one or two of the images used here, it cannot be denied that a very beautiful picture is set before us. Or let us for a bold striking opening to a ballad, at once containing pleasing natural imagery, and vividly depicting action, take the beginning of "the Chase of Glenasmol." We quote again from Mr. Simpson.

"Early one foggy morning I and Fionn, Feargus, Faolan, Oagur of dire deeds, Diarmuid Donn, and Conan Maol, went to chase the deer in the Vale of Thrushes; we were delighted at seeing the swiftness of the hounds in the glen.

Fionn had Sgeolan and Bran; each two men of the Fenii, had a hound between them. We came to a glen of beautiful trees; the birds in flocks sang melodiously. We set free our hounds, the sound of our dogs in the cliffs was more delightful to us than the song of harps.

"A doe was started in the wood; one of her sides was white as a swan upon the water; the other was dark as a sloe. Through the brake she ran swifter than the flight of a hawk. We wondered greatly to see the speed of the doe. She outstripped the best hound of the children of Baoisgue, even Bran who never missed her prey. Though the chase began in the dusky hour of morning, not a hound had returned at the hour of rest. We mourned over our lost hounds. Deardagh said: "The chase which we began early in the morning was not a natural one."

"Soon after Bran came back, tired and wet. She lay down before Fionn, panting; her cry was shrill and loud. The son of Cumhal said: 'I know by your cry that our heads are in great danger.'

"When he had said this there came to us a lovely woman of fair skin; her golden hair in heavy folds fell down to her feet; it swept the dew from the grass. A crown of gold encircled the head of this lovely maid of modest countenance. She shed bright light over all the Fenii from a golden star which hung from her side; her cheeks were like wild roses; her bosom was whiter than snow; on her brow was no frown; her eyes were clear, without mist; low and sweet were the tones of her voice."

We have read worse poetry than this. The simple language of the old bard tells us more—and makes us feel more strongly,—than many a more elaborated description would. The woodland scene, the joy of the heroes at the beginning of their chase, the wild commingled music of the song of the birds, and of the baying of the hounds, the lassitude of the huntsmen after their long fruitless pursuit, even that one simple image of Fionn's favourite Bran, coming back panting and whining to her master's feet, followed by the appearance of the strange lady, all combine to form a picture which many a modern writer would be proud of having sketched. In another ballad we have a really remarkable scene of enchantment. Fionn and his companions set out upon a hunting expedition, but after a while the party breaks up, and Fionn with one comrade, Daire, is left upon the mountain side while the other heroes follow the chase away from their chief. After much wandering about the mountain, the two see a fair woman approaching them. She had been travelling with her husband when their path was crossed by the chase, which he followed, leaving his companion alone. Fionn asks the name of the fair lady whom he meets in this way, and she replies:

"Labharan is the name of my spouse; my own name is Glan Luadh. I know not where he went, nor can I tell in what course the swift chase departed."

"Not long after these gentle sayings of the two," the ballad proceeds, "they heard spiritual music which caused them to feel sleepy; sweetly it sounded at their sides, and after it there went forth a great noise and sound.

"Oh gentle queen, is this music thine? Are the musicians belonging to thee who play sweet sounds by my side? I should never think thy company tedious; do not wrong me by thinking so."

"There are no players of music with me but thou and Daire, truly; nor is there any one else with me: I promise thee it is true."

"The music and the noisy clangour grew louder in the

holes of the ears of the three : they were sinking into heavy trances : they had not strength to stand.

"It was not long ere they all fell prostrate: the three so kind went into heavy trances like those of death.

"When they came out of their swoon, and recovered their shapes, with colour, form, and appearance, they saw near them a beautiful golden mansion of power and mastery.

"They also saw encircling them a vast, blue-waved powerful sea ; swimming over it there came a bulky hero and an amiable woman.

"Daire said, 'I am afraid, oh Fionn, and thou, flower without gloom, that the two who approach us by swimming will be the cause of melancholy to us.'

"That hero and the woman seized upon the three and held them closely : they took them to the golden mansion : direful to the three was that swimming."

The whole of this passage reads almost like a scene from "the Tempest." Not that there is any similarity between the characters introduced in the Irish ballad, and those which are brought before us by the great English dramatist, but in both productions we are taken at once into a land of enchantment, where the supernatural takes the place of every-day life. The Irish hill-side, like Prospero's island, is "full of noises," unearthly music is ringing through the air, and we are compelled perforce to yield ourselves up to the influence of the magic wand that is wielded by the poets in both instances.

We now pass to the second division, that of the war-ballads. They too, as well as the ballads of enchantment, have peculiar characteristics of their own. We do not find in them the same graceful descriptions that we find in the others, but to compensate for this they are often full of strength and vigour, and contain passages which may well be compared with any other poems of the kind that we are acquainted with. The scenes which they detail are vividly set before our eyes, and although there is much in them that might advantageously be omitted, it is impossible to deny that on the whole they are very striking. Notwithstanding all the disadvantages of a plain literal translation, the following passage must be allowed to form an admirable opening to a tale of war and slaughter. The verses which we quote are those which stand at the beginning of "the Battle of Cnoc an Air," which is in all its parts a really fine poem.

"We were all, the Fians and Fionn,
Assembled on this hill to the west,
Practising feats of agility,
And we so mirthful casting stones.

Not long were we so,
When the Druid of Tara wisely said :
'I greatly fear, O Fionn of the Fians !
That the time is not far when thou shalt regret.'

'What means this,' said Fionn,
'That thou foretel our cause of grief ;
There is not a hero under the sun,
Who among the Fians cannot find his match.'

'Believe me, O Fionn of the tempered blades,
That the foe is nigh at hand ;
Behold those clouds of blood,
Threatening gloomily side by side.'

Fionn called Oscur to him,
And said, 'O hero of the sharp blade,
'Tis likely that thou shalt be mourning ;
Behold the portents in the heavens.'

'O king of the Fenians,' saith Oscur,
'Be not startled or depressed by them ;
There is might and strength in thy arms,
And a mighty host by thy side.'

Again, what a vigorous picture is given in the four lines descriptive of the valour of Oscur at the battle of Gabhra.

"My son urged his course
Through the battalions of Tara,
Like a hawk through a flock of birds,
Or a rock descending a declivity."

Indeed, of all the characters which figure in the course of these poems, Oscur is the one who, not even excepting Fionn himself, is by far the most interesting. He is the Achilles of the Fenian cycle, and the bard who composed these ballads is constantly referring to him, and lingering, as it were, over his exploits with an affection well suited to the idea, that Ossian who narrates them is the father of the hero. His death at the battle of Gabhra gives occasion for a most pathetic description. We do not think that we are going too far when we say, that there are very few things in the whole range of poetry finer than that narrative, or more touching than the expression of utter desolation conveyed by the few simple lines with which the bereaved father concludes his tale. The extract is perhaps a long one, but it is so beautiful that we cannot refrain from giving it.

"I found my own son lying down
On his left elbow, and his shield by his side,
His right hand clutched his sword, and he
Pouring blood through his mail.

I laid the shaft of my spear on the ground,
And I raised a cry over him.
O Patrick, I then bethought,
What I should do after him.

Oscur gazed up at me,
And the sight was pain enough for me :
He extended his two arms towards me,
Endeavouring to rise to meet me.

I grasped the hand of my own son
And sat down by his left side ;
And from the time of that sitting by him,
I disregarded the world.

My manly son thus said to me,
And he at the latter end of his life :
'I return thanks to the gods
For thy safe escape, O father.'

We raised the manly Oscur
Aloft on the shafts of our javelins,
Bearing him to another pure mound
To strip him of his garments.

A palm's breadth from his hair
Of his body was not whole,
Until it-reached the sole of his foot,
But his face alone.

A long time we remained thus
Watching his fair white body,
Till at length at noon we saw approach
Fionn Mac Cumhal, son of Trenmor.

We all saluted Fionn,
But he made no reply to us
Until he reached the strong Tulach (mound)
Where Oscar of the sharp-edged weapons lay.

The moment Oscar saw Fionn
Directing his way towards him,
He looked on the face of the Prince,
And saluted his grandfather.

Oscar then said
To the son of Moirne that time :
'I concede my head to death
Since I behold thee, Fionn of the keen-edged weapons.'

Sad it is, Oscar the valiant,
Thou good son of my own son :
After thee I shall be powerless,
And after the Fenians of Eire.

Upon hearing the mournful words of Fionn,
His spirit darted out of Oscar :
He stretched down both his arms,
And closed his beauteous eye.

There was not of the Fenians over him
Except myself and Fionn,
But gave utterance to three sorrowful cries
Which were heard through Eire a second time.

Fionn turned his back to us
And shed tears in abundance ;
Except for Oscar and for Bran
He never shed tears for any one on earth.

Fionn wept not for his own son,
Nor did he weep even for his brother :
But he wept on seeing my son lie dead,
While all the rest wept for Oscar.

From that day of the battle of Gabhra
We did not speak boldly,
And we passed not either day or night
That we did not breathe deep heavy sighs.

I beseech the king of blissful life,
And do thou too beseech him—Patrick the son of
Calphurn—
That weakness may come upon my voice :
My sorrow to-night is very great."

We have little more to add. We fear, indeed, that we have detained our readers over long ; but we trust that the extracts which we have given will shew that the old poems which formed the basis of Macpherson's work, are not altogether undeserving of our admiration, and we shall be satisfied if what we have written will have the effect of arousing a feeling of love for them, and will even in a slight degree tend to increase the numbers of the Ossianic Society. That Society, we trust, will not slacken in its efforts, but will continue its work until it has given us some large portion of this

which constitutes really the Ballad Poetry of Ireland. We are glad to see that another volume of Fenian poems is promised to be shortly given to us. Another thing which pleases us is that the society has adopted the plan of giving with the originals plain literal translations, and that it does not think fit, under the pretence of giving poetical versions, to clothe these ballads with ornaments which do not properly belong to them. If there is any worth in them, that worth will appear, in spite of the disadvantage arising from the want of rhyme and metre. Where there are long passages which are flat and tedious, it is better that even those passages should be honestly given, than that we should get something which may be very fine, but which is not genuine. Formerly, when such old poems as these were published it was thought necessary to find some person who did what was called translating them, but what was really altering them, so as that they might come up to the editor's notion of what they ought to be. We much prefer the modern plan of fearlessly giving plain, prose translations. They mislead no one, and even, though occasionally we are shocked by exaggerations, and wearied out by tedious dialogues, and useless descriptions, nevertheless enough remains to enable us to understand how it is that these Fenian songs have been so long cherished by our people.

THE GREAT CURLEW.

BY E. L. A. BERWICK.

FOR years—seven long years and more—Shanagolden had lost sight of one of its inhabitants, in the person of Dick Dermody, who had left it in a sudden fit of passion because Aby O'Leary had refused him his only daughter to wife. Aby, although a poor man, was a prudent one, and from the first had scouted the notion of giving his Ellen to Dick, for Dick had an evil reputation, and to say the truth, even his own grandmother, who had reared him from the death of his parents, was ashamed of him. If not positively vicious, he was at least next door to it, and although not actually branded with crime, his was just the sort of temperament that, under strong temptation, inevitably leads to it. He had managed to pick up a smattering of learning at old Martin Farrell's hedge-school, but the rule of three and English grammar had proved too much for him, and although Martin acknowledged that Dick "had it in him" if he liked, the difficulty was to get it out. At the same time, Dick had qualities which made him more popular in general society than steadier men. Like Nelson, "he never saw fear," and laughed at the phantom as he did at the idea of a ghost ; he was a crack shot, a first-rate fisher, and could handle an alpeen so well, that faction fighters travelled long journeys in order to engage him on their side. A true-hearted fellow also was Dick, and would sooner have lost his life than have betrayed the woman that loved or the friend that trusted him. Neither, odd enough, was he

a drunkard, a gambler, or a liar; drink he abhorred, for he said it made a man a beast; gambling he detested, for he said it made a man a fool, and to be a liar and a coward with Dick, was one and the same thing. His great faults, indeed, were an invincible dislike to any sort of useful labour, coupled with a perpetual yearning to be something, which, with his present prospects, he never could be. His grandmother was the possessor of a small freehold, and could do little for him, save to give him good advice, which was given so harshly that it generally drove him from the house, and once out of her sight, he had no lack of loose companions, who were quite as willing to lead him into "fun" as he was to follow.

In this wild and worthless sort of way, he managed to scramble on until he was in his one-and-twentieth year. But long enough before this, he had fallen head and ears in love with Ellen O'Leary, and Ellen O'Leary with him. How it came to pass that one so mild, so industrious, so virtuous and so remarkable for quiet womanly virtues of all sorts, as Ellen, should own companionship with so wild and untamed a spirit, no one could tell; but so it was, and so, in the world, it often is. As in chemistry, we often find an alkali added to an acid to form a mild neutral compound, so is it in marriage, now and then. The mild-minded husband selects a strong-minded wife, and *vice versa*. Each, it is to be supposed, neutralizes the other; the constant association with an opposite does good to both; the wild husband is rebuked by the suffering eye of the woman he loves, and becomes a better man. The careless, petulant, high-spirited, and over-indulged girl, toned down (if she be wise) her superfluous wealth of vitality, and guided by the reasonable example of her partner, subsides into a loving mother, and an easy-tempered wife. It is nature's law, and nature never does any thing without having a useful object of her own in view.

This theory of ours did not suit honest Aby O'Leary, however. When Dick Dermody demanded of him his daughter's hand, Aby was more astonished at his presumption than pleased with the victory of Ellen, and plainly told him, that until he became a better and a much wiser man, there was no hope for him. Foiled by the father, the hopeful lover resorted to the daughter, and suggested a secret marriage, on the principle that as "what is done cannot be undone," Aby would forgive them when the act became irrevocable.

But Ellen, like her father, was immovable. She made no scruple of telling her lover that she loved him with all the tenderness and force of a first and engrossing love; but she would not break the commandments of God by disobeying her father, for all that. An undutiful daughter seldom makes a good wife, she told him, and although she vowed to him that she never would marry another man than him, still, that when she stood beside him at the altar, it must be with the consent of and in the presence of those whom she was bound to obey.

Hot, fiery, and impulsive, Dick smarted too much under his second defeat to control his speech. He said

more than he ought, and when the spirited girl rebuked him for his inconsiderate language; he showered accusations on her, and quitted her presence—determined, as he said, never to see her more.

Apparently, he was as good as his word. The next morning Dick Dermody was gone. Some said he would return—poor Ellen hoped so too—but he never did, and gradually his name died out, and for years nothing had been heard of or from him—not a word.

Seven years, although a long time to look forward to, is a mere speck on the ocean of time when we regard it with a backward glance. But in its transit, it bears with it into eternity many a goodly bark, and unroofs many a noble dwelling, taking with it the strong hearts which directed the movements of the one, and made the pride of the other. Such transmutations were as visible in Shanagolden as everywhere else. Dick Dermody's relative was dead; so was Aby O'Leary, whose widow and daughter still lived and battled with fortune, which threatened to baffle them in the end. Their landlord was a middleman, the hardest of his class, although, singular to say, there was a single green spot in his somewhat withered and stale heart which no one gave him credit for. It was the wonder of the world to hear that old Bob Morris had allowed the widow O'Leary's rent to get into arrears, and, still more, that he continued with her on just as friendly terms as before. But what to the world in general seemed a miracle, to the widow and Ellen was none. He had chosen to do what Dick Dermody had done many a year before, and had fallen in love with the girl, who might well have been his daughter, at the least. The old fellow battled with his feelings for a long time, but they conquered him at last; and foreseeing that he might convert the woman of his choice into a nurse, a housekeeper, and a wife, while the farm occupied by her and her mother might be turned to more profitable account, he compromised with his avarice, and thought it by no means a bad bargain, as he meant it should turn out.

Thus thinking he proposed. Who can tell the suffering and sorrow this judicious measure of his was attended with? Dick might be forgotten by the world, but his memory still filled every crevice in Ellen's heart. It had refused many for his sake; it had mourned over his silence; it had hoped long for his return; his image was before and around her wherever she went, and to be faithless to the young dream of her early life was something which had never even crossed her imagination. But this was her own secret, and, poor girl! she had kept it well. No one knew how dearly it was cherished, and, of course, Bob Morris was as ignorant as the rest. He pressed his suit, therefore, as old men bent on riding their hobby will, and although honestly told by Ellen that she never could regard him with affection, he still persisted that she should try. Had she been alone in the world, she would have been peremptory in rejecting him, but she looked at her aged mother, and felt that to make him a foe would be to deprive that mother of a home, and she knew the man with whom she had to deal too well to doubt that he would

vent his displeasure in the harshest possible way. Besides, she had her mother's arguments to contend with as well. Mrs O'Leary looked at the prudent rather than the romantic side of life. She owned that Bob Morris was old and disagreeable—a miserable creature whose wealth alone made him respectable; but then he could not live always, for he had a bad cough, and was getting thinner and thinner every day; although, miserable and ailing as he was, they were absolutely in his power, and the only alternative which poverty had left them, was for her to become his wife or his victim—to preside as mistress of his meagre household, or to wander forth beggars without a place wherein to lay their weary heads.

It took months to do it, but at last the daughter yielded. Another half-year's rent was due, and disease had been amongst their cattle, which left them powerless to pay. The old lover pressed for something more tangible than words, and, at last, the crowning words, "I will," were heard to falter from Ellen's lips, although from that moment she was seen to smile no more.

It was arranged that the marriage should take place in a fortnight, for the aged innamorato was impatient, as he had parted with his ancient maid of all work, who called him "an old fool," and left him in a fit, and he was resolved not to hire another, since between his wife and his wife's mother, there was a surplus of bone, blood and sinew, to do all that was to be done. Mrs. O'Leary's farm and diminished stock were to be given up to him for "the arrears," and mother and daughter were henceforth to live with him.

On a certain day, about a week before the marriage, he called at Mrs. O'Leary's cottage, which had but one storey, to make arrangements, and to take an accurate inventory of the stock. He always expected "a lunch" (which he converted into a dinner) should be laid for him on these occasions, and having partaken of it now, he announced his intention to walk out into the grounds, and see what they contained, politely assuring Mrs. O'Leary that there was no necessity for her accompanying him, and stating that she need not remove the decanter, as he would take a little more spirits and water (cold) when he came back. He was in tip-top spirits himself, and joyously chucked Ellen under the chin as he left the room.

Poor Ellen, on the contrary, sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands; seeing which, her mother went to her, laid her head upon her breast, and poured such consolatory sentences as she could muster into her unheeding ear.

"Ellen!"

The sound was low, but the young girl rose to her feet, and listened nervously—anxiously—ghastly pale.

"Are you there, Ellen?"

Again! The voice came from the window that looked into the garden, and in another moment, as if impatient at not being answered, a man passed his leg over the half window and jumped lightly on the floor.

He was a man of middle height, compactly and firmly made, with pleasant features, fine teeth, a fearless

blue eye, and a profusion of whisker and hair. His dress was that of a gentleman, and in his hand he held a heavy whip. When he advanced into the room, he removed his hat and laughed a short laugh, when he saw the start which Ellen gave on seeing him without it.

"I see I need not announce myself, after all," he said, going to her side and taking her passive hand; "where the heart is there will the memory be, Nelly; I should have known you amongst a thousand—aye, amongst a thousand thousand, and hard as you were on me at our last meeting this very day seven years, I see you have not forgotten me yet."

He wound his arms round her, and for a moment she yielded to his embrace.

"Oh! Dick, Dick!" she said, at last, retreating from him, "why did you not come sooner, or why did you come at all?"

"It is a long story," he said, "and I have hardly time to tell it now."

"But you can account for your silence?" said Mrs. O'Leary, with whom Dick had always been a favourite.

"Not a bit changed," he said, taking the mother as lovingly round the waist as he had before done the daughter; "just the same kind look that used to excuse me to others and make me hate myself. Account for my silence!" he went on, releasing her, after a hearty salute; "it's part of my story, and I couldn't account for the one without telling the other. Some time or other you shall know all."

"It is—too late," sighed Ellen.

"Too late, is it?" he answered; "and what am I to think of that?"

She hung her head.

"Don't be afraid to answer me, Ellen," he went on, in a certain off-hand tone and manner that seemed to be natural to him, touched by a tender earnestness also, which had its effect. "I know more about you than you give me credit for, and it is this knowledge that has brought me here at some risk to myself. I have had a project in my head for some time, but it required money to carry it out, and until I could gain that I thought that you and I would be better apart. Well, by hook or by crook, I have got what I wanted and longed for, and as I have done so, I came here to ask you to fulfil the promise you made to me long ago; in short, to take me as I stand, with a loving heart and a tolerably long purse—to fling Bob Morris and his proposals to the—whew! and to come with me—you and your mother, to another far-off country, which can hardly treat you worse than your own, at any rate."

"You—you have heard, then—"

"To be sure I have," he interposed, laughingly. "Don't I know that the old scarecrow wants to make you portion of the arrears, and to put you in with the rest of the stock, as part of the hanging gale. Couldn't his impudence!"

"Hush! Dick, he is now in the yard without, and remember we are in his power—"

"It's well you remembered it in time, ma'am," said

a voice from the door, which was followed by Bob's entrance into the room; "and as this gentleman seems to know who I am and all about me, I beg leave to say—"

"Don't say it," broke in Dick, looking at the whip which he had flung on the table; "you can say nothing good about yourself that I could believe, and nothing bad that I didn't hear before. Don't now—don't answer me, for all you could tell me or any one is that you are a heartless old carmudgeon, who deserves to be beaten to a jelly, although, except on strong provocation, it would be a pity to waste either anger or whip-cord on you. How much do you owe him, Mrs. O'Leary?"

"An awful sum," she said trembling. "Over forty pounds."

"And you call that awful, do you?" Dick said, taking out a pocket-book from his breast pocket.

"Forty five pounds, thirteen, and—and costs," put in Bob, who prudently pocketed the insults given him by the determined-looking customer he had to deal with.

"Costs! that is, you charge the widow and the fatherless something additional for oppressing them. Be it so; any sum would be well spent in getting rid of you. Give him pen, ink and paper, Mrs. O'Leary, and let him write you a receipt. You shall never leave old Ireland without saying that you owed a shilling to no man. Don't now," he said again, perceiving that Bob was about to speak. "I have an unlucky right hand that always longs to handle a thong when fellows of your sort come in my way, and if I once begin, it's not to-day or to-morrow you'll be wishing you hadn't provoked me to it. Thank you, Ellen—here's a fifty-pound note, and when he has written you a receipt in full, let him have it, but not until then."

Terrified into silence, Bob slunk to the table, and began to fumble in his pocket for a stamp sufficient to cover the sum he was about to receive, while Mrs. O'Leary and Ellen, equally overcome by the sudden appearance and off-hand generosity of Dick Dermody, looked helplessly on. Dick himself fixed his eye on the miser, and smiled when he saw him place his huge spectacles on his nose.

For a few moments nothing was heard but the tremulous scrape of the old man's pen, as he wrote out the receipt, referring to a variety of documents which he took from his pocket, to help him on.

Suddenly, however, Dick's careless air vanished, and he became intensely attentive. From without the window, in the direction of the garden, a whistle, exactly resembling the melancholy whistle of the curlew, was heard. It was repeated a second time, and again a third, and then was heard no more. Still the scrape of Bob's pen went on, and his whole soul was engrossed in the act he was doing. Dick, when the third whistle was heard, drew Ellen apart, and whispered to her in a low but perfectly firm voice,

"There is danger in the wind, Nelly, and it must be near and great, or my pet curlew would not warn me

so often. I am prepared for it, however, and with your assistance, I shall manage to put them on the wrong scent, and leave them in the lurch. Whose room is this to the right?"

"My mother's."

"I remember. It looks into the breen, good. Come with me a moment, and you shall hear all. Don't tremble, darling girl; we'll live and die together yet."

He disappeared, and she after him, telling her mother she would be back immediately.

Bob was still too much engaged with his penmanship to pay attention to this by-play, and worked away, counting up his "costs out of pocket" to the last farthing, in order to make the sum total as near to the fifty-pound note as he could manage to make it, for the note lay on the table where Ellen had laid it down.

Before he had quite finished it, however, a rough hand was laid to the latch of the hall-door of the cottage, which was unceremoniously thrown open, and in a moment the room was filled with armed men, the foremost of whom was well known both to Bob and the widow, as Captain Despard, an active magistrate and very resolute man.

The Captain looked round the apartment, and then nodded to Bob, while he addressed Mrs. O'Leary by name.

"You have had visitors this morning, I think, Mrs. O'Leary," he said, "and I am anxious to pay my respects to one of them, so you will be good enough to tell me where he is to be found, or in what quarter I am to look for him?"

Mrs. O'Leary thought for a moment, and then said that she could not answer his question until he would be pleased to explain himself.

"My good friend," said the Captain, "you will only get yourself into trouble by trying to play the double game with me. You know as well as I do that the Captain—Captain Daly—the 'Curlew' his friends call him, I mean, entered this house and is still on the premises, unless he has vanished in smoke."

"There was no person bearing the names you mention, sir, was in this house to-day, to my knowledge," replied the widow.

"Come now, think again, and don't get yourself into a scrape by aiding and abetting such a scapegrace to get the better of justice as he has done many a time before," said the Captain threateningly. "There is a reward out for him of two or three hundred pounds, and you shall go snacks!—honor bright—if you'll give us any trifle of information that may help us."

Bob pricked up his ears, and moved nearer Captain Despard.

"I suppose," he said, "that any one who would tell you where the Curlew is—I thought he must be a villain by his talk—would be entitled to a good slice—say half—of the reward."

"There and thereabout," was the answer.

"You—you guarantee that?" demanded Bob, earnestly.

"Freely," replied Despard. "Half the reward, and

the honor and glory of catching so renowned a vagabond will be amply sufficient for me. Now then, speak, Mr. Morris, and tell us where I may make my best bow to him."

"My advice to you would be to—try *that* room," answered Bob, pointing to that by which Dick and Ellen had gone a few moments before.

"The game's up with the scoundrel," said Bob to himself, as the Captain dashed at the door; "but bad as he is, his bank-note may be just as good as if he were an honest man." so saying, he took it from the table, crumpled it in his hand, and quietly inserted it in his deep breeches pocket, retaining the receipt also until he could clearly see how matters might turn out.

Meanwhile, Captain Despard found an obstacle in the way, for the chamber-door was locked from the inside, and withstood his best efforts to open it.

"My advice to you," again quoth Bob, "would be to try a sledge-hammer, Captain, and to stand clear and let your constables do it, for a stray bullet might rob you both of gold and glory."

"I will ask no man to do what I am afraid to do myself," said the spirited Captain, "so look about men, for a rammer, and we'll unearth the Curlew and clip his wings for him."

It took five minutes or more to find an instrument large enough for their purpose, and five minutes more before the door, which was a stout one, yielded. It did so at last, however, and the Captain burst into it, and in a moment returned, with Ellen O'Leary in his grasp.

"Either you or this girl have deceived me," he said, addressing Bob, "for I found nothing worse in that chamber than herself."

"If she hadn't a comrade, would she have kept you so long at the door?" asked the astute Bob, with a grin. "I will swear ten thousand oaths that when she left this place, she was accompanied by a fellow who had a face only fit for the gallows, and she dare not deny it. Question her before me."

"It is unnecessary," said Ellen, composedly. "If blood-money is to be earned, it must be by Mr. Morris alone. I will own to or disown nothing."

"Then we lose time and must try other means," said the Captain, desiring his attendants to follow him as he prepared to leave the house.

At this moment, however, a new incident occurred. A scuffle and then a horrible howl was heard from without, and before the Captain could demand the cause of the noise, two of his retainers entered his presence, dragging in, by main force, a ragged-looking *spalpeen*, whose face and clothes—such as he had—were covered with mud and dust, and who bellowed with the voice of a bull to be "let go."

"Who is the fellow, and out of what bog-hole have you dragged him, Heffernan?" demanded the Captain of his subordinate.

"Who am I, is it?" howled the captive, in a voice of a sick raven who was in anger and grief as well. "Amn't I Billy Mulally that lives in the valley, and

wasn't I going home as peaceable as a sky-lark dropping into her nest, when they laid holt of me. Look at my elegant Sunday shute how they flittered it, and my bran new hat that I bought not above three years ago, in what jopardy they left it."

Again he yelled, and in wiping away his tears with the cuff of his coat, left fresh layers of "clauber" on his cheeks.

"Where did you find him?" again demanded the Captain.

"We found him hid in the shrubbery yonder, your honor, Captin'," answered Heffernan, putting his hand to his forehead by way of military salute, "and I'm sure and certain he belongs to the Curlews, seeing as how the great Curlew himself rode away from among the trees, on that feemous black mare of his."

"You Lear what Heffernan says of you, Mr. Mulally? still the Captain."

"I heard every syllable, yer honor," was the answer, "but how can I help his telling bouncers when he has nothing like a conscience to stop him? I'm not answerable for every fellow with a lying tongue in his head. How will I ever get the crown into my darling caubeen again? Or the dirt off my clothes!" and again he broke into blubbering lamentation.

"Then the prime bird has got off, has he?" questioned the Captain.

"Couldn't stop him no ways, yer honor, Captin'," said Mr. Heffernan; "cause why, his mare bates the wind, and could hardly be overtaken with a flash of lightning. They say, he wouldn't give her for mines of diamonds."

"Gone! Then this gentleman must tell us whither," said the Captain. "Hark you, my friend; what rank may you hold among the Curlews?"

"Many a one of 'em I shot, Captin', yer honor," said Billy, a little assuaged in his grief, but still as filthily as ever. "For a curlew, whether white or black, carries tin pince on her back."

"Oh! you don't understand me, I see," pursued the Captain. "Well then, you have a slight acquaintance with the celebrated Captain Daly, I presume?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir," replied Billy; "though I know plenty of the name—lashins. Tom Daly and me was cronies from boys out, and the last pig ever he sould in a fair, it was me got three pounds for him; and Biddy Daly—but she wasn't a man—was the best hand at a jig that ever put a foot on a shutter—so she was, Captin'. I'm in hopes you'll see me ped for my spilation, long life to ye. Into the river I must throw myself, and lie there for an hour or two if I ever hope to be sweet and clane agin."

"We'll sweeten you in another way, and refresh your memory also," said the Captain. "Here, Heffernan, take the scoundrel into the yard, and let him have two or three dozen with a cart-rope, in your best style. Lay on until his recollection returns, and then let me see him again."

"Oh Captin'!—Oh Gineral! Oh gentlemin jewels all round, what are you going to do with me?" said

Billy, in an agony of terror. "Don't lay hands on me, sir, if its plasing to you, for I'll only dirty you, and if you were to skelp the seven senses out of me—"

"Take him off and don't spare the rope on him," thundered the Captain.

"Howld, Capting—howld hard a minute, Mr. Heffering," whined the victim, "till I spake a word to your shuparior, who asked me questions it wasn't convanient to answer a while ago, tho' maybe I can't do so now—for my skin's tender and I'm not used to be whipped like a mad-dog."

"Go on then, what have you to say?"

"About"—here he looked round and spoke low.

"About the—but what's the use of my saving my bacon?" he apostrophized, partly to himself, "sure its digging my own grave and making my own coffin I'll be if I turn stag on him. Oh Capting darling! spare me the disgrace, and send me away with a whole skin and a dirty pair of breeches!"

He dropped on his knees and put up his hands in supplication.

"Quite impossible, my excellent friend," said Despard. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you. Tell me exactly where to find Captain Daly, the Great Curlew, and I'll give you ten pounds—here it is—whereas if you keep your knowledge to yourself, I can answer that Heffernan will leave your skin as ragged as your garments."

Billy looked piteously around, but sympathy there was none. "Well, then," he said at last, "if you want to look for him—but you'll kill him if you see him with your pistols and carabines—"

"Not a hair of his head shall be touched by us, I give you my honor," said Captain Despard.

"And where in the world am I to run for my life when I sell the pass on him, without a penny in my pocket?" queried the traitor.

"Ten pounds will enable you to get the start of your ill wishers, and the world is wide," answered Despard.

"But I—I never handled the note yet, sir," said the treacherous Billy, with a keen eye to the main chance.

"You may handle it now and keep it if you like," said the encouraging Captain, "with the understanding, however, that if you lead us astray, I will replace it with an ounce of lead. Here it is."

Billy looked at it, turned it round, gloated on it, and finally put it in some secret place near his heart.

"Ten pounds!" he said. "Who'd ever think I'd handle such a mountain of money! I'll go to Paris or France, or Dublin or Amer—"

"Keep that to yourself and earn your money," said Despard. After again looking round, Billy began, sighing deeply as he did so.

"Does it lie within your knowledge, sir—Capting dear—to be acquainted with the hill of Mugarore?"

Despard nodded.

"And the valley that lies betune it, and Mony-andrew?"

"Where the lake is? I know the place," said Despard.

"Lord forgive me for my evil speaking," said Billy, shivering and speaking huskily, "but it's on the off-side of that very lake the—*the Great Curlew has his nest*. And now it's out," he went on, relapsing into tears, "will I ever forgive myself this blessed and holy day? Can I ever hope for a day's luck or a day's grace after it?"

"You have earned ten pound by it—too much by half," put in Bob Morris.

"Maybe so, sir—maybe so," whined Billy; "It's easy for you to speak, for maybe you're doing dirty actions every day in the week, but I—"

"How many men has the Captain with him?" broke in the impatient Captain.

"Not a one sir, then, except myself, and I—I'll never be next or nigh him during secla sekelorum any more," groaned the traitor.

"Take care what you say, my fine fellow," said Despard. "We know the Curlews are a strong gang."

"They are, then, sir, long life to them," answered Billy, "but the Curlew himself only uses the nest for a start, when he's hard pressed, and has made other parts too hot to hould him."

Billy stuck to his text, and gradually relaxing from his extreme remorse of conscience, gave Captain Despard full ten pounds worth of information regarding the haunts and associates of the Great Curlew. He accounted for the absence of the minor Curlews in the most natural manner; and although he professed not to know what brought the Captain into that part of the country at all, still he could not parry the fact that it was the renowned freebooter, Captain Daly, alias the Great Curlew, who had stood in that very room, and escaped from that very house. To this point of his admissions he was pinned by the corroborative evidence of Bob Morris, who had seen the man, and who detailed his features and general appearance with an accuracy which perfectly agreed with the account given of him in the hue and cry.

It is to be remarked that when Ellen O'Leary had entered the room the last time, she had found an opportunity of whispering a few words to her mother, and that from that time, neither of them had ever uttered a word, although when Billy Mulally was dragged before the Captain, Ellen had turned very pale, indeed, which she had not previously done.

Meanwhile, the active magistrate was not long in taking such measures as he deemed fit. The "Curlew's nest" spoken of, was imbedded in mountains about eleven or twelve miles off; but as the day was yet young, the place might be easily reached before sunset. It was of the utmost consequence that the pursuit should be followed up while the scent was strong, and that the freebooter should be taken unawares. He had arranged, according to his treacherous henchman's showing, to await his return to the nest, leaving it to Billy's dexterity to glean such morsels of information as he could pick up by lurking about for a few hours.

With all Billy's cunning, however, he failed to get out of Despard or his men the name of the "private informant," who had given them the hints which had been so nearly fatal to the Great Curlew—perhaps it was well for such informant that the officials kept the secret of his name so well.

Two or three cars—his own amongst the rest—were procured for transporting the party to the lake, and a sort of front guard, in the shape of five or six constables—there were no Peelers in these early days—was despatched before, in two's and three's, with directions to have their eyes about them, and to muster at a certain spot.

As Bob Morris had seen the freebooter, Captain Despard determined to take that gentleman with him, in order to identify the Curlew, for fear of mistake; and as Mrs. O'Leary and her daughter were involved in the matter, he was furthermore resolved that they should accompany him also, as, for the present, they were to be looked upon as prisoners, having aided and abetted the escape of a thief.

To this arrangement, the widow and Ellen submitted with a good grace. But with Bob it was otherwise. He had the Great Curlew's note in his pocket, and he had no wish for any further acquaintance with so desperate a character, of whose exploits and daring all Ireland had been hearing for years. He had other sums in post bills about him also; and although he had considerable confidence in Captain Despard's bravery and generalship, still his heart misgave him, and nothing less than the prospect of sharing the reward for the Curlew's capture, would have consoled him for the journey he was compelled to take.

As soon as possible the fleet got under weigh, the Captain on the foremost car, on the other side of which Billy Mulally sat, with a constable on either side armed to the teeth.

It was near sunset when they descended the mountain, which almost shadowed the lake, on whose bosom the sunbeams were still lingering, as if grieving to leave so cool and placid a resting place. They had to leave their vehicles at the foot of the hill, as only a narrow broken path wound round it, and the cave called "The Curlew's Nest" was on the further side. It was to be seen, however, from different points, its dark and formidable mouth yawning wide enough to permit the ingress of half a dozen men abreast.

By Bill's advice the direct approach was avoided, and leaving the women behind, guarded by a constable, they clambered among the rocks, and dropped suddenly down upon the narrow frontage or esplanade from which the nest was entered from without.

As yet, not a trace of the freebooter had been seen. All was as still as the utter absence of sound could make it, when suddenly from within the recesses of the cave, the strong neigh of a horse was heard.

"It's Aileen, capting dear," whispered Bill in a tremulous voice, "and the Curlew himself isn't far from her side. He's dead asleep this minute, for he goes to roost at sun down, like other birds of his kind. So I'll tell

you what I'll do; I'll treat him to a whistle of my own that he's used to, and then you'll have nothing to do when he walks out here, but to take him back with you quietly."

He placed his fingers between his teeth, and whistled so loud and so shrill, that the echoes resounded far and near. At the same instant, almost, he made a rush past the captain, and in a moment was lost in the darkness beyond.

Before Captain Despard could recover his surprise at his manœuvre, a fresh spectacle awaited him. Above the nest, and around the nest, and behind them and beside them, armed men seemed to spring up like mushrooms, in such overpowering numbers, that to fight would be folly, and to retreat impossible. Every man of them carried a gun, but forebore to use it until further commands were given them. After a short pause, two young fellows leaped lightly from the rock above the cave, and stood before the discomfited magistrate.

"You're welcome to the nest, captain," said one of them, in a perfectly good-humoured tone, "and unless you're not agreeable, you'll find that the Curlews won't be behind hand giving a *cead mille a faltagh* to yourself and your regiment. It's a pity you didn't bring more of 'em that we might knock up a shindy, and show you what the Curlews are made of. As your guns and pistols are useless to you for the present, I'll trouble you just to hand them over to us, and you may be sure we'll make a good use of them, and that they shan't rust while they are in our keeping."

Captain Despard had no alternative but to submit to be disarmed, for there were at least thirty or forty bold, resolute fellows opposed to him, and he knew his own force too well to trust them in so desperate a cause. He gave up his pistols, therefore, to the young fellow who acted as lieutenant to the Great Curlew, and the remainder of his force followed his example.

"And now, sir," said Despard, "that your leader's stratagem has succeeded, I suppose I am at liberty to depart?"

"That is altogether a matter for the captain to settle," said the lieutenant; "I don't think he's the man to take so much trouble to get you to pay him a visit without making you pay your footing in some way or other, either in meat or in malt. But here he is himself, long life to him; and he'll tell you the ins and outs of it in no time."

Captain Despard turned round sharp at this invitation, and at his elbow stood no less a person than Billy Mulally himself, in a different aspect, and in a better dress. His face and hands were washed clean, his red wig had been replaced with a black one; he wore a green coat, and sported top-boots, and in short, the transformation was so complete, that it was only by his voice, and afterwards by his own acknowledgement of the ruse, Captain Despard could at all recognise him.

"You see, capting dear," said the Curlew, still imitating Billy, "that I did my best to earn your tin pounds. There is the Curlew's Nest, and here fornint you is the

whole flock, and as to myself, why, for want of a better, you must look upon me as the Great Curlew of all, of all."

"I own, sir, that you have been too clever for me," said the discomfited magistrate, "and I suppose, like all fools, I must pay the penalty of my folly. I am quite prepared to do so in any shape you please, although, as the poor fellows whom I have led into a snare have only done their duty, I hope that whatever my fate may be, you will have some consideration for them."

"Not a hair of their heads shall be touched," said the outlaw, in his natural free-and-easy manner, "nor of yours either, captain. I am quite content to shirk the hangman myself, without exposing even those who destined me for his tender mercies to a like extremity. Bring up your prisoners, Thady, and let us see how many birds we have got in our net."

"Yours is a desperate trade, Captain Daly," said Despard, when the lieutenant had gone to do his chief's bidding, "and although you have succeeded in baffling justice for the present, I would advise you to try an honest course, if you mean to continue safe."

"The difficulty, you see, captain," said the bold Curlew, "is to find an honest profession than my own. Say that I turn soldier, I shall be bound to shoot down young and old—poor and rich—to turn cities into ruins, and churches into canteens, at the command of my superior, for my shilling a day, living on plunder when I can get it, and upon all sorts of devilment when I have nothing to do. Say that I turn doctor, what is that but killing made easy in a legalised way? I go to my patients not to save their lives but to earn their fees, and if they have small complaints, I am bound to convert them into big ones, in order that I may ride in my coach by day and drink my claret when my work is done. As to the law, put me in the dock to-morrow, and there's not a lawyer at the bar that won't call God to witness, with tears in his eyes, that I am as innocent as the child unborn, and that any jury that would convict me, need never think of laying their heads on their pillows with an easy conscience more; always supposing, that my purse is long enough to pay him in proportion to the exertion he makes, that is, to the number of lies he can cram down the public throat. No, no, captain, the difference between those gentry and me is, that they have law and order to protect them in their juggling, and that I am bold enough to do without it, and so have set up for myself."

The prisoners were paraded before the Great Curlew, and the first of them he noticed was the shrinking Bob Morris.

"Soh! Mr. Morris," said the freebooter, "you have a fancy for getting others into scrapes; now how do you feel that you are in one yourself?"

"I am a poor, miserable man, sir," said Bob, "not worth your anger, and if you will only believe me, I never intended the least harm to you."

"See what money he has about him, Thady," directed Daly; "it strikes me that you'll find a fifty-pound note of mine in his purse."

"I won't—I won't be robbed of my little savings, I

tell you," shouted Bob in desperation, as they laid hands on him. "I won't part with it; I'll sooner die first."

"Let him have his way, then," said the good-natured Curlew; "strip him to the skin, and toss him into the lake, boys; his own evil deeds will soon sink him to the bottom."

Thus gently stimulated, the miser submitted to be rifled, and his pocket-book was handed to the chief.

"Aye, here is my note, sure enough," said the freebooter, putting it into his pocket, "and here is your receipt in full, Mrs. O'Leary, which I make you a present of. The rest I give to you, Thady, to be put in the common purse, as the Curlews can't be expected to work for nothing, and a fair day's labour deserves a fair day's pay."

The lieutenant received Bob's treasure with a duck and a grin.

"I suppose, sir, you will hold me at ransom, also," said Despard. "I have not much money about me—"

"Don't mention it," interrupted Daly. "Keep it in your purse, captain, it will serve to pay your doctor's bill. I am sorry to say that I must detain you and your men here for a few days; but Thady and Mick will make your stay as pleasant as possible. Here is grouse on the mountain, and fish in the lake, and if you like to swim in the real mountain dew, you have only to say so, and the bath is ready. I wouldn't require even this much, only that I have a journey before me, and, for fear of accidents, I should like to be well off the coast before my last trick is found out. No objections, if you please, for while I am here, I must be obeyed."

"And what is to become of your female prisoners?" asked Despard.

"That is my own affair, captain," said Daly, "although I do not scruple to promise you that they shall be quite as well off in my safe keeping as in yours."

As he spoke he advanced to where Ellen stood, and after a whispered conversation of a few minutes, they both followed him into the cave, and from that hour forward, Captain Despard never saw them more.

For full six days after this remarkable one, Captain Despard and his staff, supplemented by Bob Morris and a couple of car drivers, were rigidly confined within the valley, and watched by the Curlews. What became of their leader no one appeared to know or chose to say. He had vanished from the scene, and had taken both Ellen O'Leary and her mother along with him. At the commencement of the seventh day, the captain, on going forth from the nest, found that his guard was gone. There was not a Curlew to be seen. In their place, however, a strong body of troops, sent out specially to look for him and his missing party, occupied the glen, and from their officer he learned that he was free, and that the outlaws had made good their retreat during the night.

What became of their principal no one ever heard, but from that day forward, the GREAT CURLEW was never more seen or heard of on Irish ground.

THE LAY OF THE LOST MINSTRELS.

PART I.

THE struggles, heart and hand, that make
The battle for preferment;
So well are known throughout the land,
They need not my averment.
Yet, fain would I a story tell
Of ups, and downs, and crosses,
Would frighten all the gentler souls,
Who count not gains or losses.

From London town I bent my way,
With Thespian saints and sinners;
Rejoic'd to think this roving trade
At least would bring me dinners.
Of tenor bold our troupe was form'd,
And next a fair soprano;
With "comic man," and one who show'd
His airs on the piano.

The captain of our motley crew
Was shrewd and bold and wily;
And, though too prone his lips to wet,
He reason'd well and dryly.
The selfsame wight was comic man—
A stage-struck, droll, young party;
Who gave his time to quips and cranks,
And jokes more weak than hearty.

He started from his smiling home,
In spite of worldly scoffers;
And vow'd that 'gainst the ills of fate,
He'd amply stock his coffers.
No doubt, he drew, as best he could,
On Hope as well as banker;
And, as the former kept no books,
Good cause had he to thank her.

And next came one of portly gait,
With mechanistic measures—
His only task to "fit" the scene,
And guard the artists' treasures.
Though fond of "sips" and goodly fare,
No shot was in his locker;
But haply, friends he found whose store
Was "right up to the knocker."

To "manage" was my dreary lot,
Described in bills as "acting;"
And ne'er was part by man sustain'd
More thankless or exacting.
How hard so'er I strove to please,
By word, or deed, or letters,
The singers said, in vengeful mood,
I did not know my "betters."

And thus began this bold campaign,
All doubt our bosoms spurning—
O'erjoy'd to think the golden age
To us was fast returning.
In Sheffield town we first appeared,
Our brightest hopes revealing;
The times were hard, but yet the "blades"
Came gently o'er us stealing.

Though Fortune smil'd, the ruthless *Belle*
The changes quick was ringing;
While folks around us scatter'd praise,
Our hosts their bills were bringing.

* A favourite phrase of his, intended to express, in the vernacular of a stage carpenter, "quite up to the mark!"

To clothe the troupe and feed them too,
Was labour so excessive,
That claimants soon our progress check'd,
By war the most aggressive.

From town to town we quickly sped,
More giving than receiving;
And soon we found the captain's "bank"
Was broken past retrieving.
That bank was one on which we placed
Our full and stern reliance;
And felt we might, with well-fill'd cheques,
Bid ruthless fate defiance.

Despite the clouds which dimm'd our way,
Our hopes were still resplendent;
For critics said that "stars" like ours
Must shine in the ascendant.
But some there were who rashly thought,
Ere we received a fraction,
Our duty was to pay the "costs"
Which help'd our joint attraction.

And thus beset with woes that led
Well nigh to our prostration,
We journey'd on till railway guards
Delay'd us at the station.
So low they found our funds reduc'd,
Those cunning steam-fed foxes—
They seized our dresses, "traps" and scenes,
And took our private boxes.

'Twere better far had this occurred
On British ground theatric;
But now we trod the sister land,
Whose patron saint is Patrick.
"I fear," the gallant captain cried,
"We soon shall know what 'quod' is;
For if our way we cannot pay,
The law will have our bodies."

"We must move on," the tenor sang,
In terms more bold than guarded;
"In yonder town our well-known names
Are on the walls placarded."
The bell was rung, the steam was up;
The guard had well-nigh started—
"One half the lot may come," he cried;
And hence in two we parted.

To tell the ills that chanced that night,
No language can I borrow;
For 'mid the "lot" my lot it was
To wait until the morrow.
Suffice it that in such a strait,
Our artists' wreck was certain,—
A storm around them quickly rose,
Ere they drew up the curtain.

And all this while, our lady fair
Her moisten'd cheek was wiping;
A sight the tenor did not heed,
For he was always *pip*ing.
At concert pitch he vainly strove
To calm the troubled waters;
Until at length a lull was gained
By Erin's lovely daughters.

Next day once more in union met
The "parts" that were divided;
For cash to those who stay'd behind
Came, by the gods provided.
But soon we found the fact disclosed—
Our little barque was stranded,
For angry winds ne'er ceased to blow,
Since on the coast we landed.

PART II.

And now to words each party came,
Accounts were to be settled;
The tenor's voice rose high with wrath;
The captain too, was nettled.
His comic vein was like to burst
With honest indignation;
"His books would show"—but they, alas!
Were at the railway station!

Piano here approached the scene,
Profound, and calm, and steady;
"To fight for right" 'gainst roaring might,
His arm was always ready."
He reckon'd thus without his host,
As truth I fain would stifle;
In battle strife he could not fight,—
The station held his rifle!

Revengeful foe was this our friend,
And much more firm than fickle;
But still the fact he did not own,
He had a "rod in pickle."
In sooth 'twas so, for much inclined
This genius was to angling;
But, hark decree! his fishing rod
Was with his rifle dangling.

Such cares as these, and many more,
Our anger could not smother;
Small blame, methinks, had been expressed
•If one had slain another.
In vain we strove a chord to strike,
Which might be call'd harmonious,
Each talk'd as if his hapless mates
Had something done felonious.

O, had stern Fate but lent me pow'r
To deal in moral preaching,
From non-success I fain would draw
A moral worth the teaching!
A goodly tribe we left our homes,
Each arm'd with best intentions;
Our gains were small, and—every voice
Was tuned to harsh dissensions.

Of civil war this luckless tour
Would be a fit example;—
Oppose a friend whose conscience bleeds,
And on your head he'll trample.
But hark! a sound "not loud but deep"
Assails our wounded senses;
A railway missive comes to say
We trade on false pretences!

To meet this charge and clear the way
To less disturb'd beginnings,
We leave the present to the past,
And mortgage future winnings.
From loud complaints on either side
Not one could claim exemption;
'Twas not alone the railway charge
That needed quick redemption!

To raise the wind each art was tried
That could not bring a stigma;
But "how to pay the piper," still
Remained a sad enigma.
To check our course, for good or bad,
The printers raised their devils,
Resolved, despite the drama's claims,
To stop our Thespian revels.

VOL. III.

But still in turn we reach'd the town
Next in our list included;
And those who aptly thought us "dead,"
Now own'd themselves deluded.
In truth our lives seem'd doomed to reach
The number counted feline—
Those lives that were together blent,
Like singers in the glee line.

So long we work'd our chequer'd way,
By posting and by billing,
That oft our angling friend observ'd,
"We took a deal of killing."
But now at last, the crisis came,
That brought our dissolution,
When questions rose, which in these rhymes,
Will find not their solution.

On ev'ry side appeals were made
To our forlorn exchequer;
The tenor swore; Madame declar'd
No robe had she to deck her.
Thus claims and threats fell thick and fast,
As rain in stormy weather,
But all was lost—the chain was snap't;
We could not hold together.

"A veil should fall," the captain cried,
"On griefs quite unavailing;
Let claimants bark, if bark they will;
My barque's unfit for sailing."
The cause he knew as well as I,
Which led to our disaster,
No chart had we our ship to steer,
And "Jack" was good as master.

At length there came the final blow
To hopes that long were undone,—
How could the crew without a sou,
Get quickly back to London?
"Saure qui peut," were now the words
Each voice was loudly crying;
And hence, like colours, vouch'd as "fast,"
Away they all were flying.

To me 'twas left to stem the tide
Of all this wild commotion;
No cause so weak, no lot so poor,
But merits some devotion.
While others found the ways and means
To speed them on their journey,
I pray'd for means to plead our cause,
Against a sharp attorney.

On Erin's Isle my patience still
Is doom'd to hardest training;
I dream of home, but all my dreams
Are lost in long complaining.
Flow on, thou sweet, translucent stream,
Hibernia calls the Liffey!
Give me but *wind* my sails to fill,
I'll quit thee in a jiffy.

And yet, I love thee, smiling land,
Of Murphys and O'Grady's;
I love thy hills and leafy vales,
And bless thy dark-eyed ladies.
I love thy songs and gentle streams,
The hues that deck thy mountains;
And watch with awe the gushing springs,
That form thy noble fountains.

I love the sea which round thy coast,
Encircles flow'rs abundant,
In praise whereof thy flowers of speech
Could scarce be too redundant.

I love the land that owns the birth
Of Moore, that lyric charmer !
And, loving thus the favoured isle,
For worlds I would not harm her.

I love, but least of all, (?) the spring
Whence flows the juice *Eribernian* ;
And would not give one pearly drop
For wine they call'd *Falernian*.
I love—But no ! 'twere vain conceit,
To tread the path of Lover—
A bard so bright, the rest are dim,
While o'er his shrine they hover.

What fate befel the scatter'd band
With whom my hopes were bound up,
No tongue could tell, for all were dumb,
Since our concern was wound up.
Like waifs and strays at fortune's will,
Each felt the sad suspension
Of means to rove the world at large,
Quite fearless of detention.

But once 'twas said, the fingers twain,
To make the Bank were striving ;
An end they could not safely reach,
For theirs was reckless driving.
The captain's thoughts some folks declare,
Are far from where the stage is,
Since not by *parts* his wholesale wit
Could yield him ample wages.

A happier fate than mine, I ween,
To him hath been accorded ;
Though men who hold such "cards" as his,
Not often get rewarded.
In "halting rhymes" I end my lay,
No hope could be forlornier ;
For, sad mischance ! my whole domain
Is now a hole and corner.

To draw a moral from my tale,
I feel the dread incentive ;
But here the moral truth prevails,
My muse is not inventive.
Enough to say, that those who strive
To be the world's amusers,
Should start with means to stop the world
From being their abusers.

G. H.

WITH THE HOUNDS.

RUNNING A VIEW.

Up to that time we had gone a sweltering gallop, and now the deer was in sight, as we dashed down a slope, which led by a long and gentle incline to a valley filled with rich grass, even at that season of the year, with the Boyne sweeping swiftly through its midst. On my left, a long way up the river-side, I saw the ruins of Bective Castle ; and on my right, far down, the water wound until lost in the shadow of the woods. But one dog was in sight, yelping lamely some rods behind the antlered red deer, who had worn out the pack, huntsmen, and riders—all except myself—and the pertinacious, dry old gentleman, who stuck like wax to his well-bred and wiry hack, and charged every thing, as Charley, the huntsman, told me, "like winking," when he pointed him out to me in the field, some miles after

starting. Nobody knew him ; for, as we had gone on, I had asked several of my recent companions if they had any knowledge of him, and I was met by a negative from all. Yet here he was, riding almost abreast of me, but at some distance on my left. His horse was still fresh, although it was sixteen miles, if it was a yard, from the spot where I noticed him join our array, when the prancers were rushing at their fences as if to break each other's necks was their special duty, while he was riding steadily to his jumps in the most methodical and business-like manner. The prancers were gone—they had dropped off at roads or dropped in at ditches, and here was the dry old gentleman, with his horse well in hand, going along, to all seeming fit for sixteen miles more, and we running a view. We were almost parallel to each other, now going down the incline, and bound for the broad river. Starlight, my horse, was the worse of our run, and had begun to hang his head upon my hand, for the pace was fearful up to this point, and my good horse was only flesh and blood, albeit flesh well on, and blood whose current swept, in days by-gone, through the veins of his desert-born sires down to the steeds of the stud of Solomon, if pedigrees be true. Still, we had gone so far that I knew Starlight would, if he had a voice in the matter, vote to go farther, not to be beaten by the grim old iron-sides, who was rushing, as if to snatch from us the honour of the most famous run ever known with hounds in our days. So I caught my true hunter's head with a bitterer grip of my bridle rein, and set my teeth for a bath, that cold winter's eve, in the river which foamed and flowed before us. The dry old gentleman was about two perches distant, and I knew he was setting himself in the saddle for the same purpose as on we dashed. A stride or two saw me in the stream, but, to my surprise, on good bottom, in shallow water. Starlight snorted and got up to his girths, taking a flying gulp of the grateful liquid as he went along. Higher up, my elderly *Doppelgänger* was in difficulties, and his horse swimming. He was in a deeper part of the rapid Boyne, whilst I had met a ford. Not wishing to lose my opportunity by waiting there, and still anxious to ease my conscience for leaving a fellow-creature in danger. I shouted, at the top of my voice,

"Can you swim?"

"That's my business!" was the reply, uttered in the strangest tones I ever heard. A combination of sound between the shriek of a Highland bagpipe and the sigh of a dejected trombone, is the only analogy I can find for it.

"All right !" I shouted, as Starlight climbed up the bank on the other side. "I'll mind the deer !"

A cheering hurrah broke from me, as I stooped in the saddle to pat Starlight's neck, which was answered by a low neigh of satisfaction from the game horse, as he bent again to his work, with a will and a vigour which he seemed to derive from his bath. When we reached the brow of the slope, I looked back to see Ironsides, as I called him, seeking for a spot to get up along the bank, which as yet he had not made out. I

turned round to look for the deer, which I saw still keeping his distance, with the only dog that followed him now, as he scampered off across a country of wide cattle runs and small ditches, "few and far between." My spirits felt rather low as I saw no hope for an immediate termination of our hunt, and I felt convinced of the truth of the nautical maxim, that a "stern chase is a long chase;" but still, as my horse shewed no symptoms of unusual distress, I was determined to push on. The grey twilight of the winter's day now lay low in the horizon, and I felt that this could not last long. It was about twenty minutes since we had crossed the river, and no sign of my former companion showed itself, whilst I found I was getting into a country I did not know. The hound was leg-weary and grew slow as he plunged along, about three lengths before me. The deer had got out of my sight behind a thick hedge, some three fields away, and things were gloomy enough as we drew near a pretty wide gripe, which divided the fields. The hound charged it gallantly, but dropped short. I could not pull up, and feared that Starlight should jump on the brute, as he struggled to climb the bank of the ditch, but, just as my horse was about to take off, the tired dog dropped into the ditch again. Starlight swerved somewhat, although he could not stop his spring, and both of us came down, rolling in an unpleasant embrace on the other side. I picked myself up first, and, catching my tired horse by the bridle, assisted him to rise. Leisurely enough he got upon his legs, as if he would prefer being undisturbed, and shook himself in as rueful a manner as ever disappointed steed did before, whilst I drew my arm through the rein and calling Grip, the hound, with me, we prepared to look for a road, as we had no chance, in the falling night, looking for the deer. After going a short distance through the fields, I found a gate which let me but upon a narrow and unused car-way. A plantation overshadowed it upon each side. I looked vainly in the dusk around for sign of human habitation, and took my way along it, wearied and despondent, knowing it should lead somewhere. The track was covered over with the growth of grass which had rotted on the surface, and the sound of Starlight's hooves could hardly be heard as they fell, with muffled tramp and weary, on the soft path. Grip, the staghound, walked close beside me as if he were fearful, and, altogether, we were dull and silent company. We might have walked a quarter of a mile thus, and the night was now dark around us, when we came to a bridle path which opened from our right upon the road we were pursuing. I hesitated for a moment as to whether we would turn in upon it, but finally pursued the direct road upon which we had adventured. We had not got out of the line of the plantation, which still overshadowed the path, and, trusting to my horse's sight in the gloom, rather than my own, we went along.

"Well, Starlight," said I, prompted by that impulse which is irresistible in darkness, to talk to anything, rather than be silent, "well, old boy! I wish we had stopped with old Ironsides, on the Boyne bank rather,

than have got into this confounded mess of wandering, for the honour and glory of spending the night *al fresco*, and nothing to eat or drink, to make it more agreeable."

"If I am the person you refer to, as old Ironsides, young gentleman," said the same euphonious speaker I heard last amid the splashing of the Boyne current, "I beg to say you have mistaken my name, and am not likely to improve your position by the peculiarity of your manner of reference to me."

There was no doubt about it. There, as well as I could see his outline, was my fellow of the stag hunt, accompanied by his horse, both walking behind me. How he came there I could not tell. I did not hear him approach, and the first intimation of his presence I had was in his extraordinary vocal phenomena.

"Well, sir," said I, when I had recovered my surprise, "I must admit I should have spoken in a different manner of you if I thought your presence was so contiguous, but I assure you I meant nothing offensive, and Starlight is discreet enough to keep his counsel and my hasty appellation of you. However, I shall feel happy to call you by your proper name if you do me the favour of letting me know it. Mine is Walton—Charles Walton, of her Majesty's—th Dragoon Guards, at your service, with the additions of being hungry cold, and benighted, and some twenty-four miles from any known point of friendly hospitality."

"Humph," replied my companion, "that is a claim then to friendly hospitality in an unknown point, and an inquiry for my name. Well, sir, you are an officer, and *not consequently* a gentleman: but you can ride like an Irishman, which is saying a good deal; so you shall have the hospitality immediately—the name you can have now. My friends call me Florence O'Driscoll you have a different version of it."

"Well, sir," I replied, "I think I apologised for my error in that regard before; you don't want to have me do it again?"

"Softly, young man," said he, "don't be snappish. Remember, *militaire* as you are, that you are without supplies; and you should not turn the inhabitants of the country you have invaded, in full hunting costume, into enemies, by moroseness. Your tactics are bad. I opine, at this rate you will hardly gain many victories."

I burst into a fit of laughter at his quaint and dry manner of expression.

"I don't intend to take the household defences of this neighbourhood by a *coup de main*," said I, "for I see none to take; but hunger, it is said, will break through stone walls, and mine, I assure you, would urge me to knock at wooden doors, if I could meet any, and beg or buy wherewithal to appease it for myself, and to afford some refreshment for the poor brutes who are with me."

"Come along, Mr. Walton!" said my companion, "follow me, and for the nonce your wants and those of your fellow-travellers shall be satisfied, as far as Florence O'Driscoll, *alias* old Ironsides, can afford from his larder."

My companion passed me, and we walked quickly

for some minutes, until our further advance was barred by a wooden gate in a high wall, overgrown with ivy, above which the outline of the gables of an old-fashioned house showed, amid the gloom. Taking a dog whistle from his pocket, my fellow-traveller blew it loudly, and a response was instantly afforded by the appearance of a glare of a light behind the gate, which was immediately opened by a man dressed in the fustian of a groom. After we had entered, we walked along a circular drive, up to the hall-door of the residence, which was, as well as I could see, in the style of the Elizabethan age, with quaint gables and lanceolated windows. Before we reached the entrance the groom was up with us.

"Take those horses, Peter," said O'Driscoll, "and make them up carefully. They have had a long run. Give them both some hot bran, and bathe their legs in warm water. Let them have a good bed, and don't kill them in your usual style, by shutting them up and stopping every crevice where they could get a breath of air. Mind, now, what I tell ye!"

"Throth I will, sir," said Peter, "and throth ye didn't ever know me to do that, but wanst, an I never hard th' end ov it since."

"Well, you might do it again, you know," said his master, "and I wish to prevent you. Welcome to Woodpark, Mr. Walton! step in," said my host, opening the door of the parlour, where a fire burned brightly, "Take a chair beside the fire; you must be chill after your ride."

He rang the bell, and a butler appeared. "Fagan, get us something to eat as soon as possible; anything palatable will do us."

"If we knew you'd be here, sir," said Fagan, "we'd"—

"Oh, I know you would, but as you didn't, we must only be vulgar, and take pot-luck. Hurry, like a good fellow."

Fagan vanished, and we sat down to wait for our meal; fortunately for our patience, we had not to wait long.

THE HUNT FOR LIFE.

"That's pure native, and never saw the gauger's countenance," said my host, as we sat with smoking glasser, brimming with punch—made upon the most scientific principles—our dinner despatched, and the fire blazing brighter than ever, whilst we regaled our persons in its cheery light.

"I suppose that it is an additional recommendation of its qualities that it is contraband, and owes the sovereign something?" said I.

"H'm, well, I don't know," added my host, "that my admiration for it springs from that source; but it is a good article, without deleterious admixture, and not a drop of water in it, except what we have added ourselves; and I never knew the exciseman's shadow to fall on it that it did not leave an inducement for the seller to make up in some other addition what he lost in duty."

I watched the curls of the light vapour which as-

cended the chimney from the pleasant fire, hardly hearing the last remark. My host, seeing my abstraction, grew silent. Grip had made his way up to where I was, and lay full length upon the hearth-rug, enjoying the flapping blaze. Some dream crossed his canine mind, for he yelped in a low whine, and moved uneasily.

"Dreaming!" said my host.

"Which of us," said I, "the dog or myself?"

"Both," said he; "he of his day's experiences—you of heaven knows what."

"But, don't think I find fault with either of you for that. I dream myself, sir, betimes—dream of things and people long past and gone. Some of the dreams wild enough too—but when I was your age, I'd be talking of the famous run we had to-day. And, though I have had some strange field adventures, I must compliment you by telling you that those of to-day were proofs of your pluck and endurance, as far as horsemanship is concerned."

"Have you hunted much, sir?" said I.

"Aye, young friend! stranger hunts, too, than you wot of. I tracked the tiger in his Indian jungle, and shot the lion in the Kaffir country. I tried my hand at kangaroos in Tasmania, and galloped a few ostriches to death with Arab Sheiks in the Sahara, and a more maddening hunt than all those I went—myself the quarry."

My interest was excited by my host's manner, and I looked a desire to hear the adventure to which he referred, without expressing my wish.

"Finish that glass beside you," said he; "fill another, and take a cigar," as he pushed a box over to me; "the manners of the camp cling about me still, for I, too, was a soldier, and I like to be happy and not formal. I will tell you a story of a HUNT FOR LIFE:—

"Sir Arthur Wellesley had beaten us back at Talavera, and I was left with a deep flesh-wound, from a ball which struck me on the right side, and passed round under my shoulder-blade to get out beneath its point. What became of me after I sank down, faint from loss of blood, I could not tell. But when I recovered consciousness, I found myself in an apartment fitted up with graceful elegance, and perfectly unknown to me. A vase of flowers stood on a table in the centre of the room; a grim array of empty bottles was arranged on a buffet. The windows were open, and the breath of summer air laden with the perfume of flowers stole through the gaily-painted jalousies. I had some faint notion I must be mad or dreaming, and attempted to rise, when I found myself incapable of doing so from sheer weakness. Here was mystery enough, and I lay pondering it over, when the door opened, and footsteps approached my bed. A girl, young and very beautiful, stood soon beside it, a tall and sombre-looking old man accompanying her.

"Ah! povero," said the senorita. "I fear his mind wanders still."

"There is a wild look in his eyes," added her companion, "which bodes ill for him. I think his reason was never very abundant; but it is certainly all gone now."

"I burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, which made my fair visiter look scared, and her companion start back.

"Pardon, Senhora," said I "the cavalier has made such an impression on my risible faculties by his penetration, as to the amount of brains with which I am gifted, that I have no other way of testifying my respect for his acuteness but by laughter. However, may I ask you where I am—who I am with—how I came here, or am I dreaming? for my last memory is the thundering of the British guns in my ear, and the rush of cavalry around me, as we retired from Talavera before Sir Arthur Wellesley. My horse was lying dead beside me, and I myself, endeavouring to staunch a wound in my side."

"How you came hither, Don Colombo here best knows; for to his kind offices you owe your conveyance from the battle-field to this, the house of his sister, and myself his niece. He found you dying to all seeming, but not dead; and though he dislikes your uniform, and your countrymen, the French, compassion made him give shelter to a stranger, wounded and neglected in defeat. Some six weeks have gone past, and you have got through a fever in the meantime. Whilst now, if you are not clothed, you are at all events in your right mind. But the doctor has desired us not to reply to your questions, and here I am answering everything you ask; come Don Colombo, and let our patient rest."

"Here leaving me in a tantalising suspense to hear more, she tripped from the room. Months went over and found me still the guest of Donna Olivia Ximancas. Time found me more—her accepted lover. The war had rolled away from our dwelling, and many a league intervened between us and the hostile armies now. For myself, the life I led was like a happy dream. The visions of battle through whose bloody paths I hoped to follow fame, had lost the charm which they once possessed, and in this old-fashioned chateau, and with this fair girl, no thought of the glitter of war, or the glory of victory, could bring a charm to win my sympathies from where they now were fixed. Situate at the end of a valley, the house where we lived was surrounded by a high wall which enclosed a considerable space. About two hundred paces behind the house arose a high and craggy hill covered with brushwood up to its very summit. A favourite occupation of mine as my health returned, was to scale, by crag and cliff, up to the height of this hill, and enjoy the fresh breeze which swept it, and the broad view presented from it as from an eyrie. The height diminished in a gradual undulation, and seemed to sink into a forest which extended from side to side of the plain. Sometimes attended by a groom I rode thither to shoot a wolf, with which animals it abounded, and of which a stray individual bolder than the herd sometimes ventured toward its precincts. From those excursions I attained a considerable knowledge of the surrounding locality, which afterwards stood me in good stead. In the evening a cigar with Don Colombo, a chat with Olivia and her mother over our coffee, or a stroll through the

quaint old garden with Olivia herself, completed my diurnal existence. Sometimes ere the little family circle broke up for the night; when the moon shone bright and unclouded through the deep beauty of the sky, we were wont to gather in the alcove of a window which looked eastward, and contribute to each other's enjoyment. The elders gave the recital of a legend or a tale, whilst Olivia bestowed the music of her guitar and the melody of her voice in some old Moorish ballad, or a softer chaunt of more modern birth. My share was generally an Irish melody, and sooth to say never since had I a more attentive audience. Often after hearing one of those beautiful native melodies of our land, they have besought me to sing it again, though the language of the song was unintelligible to any of them, and the voice of the singer but little to boast of in harmonious power. True, I always prefaced my efforts in this way by an explanation of its sentiment, or a comment upon its history.

"But this brief interval of sunny existence was soon to be overcast. I was now fully restored to health, and I was anxious to rejoin the army, at all events until peace should be proclaimed for Spain. My Irish birth had gained me the favour of Don Colombo and Donna Inez, the mother of Olivia. I had no obstacle to my suit from them, and Olivia had long since given her consent to our union. The only stipulation made was my retirement from the army, and my settlement at the Villa Ximancas; I felt that in deference to military etiquette it would be necessary that I should continue in the service until the campaign should be concluded, and with this arrangement I prepared to set out. In one week I was to depart, and I had all my preparations complete. I rode out more frequently both for exercise and enjoyment, and had got over two days of the seventh night, when on the evening of the second day, as I came from the stable where I left my horse, I went into the garden where Olivia used generally to be found. I walked towards a little grove of orange trees, behind which was a summer-house, from whence I heard the tones of a strange voice.

"And who may the cavalier be who has been so fortunate as to win my fair cousin's heart and hand."

"An Irish hidalgo, Manuel,' was the answer of Olivia.

"An Irish hidalgo,—and what proof have you of that, my fair cousin?" was the interrogation uttered in a mocking tone which nettled me to the quick. I dashed forward and standing before the new-comer said—

"The proof is here, Senhor, in his word of honour. Do you doubt it? If you do,' I continued, 'the fact that he is an officer in the service of his Majesty the Emperor of France, is enough to give you an opportunity of denial elsewhere.'

"Manuel seemed surprised at my interruption. I looked at him to conceive an intense and irremovable dislike to him. A man aged about twenty-five, of middle stature and good face, but a villainously furtive,

Glance, stood before me. A sardonic grin displayed his white teeth as he slowly uttered—

“An Irishman, and a French officer! an hidalgo and a soldier of fortune! The honour of a noble, and the sword of a mercenary! Are Irish cavaliers beggars that they come to fight the battles of a tyrant, or have they so little to fight for at home that it is not worth the bravery they are so lavish of elsewhere?”—he paused and then went on—“Sir, I could have borne with you as an Irishman, even without any authentication of your condition; but as a French officer you contaminate a Spanish home, and if you have befooled two foolish women and a doating man, know that a follower of L’Empecinado has the same hatred to every man of your uniform as he has to the foul fiend himself, and that his oath to his country binds him to spare no such cursed spawn.”

“His utterance was thick and rapid as he spoke. ‘Farewell Olivia!’ he said, turning on his heel and walking rapidly away. The clatter of a horse’s heels resounded through the court-yard, and we knew he was gone.

“‘L’Empecinado,’ said I to Olivia, ‘the guerilla chief who spares no Frenchman. I am in bad hands if he be near.’

“We held a consultation in the chateau, and it was decided I should start the next day, as the danger of falling in with the fierce guerilla was so imminent. To save myself I should have started at once.

“We sat in the alcove after our evening repast, and a gloom was over our little party, which I endeavoured vainly to dispel. Olivia was singing an old romance which told of the escape of a prisoner from a Moorish city, when a thundering knock resounded at the gate of the court-yard. We started, but no one moved, and the old porter walked across the court to open the gate. He had hardly undone the fastenings, when a score of armed men rushed in, and in an instant we heard them ascending the stairs. The door opened, and a short, squat-fellow, with ponderous limbs, and a sword drawn in his hand, moved across the room to where we sat.

“‘Surrender, Senhor,’ said he, ‘resistance is useless.’

“Olivia clung shrieking to me.

“‘Certainly,’ said I, pointing to the affrighted girl, ‘I will not resist now. But, first, what is your charge against me, that you demand my surrender?’

“‘Charge, ha! ha! that’s good, he is a Frenchman, and wants to know the charge against him. Come over here, Pedro, and fit him for his journey.’

“Here one of the row of villains, who were ranged at the door, approached and tied my hands with a strong cord.

“‘Bring him away,’ said my captor. ‘Don Colombo, we venture to make free with your wine-cellar to give this gentleman a lodging until daylight, when we will provide him a residence which he won’t leave in a hurry.’

“Don Colombo expostulated, and the ladies implored of the guerilla leader not to violate the hospitality of

their home by treating a guest in such a manner, but their expostulations were vain.

“‘Bring him away!’ he shouted, ‘bring him away!’

“The men rudely hustled me down the stairs. Having obtained the key of the wine-cellar, they opened the door, and shoving me into the vault, slammed the door to, and left me alone in the darkness. I heard their ascending footsteps as they died away, and I began to contemplate my position. The conduct of some of the guerilla leaders towards any Frenchmen who fell into their hands, was totally void of clemency or justice. They had sacrificed even wounded men to their unsparing enmity of the foreigner. I had no reason to believe that I would be treated with more kindness than any of their victims. My only hope of life lay in escape, but bound as I was, I could make no exertion, and even with every exertion, and my hands free, I did not know how to make my way from my temporary dungeon. The cellar was excavated from the rock upon which the foundation of the Chateau was laid, and was secured by a strong door, which appeared to be the only means of egress. In this condition I made up my mind to meet my fate as well as I could, and endeavoured to distract my thoughts from the contemplation of what I deemed now could not be avoided. Strange to say, that weary after my day’s exercise, the peril of my condition could not prevent me from becoming drowsy, and I sat down on the floor some distance from the entrance, leaning against the craggy wall of the cave to sleep. I had been dozing from time to time, and was startled out of my rest on every occasions by fearful dreams, when having got such an unpleasant disturbance for the third or fourth time, I determined to keep awake if possible. I had been for some time engaged in this effort when I heard footsteps approach, and the accents of voices in conversation as they drew near.

“‘Indeed, I don’t know, Pedro, I’m sure,’ was uttered in the well-known tones of Catarina, Olivia’s maid, when he’s going to be shot to-morrow morning, why Don Colombo should give one so much trouble about a supper for him. But great folks will have their way.’

“‘Caerpo,’ growled Pedro, as he put the key in the lock outside and shoved back the bolt, ‘I don’t know that I’d let you bear him anything, the dog, only I always like to see that my bird is in the cage, and here is the French cock, surely,’ he added, peering at me.

“Pedro had been indulging in potations, for his face was flushed.

“‘Here, senhor,’ said Catarina, ‘is a little supper for you,’ as she laid a tray with some salad and bread on the ground before me.

“‘But, Madre, how can the Don eat with his hands tied behind his back?’

“‘Pedro,’ she said, ‘you are not afraid he will injure you if he is loosened whilst he takes his food.’

“‘Let him eat as he is, or not at all,’ said Pedro.

“‘Nonsense, you are unreasonable, Pedro. If your commander L’Empecinado were here, he would be less fearful of a prisoner. Loose his hands, I say, and tie them up when he is done his repast.’

"Pedro growled a refusal. 'Well, I will unbaid him myself,' exclaimed Catarina. 'Whilst we are here, take this lamp and hand me the key whilst I unloose him, that I may lock the door if any one approaches; and see is there any outlet in the vault by which he might escape in the meantime.'

"My hands were now free, the door was open, as Catarina went over under the pretence of locking it, whilst Pedro examined the sides of the vault. A gesture of the head from Catarina decided me in my course. She stood outside with the key in the lock. I sprang forward, drew the door to, and locked in Pedro, in a shorter time than it needs to describe the act. He had seen my movement too late to prevent it; he rushed at the door, indeed, stumbling over the tray, and falling across it, his lamp fell from his hands and left him in darkness. We rapidly ascended the stairs, whilst Pedro kicked and cursed at the door in vain. He was too far removed from his companions to be soon heard. Having reached the head of the stairs, we rushed along a passage which led to the end of the house, and opened on the garden. Here Catarina told me that a horse would meet me at the walls of a ruined monastery which was beyond the hill, and near the edge of the forest of which I have before spoken. I urged her to have my pistols and some powder sent to me by a messenger, and grasping the bough of a lime-tree which grew near the wall, swung myself upon it, and dropping down behind, was free to run for life.

"I can tell you I began to breathe freely as I climbed or ran up the hill, which now seemed the only barrier between me and existence, and it was only when I reached its summit I paused to think of my venture. There were two difficulties before me, ere I could reach France, even if I had escaped from this—the one to avoid the dangers of the guerilla bands, and the other to shun being taken prisoner by the English army. I knew I could pass myself off as an Englishman on the guerillas, but I should depend upon my skill in subterfuge, if I were questioned by any of the British officials. I never dreamed of a greater difficulty than those. As I took my parting look on the friendly mansion where I had spent such happy days, the moon emerged from a cloud, and lit up its quaint gables and arched entrances with the full brilliancy of her soft light. I thought of those so dear to me within, and breathed a blessing in the fulness of my heart upon them. I turned again before I departed, and saw signs of confusion in the hurrying of lights from window to window, and the flittings of lamps carried about the garden. I knew they had found out my escape, and I felt that every exertion I could make would be wanted to get away in safety. It was a mile, at least, to the ruins where the horse was to be sent to meet me, and I knew that the messenger, having to make a considerable detour around the base of the hill, would scarcely reach the old monastery as soon as I should. I had accomplished about half the way, when I heard loud shouts behind me, and the crack of a rifle broke upon the still air. The ball did not reach me, however, and I rushed along with renewed energy.

The moon was now in full light, and I could see several dark bodies moving towards me from the summit of the hill. I knew my only chance was in the horse being waiting for me at the ruins, or else immediate flight into the wood. The guerillas evidently saw me, as they were making in the same direction as fast as possible. I had reached the monastery, and stood for some minutes in the shadow of the walls, when knowing the value of time for my safety, I was about to run for the woods, as I heard the quick stride of a galloping horse approaching me. It was the messenger as promised. By the time he had reached me my pursuers were not a quarter of a mile away.

"'Quick, man!' said I to the messenger, as he handed me the pistols and ammunition.

"'There is only one way of escape for you, Senhor,' said he, as I jumped into the saddle, 'the wood, and it is filled with wolves; but the other side of the country is held by the guerillas, and you have no chance there.'

"'The wolves are more merciful,' said I, as I caught the bridle rein tightly in my hands, and I had rather chance them.'

"Hitting my horse sharply with my heel, we started from behind the ruins into the moonlight. Loud execrations burst from the foremost of my pursuers, who levelled his gun and fired at me without effect. His companions, five or six in number, did likewise. One ball, better aimed than the rest, tearing through the sleeve of my bridle arm, and grazing the shoulder of my horse, inflicted a slight wound. I dashed onward, and soon gaining the wood, plunged into its shadow.

"Were it not for the occasion, I could have admired the scene here before me. Through the overarching branches of the forest the moonlight dropped down like a shower of silver, flecking the sward beneath the trees with what appeared to be drops of luminous glory. The tall stems of chesnut and sycamore rose to spread out their broad branches in a canopy of overarching leaves. Not a breath of air moved the verdure of the wood, and the voices of my pursuers ceased after a short while to reach my ear. From the closeness of the forest growth, my progress was not so rapid as it otherwise would be; for as yet I had reached no path which occasional traffic of wayfarers might make more free from obstacles for journeying. As I went along, the scream of a startled bird now and then broke the stillness around me, but no other sound of life betrayed itself. I had travelled thus for about two hours, sparing my horse rather, and probably, I was not beyond ten miles from the Chateau Ximancas, when I was startled from a reverie on the adventures of the past day by a loud and prolonged howl. It was answered by another, and another, seemingly from different points behind me, and at a considerable distance. I never recollect any instance in my life where sound had such an influence upon me. My very flesh seemed to creep, and every nerve was braced to a degree of painful tension. The horse also felt the same horror, for he snorted and became quite restless. It was with diffi-

culty I could restrain him from galloping away. Again and again the same terrible yell arose, and the excitement of my horse became almost uncontrollable. I knew the sound too well. The wolves were tracking us. The blood which had dropped at intervals from the wound in my horse's shoulder had lured them in pursuit, and our chances of life now lay in the animal's power of endurance, and my skill in baffling the blood-thirsty brutes. We had no time to lose, and knowing not how soon they might be required, I endeavoured, and after some trouble, succeeded in loading my pistols, and then turned to fly for life. But, embarrassed by the trees, our flight could not be so rapid as was necessary, and I had not galloped a quarter of a mile, when, following within a hundred yards of me, I saw the leaders of the pack of bandogs, and heard the rush and yell of scores behind. My good horse became terribly excited, and every power of my body was needed to prevent him rushing at such a speed that both of us should infallibly be smashed against some tree. I knew the animal was exhausting his best ability in the effort to break away and distance the pack of brutes, who, now filled with the passion of their carnivorous instinct, followed to devour us, and I felt how necessary it was to husband his strength for our struggle to escape. I had ceased to care whither we went, and aimed only for the open places of the forest, as I saw them whilst we rushed along, using all the cunning of hand and eye to guide the terrified steed through the mazes of the path we were forced to adopt. Following with deadly keenness came the howling troop of wolves, shortening the distance between us by a gradually decreasing interval. The hundred yards that separated us at first were not seventy now, and I calculated with terrible calmness the probable distance we should get over ere the seventy yards would be diminished to the breadth of the spring of the leaders, and then my fate was certain death. Faster than I was going I could not urge my horse without meeting the end I was so anxious to avoid, in being stricken from my seat by some of the lower boughs which crossed my path, and which, even at the rate we were proceeding, I managed to escape by a miracle. With a strange fascination my eyes sought every moment to mark the progress of the rushing brutes, whilst their horrible yells filled the wood with as horrible echoes. Nearer and nearer they were coming as we swept along, and half an hour had not passed since I first saw them, ere half the distance upon which my safety depended was gone. Then came the terrible thought—had I only half an hour to live before I should meet the cruel doom of being rent limb from limb by the sharp fangs of the hellish pack which rushed behind me? My head swam round at the consideration of such a fate. I had lost my way in the forest, in fact, I no longer thought whither I might go only to fly from the cruel danger which was so imminent. The trees seemed interminable, and I had almost given up hope of escape by getting clear of the wood. My mind had lost much of that balance of coolness which was so necessary for my life. The overstrained nerves

were beginning to react upon me, and I fancied that the leaders of the wolves were huge in size, and approached me at a terrific rate of speed. Under such impulses I shouted wildly, and at the noise the pack behind joined their throats in concert. Terrified, horror-stricken, I drew a pistol from the holster, and fired amongst the brutes. Chance favoured me, not skill. One of their number fell, and the rest turned on him and began to devour him. Fighting, growling, mingled in terrible confusion, they plunged around the fallen animal in eager earnestness for the bloody feast. One tugging mass of quadrupeds was all that was discernible, as they snapped and howled over the dismembered body of their fallen companion. One look was enough to show me the similarity of my own fate, if I should be overtaken; and filled with horror at the thought, with a cry of despair I gave the rein to my horse and allowed him for the moment the fiercest freedom of his career. Reckless not where I went, with the awful quarrel which I had seen taking place about the devoured wolf before my eyes, and the snapping and gnashing of teeth of the ravenous brutes ringing in my ears, I would have given worlds for the charity of a sudden blow to strike life from my brain. The dawn of the morning had taken place as I fled, and I hardly noticed its occurrence, so absorbed was every sense in the purpose of escape. It revealed to me a means of escape, however. Shining through the trees I saw the flow of a stream broad and rapid. I turned my horse's head towards it, hoping as the wolves were not yet in sight, that by swimming it we might baffle them to track us by their scent. I approached its bank at last; but my horse refused to go into the water. In vain I attempted to force him; he plunged and reared violently in his obstinacy. The yelp of the wolves again reached my ear, and knowing I had but the one chance for life, I dismounted, pulled the bridle from his head, and let him go free to escape if he could. With a bound he was away into the woods again, and I sprang into the river, and swam to the further side. Arrived there I climbed to the top of a tree, knowing that I should be safe there at all events. Nearer and nearer I heard the howl of the wolves, and at last, before my sight, they galloped into the spot where I had stood five minutes before. Covered with blood, their mouths open, and giving tongue like sleuth hounds, they rushed along, taking the track of the horse I had let free to run for his life. Unwearied and fierce they followed his scent, and passed me like a vision of flying fiends. I was safe, and the first prayer that burst from my lips broke in my expression of thankfulness for my deliverance.

"Years have passed over since that time. I am an old man now, but sometimes I awake from a vivid dream wherein that flight is rehearsed with all its horror and mental agony; and my heart beats fast and my brow becomes bedewed with a cold sweat, as I think again of the suffering of that run for life.

"The wars were over when I stood again in the Chateau Ximancas. I had survived the fortunes of

Russia, and the defeat of Waterloo. I had seen my Imperial master brought far from the land of whose glory his name must be the brightest symbol, to die upon a barren rock in a tropical clime; and, weary of the world's mutations, I turned to seek her, whose memory had cheered me by many a dreary bivouac, and in many a fatal day, and found myself again in the well-known apartment, which I had left to undergo such numerous perils. At the seat by the old-embayed window was one form familiar of old; I approached and laid my hand upon his shoulder. A quick and questioning look was fixed upon me, and then—

“I know you, dear friend,” said Don Colombo, “and welcome you to your home”—

“Olivia,” said I, impetuously “what of her?”

“Come,” said he “she awaits you; all despaired of your return but her. She said you would be here, one day. I will bring you to her now.”

“The kindly old man took my hand, and led me into the garden. We passed along towards the little orangery. The moon was in the sky, bright as when I last looked upon the spot. Tree and flower seemed beauteous in its light. The wind was hushed into softest whispers, and the song of the nightingale swelled in plaintive cadence upon the air. A marble cross, upon whose arms hung a wreath of immortelles, stood lonely amid all the beauty—image of pain, of trial, and of triumph. A shadow, as I looked upon it, seemed to have fallen upon all I beheld, the glory passed from earth and heaven. My heart stayed its pulsation.

“Olivia,” I murmured, “I see her not.”

“She is here,” said the old man, weeping now, and pointing downwards, “keeping her tryst, full of love, full of faith, full of hope, that yet ye shall meet where there is no parting.”

“My friend, I am lonely now—a defeated soldier in the battle of life. I come back, betimes, to the only spot where I find the old greetings, and the old smiles, which warmed my heart when I was young. I am an Irishman, and I love this fair land of ours, though the ties which bound me to its soil are broken or loosened many a year ago. The hills have grown friends, and the rivers have a voice of kindness to me since, when loved friends are gone, and dear voices silent. It is my pleasure whilst I live—a melancholy one, I grant you—but a pleasure which nothing else can accord me now. But when all those yearnings are over, and all those wanderings done, I shall find a quiet rest under the marble cross in the orangery of Ximencas, far away beneath the sunny sky of the land of my fathers, the land of chivalry and of song—true and gallant Spain.”

W.

INHABITANT AND SLAVE.

A TALE OF THE WEST.

TURNING away from the main thoroughfares of Galway, I entered upon a narrow street, upon whose footpath it was necessary to bring the utmost vigilance to bear, for there were surprises at every step, and some of them not of the most agreeable. The winter had passed away from the air, but in the grim old houses on either side it still seemed to have a habitation. The tender, deep blue sky, with its varying, soft, snowy clouds, looked pityingly down between the quaint eaves overhead, on which the white moonlight struck, bringing out their eccentricities into high relief, and freckling the walls with black shadows, and dark, suspicious nooks and corners. The echo of my steps soon became the only sound anigh me. For it was late, and later in those retired streets than in the more living thoroughfares. From them the voices of vendors, night-wandering oyster-men, and others, whose wares, according to themselves, were of marvellous worth, came, in passing waves, down the quiet streets, but soon became chilled into nothingness, The wandering Jew ventured not here, with mysterious whispers concerning ancient raiment, or umbrellas fit for the sacrifice. Had he a fear of the quietness of the place? I fear not. His heart is bound in triple brass, and no place is sacred from him, unless it be unfurnished with buying or selling human nature.

So faring, and being in my thoughts somewhat abstracted, I arrived at the house, after but a few plashes into unexpected pools, and two detours made to avoid a beam, which vexatiously turned out, on nearer inspection, to be nothing else than a moon-beam. I stood before the house at last, the landmarks which had guided me being unmistakable. A quaint place it was, standing there in the oblique moon-light, with a brow that had worn the changes of two hundred years, and looked upon many generations of men—men quick hands at sword, merchants rich in Spanish trade, and royster-ing gallants, forgetting everything but revel and querulous honour. Yet none, surely, could pass its massive portal many times without being reminded of things beyond—by the pious legend carved above their heads, telling how vain is the labour of the builder, if God build not. And in some of those dungeon-like rooms, no doubt, the innocent murmur of a baby, through its gentle slumbers, had sounded, gratifyingly to the form that watched beside it, and sanctifyingly to many a mailed warrior or anxious merchant—entering their hearts like a ray of sunshine into a dungeon, like a seed blown from a valley up into the bosom of the hill, there to germinate and bring forth produce manifold. A building it was, massive, square, and of great strength; not formed of flimsy brick, but solid stone, three stern storeys high, and containing in its breadth three windows, which seemed but enlarged loopholes. Entering the gloom of its archway, I came into the little square court in the centre, for, like many another old Galway house, it was built in the ancient continental style; that court, no

doubt, had often been thronged with glittering cavaliers before a foray, and often heard their exclamations when they returned with their leader, before separating. However, with these speculations I speculated not long, but espying the stone stair in the corner, which had been signalized to me, I ascended with a certain amount of circumspection. The court-yard got but little light from the moon; here there was only a wierd, lonesome, and dusky twilight through the heavy windows. Passing three of the latter, as directed, I saw at the end of the stone corridor before me, a square of light lying on the flags, and stretching from beneath a door. I knocked, and heard a murmur inside, so, taking it for a hospitable permission, I entered.

"Burnt its little nose again, did it?" said a manly voice, softly as though it were addressing a baby. But baby there was none. I looked round the strong, square apartment. Books were piled on several sides, gloomy tableaux of split skulls and bleeding hearts deformed the walls. In the very centre of the room stood "The Inhabitant," his right hand uplifted in a menacing manner—he stood, a frightful, blanched skeleton!

Thus was he in the middle of the room. Every thing had to make way for him. Table, books, chairs, were huddled in corners, with the exception of the chair occupied by a human being, evidently his slave and servitor, who was respectfully seated at one side of the fire, half-turf, half-bogwood, heaped in the mighty hearth.

"Burnt its neat little nose, did it?—oh, fie!" repeated the voice, as I made one step in, and stood for a moment dumb with astonishment at what I saw and heard.

"Hallo!" cried I, at length bursting my bonds, and "hallo!" I repeated, in a loud stern voice, to restore my own courage, and at the sound the Inhabitant, as it seemed to me, gave a cold, unimpassioned chuckle, whereupon his slave, with a start, leaped up and grasped me by the hand.

"Beware!" he said, "beware, tread softly, make not a sound, or all's lost."

I shut the unwieldy door, and, on turning, beheld The Inhabitant looming in a distant corner, with a dark object on his head, which I soon discovered to be my hat, a tribute, it appears, that he exacted from all guests.

"'Tis gone, 'tis over, 'tis past," said my friend, "slave no longer," in a mellow, hearty voice, as though some mysterious weight had been removed from his mind. "I blame you not, but I must feed the faithful one, in its antre."

"Now, under the sun, what *do* you mean? You're as like a speluncated necromancer, in this old place, as ever I read of; unfold, unveil, what mean you?"

"Ha!" he replied, "hist, it is—'tis there yet; not a word;" and taking a piece of cheese, he crumbled it into fine crumbs, and, in a stooping, reverential attitude, he bore them towards The Inhabitant and laid them at his feet.

"Have you become an out and out heathen, through

living by yourself, my poor fellow! Bring that back this instant!"

But he merely pressed upon my arm, signifying to be still; and, listening with an odd sensation of iniquity, I heard a slight rustle, and in a second a dark form was in the centre of the cheese crumbs.

"Now, you surely have gone clean cracked. What crase have you to be cherishing these pestiferous little creatures? I'm maternally besieged by cats at my lodgings; you shall have half a dozen, distributed judiciously round your apartment before to-morrow night."

"Peace! my friend!" he answered, with dignity, "peace. Cats are good for rats and flies. For rats, because those animals are prejudicial to the useful mouse; for flies, because flies disagree with them, are little nutritive, though highly stimulant, and thus produce a distaste for other food. Cats intoxicate themselves upon flies, and slowly perish, and they deserve death for two reasons. Firstly, because their duty is, I maintain it, to expel rats, and that duty they neglect. Secondly, beings that intoxicate themselves, whether with food or with drink, are hurtful to social comfort, and should perish. Let them."

"You're very ungrateful to the worthy feline race, and I can see that ingratitude has produced its natural fruit, inasmuch as your mind has grown perverse, and preserves, cherishes, and nourishes beings which greatly must annoy you."

"The mice! Not so. They amuse me. Did you hear a squeak? They come and burn their little noses behind the grate occasionally. They save my life, too. I ask you to turn your gaze from the Inhabitant and to look around you. You behold the strength, the massive strength of this place. You also behold (turn round!) that glorious oaken door. Now, when that is closed, in the short space of a few hours, to live in this room would be an impossibility, the air would not be renewed, would be carbonized and hateful. On the other hand, here are faithful mice; they have constructed for my benefit, and perhaps—I say perhaps—their own convenience, a complete system of arteries, through which the external air gains plenteous admission into this room, and entering by so many pores, produces no draught, which is a magnificent benefit. Indeed, they sacrifice their own comfort to mine. For, I do not believe that a mouse is insensible to colds, and yet, in each of these arteries a thorough draught is established, and in fine working order."

"Perhaps they have recesses wherein to retire."

"Aneurisms of those arteries, precisely; a good idea, but that is no reason why you should be starved, though inventors often are."

He stamped on the floor thrice, and, after a short space, I heard a shuffling noise approach along the corridor, and stop outside the door.

"Peeping through the key-hole again," muttered my friend; "I'll have to stop that shortly. Come in, come in, Elizabetha," he cried aloud; "don't do that again," he added menacingly.

The door was opened with great circumspection, and

an ancient, withered, and wrinkled visage, gifted with a determined hook-nose, most suspicious eyes, and thin lips, compressed as though they were holding in important secrets, and feared to let an admission escape them, appeared. Seeing the coast clear, but still keeping her eyes fixed alternately on the Inhabitant and his slave, she favoured us with a full view of her stout but brief person. She looked slightly startled at having been detected at the key-hole, but it produced no shame, it only rendered her doubly wary; it was not out of curiosity, but through precaution, that she had looked.

"Elizabetha," said my friend, "will you give?"—

"I won't, I won't, I won't," said she, very rapidly, and shaking her head indignantly, "I won't and I shan't, and go 'long with you. Iss, faith, iss, before a witness, that's *your* look out; but I won't. You may climb the air, and plough the rocky hills, but I won't."

"Give us the tea, will you, and be quiet."

"Iss, inagh, 'tis only the tay now, is it, och, maurya!" she said, incredulously, but arranged the tea-things, carefully keeping at the opposite side of the table from my friend, and backing out when all was done. Then, full of curiosity, I asked—

"Why Considine, what's the matter? Are you seeking to extract a promise of marriage from that old—excuse me—charming damsel, before witnesses? Has she proved inconstant and left you here to rue? Is this the secret of your living in this ancient tenement? Discovered at last, my lad!"

"Merriment becomes youth no doubt, but I,"—he was about twenty-five—"I have graver thought. You observed that sagacious but fearfully circumspect old dame? She has a complication of heart-diseases, including one of the most rare and strange. How did I get to know it? You may well ask. But the fact is, she is a tradition among us. Two generations of students have left since it was first discovered; I form a member of the third. She had been brought to the hospital several years ago, for bronchitis, and this was then found out. Whether she knew it before, I can't say; if she did, she was singularly uncommunicative, and had no love for science. She told none, and sought to evade, without leaving a knowledge of whereabouts she dwelt. But, O'Linski, a student with a serpent's wisdom, tracked her, and took these rooms, which she serves. He was under the firm and fond impression that she must shortly die, and hoped to allure her into leaving him her body. But she didn't. He had to part, and to a junior, his confidential friend, he left her as a legacy. He, Costello, with the ardour of youth, read up all works upon the heart, in the expectation of obtaining her's at last. But he, also, had to go, and I am his legatee. For which I am wholly grateful, and have taken my precautions. You see that heap of papers? Good. They form the essay, which will obtain for me European renown—every thing is there, commencement, history, and peroration. All it wants is the kernel, and Elizabetha will afford that. She is breaking fast; she'll go before my departure; don't you think so?"

I could not answer in the affirmative; she was stout

and strong as a piece of oak in appearance; I could, however, consolingly say, "Who knows what may happen? Perhaps so."

Inspired by this hope within him springing, Considine promised to accompany me to the "pattern" of Menlo, on the morrow, being the first of May. "Yet," he said, dissuadingly, "why not come down here, and have a magnificent read? We would unearth the old theories—we would chase the thoughts of nations upon these noble subjects. We would," he added, enthusiastically, "find the most glorious excitement in beholding error falling away, and truth advancing—truths discovered, and a succeeding generation looking upon it as old-fashioned error, and a succeeding one doing justice to it. O, what a mine of mines! What precious metals! What quaint imaginings! Yet, I am not sorry to give welcome to the May. No one can enjoy it like us—we who are 'book-worms.' But not so, rather are we bees. For, whereas, the book-worm, properly so called at college, merely reads his own branch, We enter many treasures. So the so-called 'wild ones' are but book-worms after all. They have only time to read what they're to be examined in, and that not well. See them half a night in the billiard-room, drinking brain-dulling beer, or wrathful whiskey; then, again, needing strong, stimulating sports. They can't enjoy the country, if they slaughter not its dwellers, returning dilapidated and draggle-tailed to a mechanical and steam-pressure 'cram.' Think—they have no time to think or enjoy their studies."

"Have you studied the medical works in Irish at all?"

"I have not, nor Irish itself. The works are not procurable, so I won't study the language. They are very curious, I understand. But 'tis late, good night, and be on the Wood-quay early."

On the Wood-quay faithfully we met, although "early" turned out to mean eleven o'clock. Boats were there in plenty. All was gala. Streamers of green and white, and all gay colours, fluttered from slender masts, moving in varying lines up the pleasant, wide-bosomed Corrib. The air was alive with merry laughter, jest, and jibe. Joy was the order of the day, mishaps but raising a merrier laugh. Between the green shores, past old square towers, that stood lonely as herons upon the banks we sailed, tacked, and rowed, till Menlo Castle appeared, amid the spacious landscape, before us; near it the ivied ruins of an old abbey, close beside the river, and just where the river ceases to be, and the wide waters of Lough Corrib bound the horizon before us.

Philosophic sedateness barely maintained its reign upon Considine's handsome face, as we strolled from the shore, past the castle into the woods. There, in glades, were groups of snowy tents; and under some noble trees the musical tones of the soft Irish pipes and pleasant fiddle were heard; and wherever they went forth, numerous dancers surrounded them. More numerous were the on-lookers, watching with respect and an admiration not unmixed with envy, the agile performers of the jigs, whose serious but happy countenances betokened the

importance of the occupation. After a time, and after a dance or two, we turned from the ever-moving crowd, and entered a tent. There we met a table of friends, who immediately voted Considine to the chair, and nobly he filled it. Many were the jovial songs and toasts, till the chairman, casting his eyes along the table, found that all glasses were empty, and no replenishing appeared in the bottles, so the spirit of philosophy fell upon him, and, quelling the tumult with a knock, he enunciated the solemn phrase :

"Let us moralise!"

Now, this was, no doubt, good as an abstract idea, but not very likely to be adopted. And, unfortunately for the chairman's own adoption of it, a wandering and bewildered dog rushed against his legs. Now, from what cause I never could find out, but the fact stood, that he had an intense horror of the canine race. So, the moment he felt the touch, his frame thrilled with a sudden exasperation, and seizing the poor animal by the back, he flung it high into the upper regions of the tent. There it made two or three vague gyrations, and came down into the open hood of a young girl's cloak. She, horrified at the load on her shoulders, shrieked aloud, and there was sudden tumult and confusion, for no Irishman could suffer a woman to be insulted without revenge. Whilst a sharp rat-tat told that the shilelagh was at play between some of the students and the peasantry, Considine dashed to the girl's side, and made the most eloquent apologies. She looked a moment bewildered, for she did not understand a word of English, and then, very good-humoured and smiling, as she comprehended his gestures, and listened to the whisper of a very handsome girl beside her. The whisperer was evidently of a higher class, probably a well-to-do farmer's daughter, the other her servant. Her countenance was such as one seldom meets, being of surpassing beauty—if regular features, Spanish eyes, rose-tinged cheeks, raven hair, and an expression intellectual and inexpressibly alluring, can constitute beauty. Considine, seeing that she appeared to understand him, addressed himself to her, but got a quick answer in mellow Gaelic. Her servant spoke to some of the shilelagh-wielders, and I to others, and there was a reluctant quietness.

"Orro, now fat need ye spile the good sport," said one of the peasants, laughing; "sure we moight have a friendly bit of play in pace." But they were stilled, and we roved down towards the boat. Then I discovered, just as we were going to push off, that Considine was no where to be seen. Running back, I met him as he was shaking hands with one of our opponents in the skirmish.

We sailed merrily down to Galway, whose twinkling lights and the murmur of whose river were welcome to me, for it was getting chilly. Having separated from the others, we turned homewards, when we became aware of a pair of students who were just at their own door. One had the reputation of being extremely grave and decorous, but, at present he was making earnest endeavours to break a lamp. He would not go indoors before he had accomplished the feat. It touched his

honour. That lamp seemed arrogant. So matters stood for half an hour; he, with great decision, but little precision, continuing his vain efforts. At last, his friend being of an obliging temper, broke the lamp, and both retired with calm demeanour. I understand the corporation received compensation from an anonymous hand, next day. Some malicious tongues attributed the whole affair to us, but 'twas false, 'twas false!

After that, the tenor of Considine's studies varied. He led me to converse about Irish, and instantly discovered its many beauties. Steadily he began to learn it; but, though I showed him how much more suitable it would be for him to attack at once the ancient forms, as the medical works were in that style, yet he proved most satisfactorily, that one should rather learn the popular idioms at first. His mind, too, as summer advanced, became more and more attracted to geology and botany. So much so, that he would delegate to me the task of taking ward over the "legacy," as Elizabetha was irreverently termed, whilst he made scientific excursions among the magnificent mountains of Connemara. His Irish studies suddenly relaxed; his botanical ardour increased.

"Be ready to-morrow," said he, after a month of this conduct, "obtain a deputy to watch over the legacy, and come along with me. One of the rarest and most magnificent plants, I have discovered; I know its habitat, but an assistant must accompany me."

"You are losing your philosophic tone entirely, my friend, but I, being your junior, shall obey."

Next day we left the city, and, under his guidance took a car, which conveyed passengers to Leenane, through the grandest of mountain scenery. There we slept for the night, and next morning, arose to go forth; my friend exacting a wonderful amount of neatness in attire, considering that we were to seek the habitat of a plant, probably among the mountains.

"Not so; 'tis on the top of no mountains. Besides, philosophy should teach you that, to be neatly dressed in cities, is a thing forced upon you, but here, it is a gratuitous and chivalric act. Why should we not do equal homage to nature's grandeur as to man's?"

I did not much object to his moralizing when I came upon the beautiful Killery Bay, whither he conducted me. Taking a boat, we crossed its blue expanse, overshadowed by magnificent mountains, moulded with nature's most picturesque touch. We leaped on shore.

"Ah!" said I, "now I agree with your oft-expressed opinions, that it is the duty of a man who has entered upon the path of science, to devote himself wholly to it, in order that, increasing in knowledge above his age, he may elevate them one step higher, and"—

"What a magnificent view is this! How happily, that white cottage shines out through its cluster of sheltering trees!"

"Very fair. But, after all, what are they worth? They induce people here to live on the low level of content, dull their nobler aspirations, and, indeed, brutalize the mind, as you were saying"—

"I! I was saying nothing of the kind. Come,

never mind that style of thing. Our road lies past that cottage."

"Of course, you have not been saying it just now, but often have you impressed this high wisdom on me, and how a really scientific man, ought never to think of the time-wasting stupidities called love or marriage."

"Hallo, Considine, here you are! So this is your best man. Bravo, you're in good time. Hope you're pretty well, sir. Come in."

What a hospitable way these Connemara gentlemen have, to be sure. This was the salutation we received from the owner of the handsome cottage. And guests seemed to be an every-day occurrence here, for cars are about in great plenty. How was I Considine's best man? O, of course, it related to my college honours—precisely so. On stepping in, there were most cordial welcomings, and amid the bustle of gentlemen, and ladies all in white, I knew nothing more till, standing by Considine's side, I heard the words:

"Dost thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

Ah, now 'twas clear, we arrived just as a marriage was about to be celebrated, but why had Considine not told me he was invited?

"I do."

What! that's certainly *his* voice. *He does!* O, indeed, he did—he took her to be his wedded wife, after all his scientific loves, the shockingly inconsistent man! Where were his theories beautiful? Echo answers "fool!" 'Tis very candid of echo; but why put me into it? though one of the bridesmaids—well, no matter. The wedded wife? Why who could it be, but the exceedingly handsome Spanish-eyed maiden, who happened for a moment to look into the tent in Menlo through curiosity. Of course, she knew English, but wished to have no conversation with strange students, philosophic or not. And Elizabetha? Well, that's a sore subject. When I returned, I learned that my deputy had taken to the task with so much assiduity, that she was fairly tormented out of her life. She died in private, but sent up her heart to the medical school, with a message, "The crayers! sure, I couldn't disappoint thim, after all." On first examination, the heart was perfectly sound; on second, it was the heart of a calf; inquiries were immediately instituted, and it was discovered that "she had left £10 to her friends on condition that she should be buried in the bay, beneath the cliffs of Moher." So, what could we do? I was taking a solitary row on the same bay one evening, when a large country boat, well-manned, went quickly past. As it did so, I saw a menacing hand shaken at me, and heard a rapid voice: "Ha! you won't, you won't! He's one o' thim"—and all eyes were turned upon me, and I heard laughter dying away in the distance. Could it have been Elizabetha?

G. S

CAROLINE GRAY.

BY CAVIARE.

LEANING across the moss-browned lintel,
Happiest-hearted and light of thought,
Drinking the steam of the Autumn gardens,
In rolling yellow and purple wrought;
Came my sole sister, my own sweet Alice,
Whom West adores for her Grecian head;
Came in and said, in a side-long whisper,
"Frank, poor Caroline Gray is dead!"

"Dead and gone," said my sister Alice,
"Summer and Autumn she wasted through;
And her broken life was a gentle idyl
Of passionate hopes and prayers for you.
Ah, God, receive her; you did not love her;
Now, you will love her, she is so far,
Sitting to-night with the stainless angels,
Beyond the light of the evening star."

Sadder and sadder the harvest twilight
Sank on the walnuts; and ledge on ledge
Of fiery sunset, ribbed with vapour,
Heavily glared through the wind-tossed hedge.
No feast was spread, and no lamp was lighted;
With wet face buried upon my bed,
I prayed but one wild prayer—"God forgive me,"
I knew but one great grief—she was dead!

I know the little room where she's lying,
White and chilly, with clasped hands:
The late brook lilies within her fingers,
Her raiment folded in snowy bands.
The death-lights gleaming upon her forehead,
And o'er her eyelids, fringed and froze,
Her hair, one tangle of ripe wheat splendour,
Braided in beauty for evermore.

Could I go to her, across the chamber,
Pressing my mouth to her hueless cheek,
I swear it, her tender face would brighten,
I madly dream she would rise and speak!
Speak! what could she but earned reproaches?
Back from the mourners, I slowly part—
Backward to sit, on the rainy threshold,
With the long-slain passion that fills my heart.

I would not choose that the best and dearest
Of dead companions should come to me,
And search with the eyes of his higher wisdom
My heart and its coarse idolatry;
I would not, dearest, that thou shouldst gather
Thy funeral robes around thy feet,
And touch my shoulder, and say—"Forgiven!"
Were pardon a hundred fold more sweet.

For thou would'st know me—the crooked meanness
That finds disguise in my daily life,
The shifts that pass for a nobler nature,
The carrion quarrels that some call strife:

The mask would fall and the veil be riven
In the light of thy keen intelligence;
Rest, dumb and pallid. I dare not meet thee.
God's angels are fooled by no pretence!

What can I tell that thou know'st not?
All founts of knowledge abound for thee:
This Life is a gate of imprisoned secrets,
And Death has given the golden key.
The babe that dies on its mother's bosom,
The beggar, stiff-white, in the parish cot,
Have larger vision and keener wisdom
Than all the science of earth has wrought.

We loved, we quarrelled—we met no longer
In pleasant places. I hated you—
Hated, you for your saint-like beauty;
Hated because I knew you true.
But, dead! All the old, sweet, gracious instincts
That cling around you, begin to crave
Within my heart, and my heart throws upward
A daisied passion about your grave.

O, white face, turn unto mine in pity,
O, sweet eyes, open once more to mine;
Dear love, look out, ere we part for ever,
O'er a tearless grief that is half divine.
She goes, and the ghostly room is vacant,
Her maiden coffin is borne aloof;
Angels of God, lean over the Heavens,
And rain white lilies upon the roof!

THE "SUDDEN CALL"—

BEING A TRUTHFUL REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST.

"*Lady Macduff*.—Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?"

"*Son*.—As birds do, mother.

"*L. Macd*.—Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin."

"*Son*.—Why should I, mother? *Poor* birds they are not
set f'r!

"*L. Macd*.—Poor prattler! how thou talkest!"

MACBETH, ACT IV., SCENE II.

It is now a good many years—well nigh thirty—since a clergyman, who is at present a venerable parish priest in a rural district, was suddenly summoned to attend an urgent "sick call" in a certain well-known city of the south-west, which, for obvious reasons, shall be at present nameless. He was then a young and active curate. But young and active as he was, his strength was well nigh exhausted from almost incessant attendance on the sick and dying; for the "first cholera" was raging in the city, and, on that very day, he had already visited some three-score patients in the district confided, during the prevalence of the epidemic, to his immediate charge.

It was past eleven o'clock, and the night one of the wettest of the season. He had been on his feet, from house to house, and hospital to hospital, ever since his

hurried repast, at four in the afternoon; and was only just returned, drenched and wearied, from his day's labour. However, go he must, and so he bade old Betty, his housekeeper, tell the person who had "brought the call" that he would be with her in a few moments.

Hastily changing such portions of his dress as were thoroughly saturated, despite the protection afforded by his ample umbrella, and drawing on a pair of substantial over-alls—none of your dandy Knickerbockers of latter days, but a pair in which Rip Van Winkle himself might have taken pride on such a night—he donned once more his frieze surtout, put on his felt beaver, glossy with rain, and descended, candle in hand, to the hall.

As he approached the foot of the staircase, the light fell on the features of a female who stood awaiting him in the passage, and never, even in the appalling times that were, did light reveal a more woe-begone countenance. The woman might be about fifty, though she looked much older. She had evidently been once handsome, nor had suffering or poverty yet quite effaced the marked traits of her former appearance. But the expression her features wore! It was absolutely heart-rending. Whether grief, however, or terror, or despair was in the ascendant, it was difficult at first sight to determine. Of hope, not a single ray was perceptible, though the appearance of the clergyman evidently caused the poor creature much joy.

"Oh, thank God! I found you at home, sir," was her first exclamation on seeing him.

"Where is the call, my poor woman?" asked the priest, as he laid aside his candle, and commenced wrapping his "comforter" the product of Betty's knitting needles round his neck.

"In ——— lane, sir," she answered tremulously.

"What?"

"Oh, don't blame me, your reverence; 'tisn't my fault!" sobbed the poor creature.

"But why did you not get her removed from that infamous locality the moment she took ill? Why not send at once for the hospital porters?" asked the clergyman, as he closed the door after him, and set out with his guide.

"'Tis not a woman at all, sir. 'Tis my son that's dying. He took the sickness—the ~~Lord~~ save us! the minute he came to town this evening; and I'm afraid 'tis all over with him. Oh, father, God grant you'll overtake him!"

As they proceeded along, at a rapid pace, splashing through pools of water at every step—the clergyman, who was not a little surprised at getting a sick call from such a locality—one into which none but the police or the lawless ever entered—learned such particulars from his companion as he deemed requisite to prepare him for the nature of the case he was about encountering.

Twenty years before that night, the poor woman, who now trudged bare-footed beside him was one of the happiest and most comfortable farmer's wives within

sight of Knockfierna. Her husband, Adam Pfeiffer, or—as his neighbours phonographically wrote it—Fifer, was what was designated in the locality “a strong Palantine farmer.” Like his brother Palatines, he was, in religious matters, a Dissenter; but always lived on terms of most intimate friendship with his Catholic neighbours. With the religion of his wife, who was a Catholic, he never interfered; and, not only that, but he, furthermore, permitted his two children, a son and daughter, to be baptized and brought up in the faith of their mother. Indeed, it was only on this express condition that old Davy Hartigan consented to give him his daughter in marriage, with “a fortune” of five hundred bank notes—Irish currency—paid down “on the nail,” the moment the wedding ceremony was performed. For, “though Adam Pfeiffer was a thriving man,” and had a “snug spot of ground,” and the colleen liked him well enough, “still an’ all,” said old Davy, “no grandchild of mine ’ll ever be raised a Palatin”—and, as long as he lived, old Davy kept his word, Adam not objecting.

Such conduct, however, did not escape the notice or animadversion of some of the folk at the “great house.” They openly denounced Pfeiffer’s backsliding, and threatened to have him “read out of meeting,” if he persisted in such ungodliness. But Adam only snapped his fingers at their threats, and said that as long as he paid his rent and tithes, he “didn’t care a button for Squire Barker, or any one else, if it went to that of it.” He had his lease, and was able to meet either agent or proctor on gale day, and so gave himself very little trouble about the wrath enkindled against him at Barkerville.

To give the squire himself his due, he did not personally care one fig what religion any man was of, or if he was of any at all. This liberal (?) sentiment he frequently expressed, even in presence of his guests, at Barkerville. His notion of orthodoxy was limited to simply hating the Pope, which he did *con amore*, tho’ utterly ignorant even of the name of the reigning Pontiff whom he thus conscientiously detested! His external profession of Protestantism, according to his peculiar notions of it, was of an equally limited character—his attendance at church being restricted to gunpowder-day and a few similar holidays. As for Sunday, it was post-day; and he had quite enough to do in getting through the weekly papers, without the additional trouble of listening to the hebdomadal homily. We do not at all—be it strictly understood—coincide with the worthy squire’s theoretical or practical notions on this point. We merely describe him as we knew him—a jovial, careless, twelve-tumbler fox-hunter. Nor did he mean the least possible offence to any man living, when, in his official capacity, as President of the Schomberg Lodge, he drank “to h—— with the Pope,” on the glorious anniversary of the crossing of the Boyne water.

But with the ladies of Barkerville it was quite otherwise. They were not twelve-tumbler people; but what they lacked in caloric, they made up in bile. They had

souls to save, they said, and therefore it was that they so yearned after the conversion of hapless Adam Pfeiffer’s Popish wife and her pagan offspring! Nay, they asserted that, like unto female Davids, they would even smite hip and thigh, if necessary, that whole Philistine family, rather than have its progeny brought up in idolatry. But the phial of their wrath was concentrated for special outpouring on the head of the Jezabel of the family, as they were pleased to scripturally designate Mrs. Pfeiffer.

That good woman, however, seemed not in the slightest degree affected by this excess of zeal on her behalf. Less excitable and demonstrative than her husband, she held her peace, and quietly followed in the way her fathers had walked for ages before her. Her household was the thriftiest, and her dairy the neatest and most productive in the parish, and no one ever left her door empty-handed who came to solicit an alms in God’s name. These were happy days for poor Margaret Pfeiffer. God seemed to bless and prosper her, and she was grateful and thankful for His favours. But as even the simple and good are sometimes further proved, like “gold in the furnace,” so was it with her. On a dark night, towards the close of autumn, the bleeding form of her husband was brought to her door by some neighbours, who had found him lying senseless on the high road, not far from his own avenue. In a dike beside him lay the horse and car, with which he had set out that morning to market, the car broken to fragments, and the horse quite dead. The animal, which was a spirited one, had taken fright in passing a forge, and continued to dash on at a furious pace till, at a turn of the road, the car was upset, and its owner flung senseless and bleeding from it. The poor man only survived to exculpate all parties from any blame in the transaction, and make his solemn profession of faith in the religion of his wife, to which, he assured his own brother and the clergyman who received him, he had been secretly but sincerely attached, ever since he married, and practically knew what good Catholics really were.

From that sad day the poor widow’s trials may be dated. With her husband’s death, her tenure of the farm legally ended; and, though the old squire was unwilling to disturb so peaceful a tenant, the ladies prevailed, and “notice to quit” was forthwith served upon her, in due form, by Switzer, the bailiff. Had her father lived, she would have had a comfortable home to return to, but he had been dead for some years past, and, on his demise, her only surviving brother disposed of his interest in the paternal farm, and emigrated, with his family, to America. Thus was she left alone with her orphan children to struggle with poverty, or become rich, as we shall see, on terms at which her conscience recoiled.

The formidable “notice to quit,” was, however, but a “pious fraud,” intended for her good by the charitable ladies of Barkerville. It was, in fact, only a means to an end most desirable to them of attainment—to wit, the conversion of Mrs. Pfeiffer and her children. The day after the formal service of that document—so often the

death-warrant of Irish domestic happiness—in other words, on the third morning after her husband's interment, the widow was waited on by those Ladies Bountiful, and promised a full renewal of the lease, on her own terms, if she would only consent to theirs, or, in plainer language, if she would only send little David and Mary to their ladyships' schools. With her own religious opinions they, for the present, generously waived any interference. The result of the interview was, as may be anticipated, that the ladies returned home foiled in their plans of conversion, and—we were almost going to say vowing vengeance on the head of the obstinate Papist who thus refused to have her children enlightened.

Gale day came. Rent and tithes were exacted to the last farthing, and on the bleakest night that came that spring—the 25th of March—the widow and her children were houseless. It was a sad "Lady Day" for poor Margaret Pfeiffer, the first she had ever known in sorrow! Still she would have struggled on contentedly and even happily, with the little means she possessed after the sale of her effects, were it not for a new blow that suddenly and unexpectedly fell upon her—crushing all her hopes, and stamping upon her sorrowing heart an impress of affliction that was never afterwards effaced. On his tenth birth-day, the same on which he had made his first Communion, little David was taken from her, in virtue of some legal document, of which she knew nothing, and, despite all her efforts and those of her parish clergyman, sent off, she knew not where, to be brought up in conformity with the alleged religious opinions of his father. This, as we have said, was a sore blow to the poor widow, and fearing a similar fate for her darling little Mary, who was not yet quite two years old, she left the neighbourhood altogether. But her movements were closely watched; and when, at length, poverty and fever struck her down, in the purlieus of a crowded city, poor little Mary, too, was taken; and never since—and it was now seventeen years ago—had she laid eyes upon her. She ascertained, however, from what she deemed a reliable source, the precise locality, nay, the very establishment to which she had been conveyed; but, on making application there, was informed that there was no child of the name of Pfeiffer entered on the books. Nor was there!

Poor little Mary! She had got a new name, and, for long, long years, never knew that by which she was first called. The clergyman, as may be conceived, was by this time, deeply interested in the poor woman's story of which we have given a summary. In reply to his query as to how she succeeded in finding her son, notwithstanding her ineffectual effort to discover her daughter, during so long a period, she answered that the discovery was owing to the merest accident.

She had, by degrees, sunk from grade to grade of poverty, till at last—and the poor creature sobbed bitterly, as she acknowledged the humiliating fact—she became a beggar from door to door. A feeling of shame forbade her return to the locality where she had once lived in comfort: and so she remained in the city. By a church door she took her stand, and was rarely

refused an alms by the worshippers, who, whether by nature generous or otherwise, believed at least that "good works," and alms among the rest, did not go without their "reward." One morning, unfortunately, she mistook a young gentleman, who happened to pass at the time, for one of the congregation, and, as was her custom, solicited an alms "for God's sake"—suspending, for a moment, the prayers she was reciting on the rosary, which she held between her fingers. Had he simply refused her, and passed on, she would have still blessed him. But something seemed to annoy him—perhaps it was the sight of the beads, for she heard him mutter something about d—d Papists. At all events, he called a policeman who happened to be to hand, and gave her in charge for begging.

No sooner, however, had the constable laid hands on her than she recognised him. He was her long lost son, and her accuser was the new proprietor of Barkerville, Mr. Nick, who had just returned, from England to take possession of the estate on the death of his father. Had she known him, she would not for worlds have asked him for charity. But she had scarcely ever seen him, and to her son he was at this time equally unknown. He insisted on pressing his charge, and accordingly the poor mother was conveyed in custody before a magistrate, by her own child! This was but one of the bitter fruits of his conversion, for, alas! poor David, once so pious and innocent, was now thoroughly "reformed." He was not only a staunch Protestant, but an Orangeman and Freemason to boot, and, as such, a rising member of "the force," as it was in those days constituted.

As it was her first "offence," the humane magistrate dismissed the poor woman with a caution. But her son never forgot the humiliation of that morning. In the process of examination her whole history came out. Young Squire Barker slunk away, and mother and son remained face to face at the close of the investigation. Happier days and a mother's full tide of affection rushed back upon her, and she would fain have clasped him to her heart. But he coldly evaded her advances, and actually felt ashamed to acknowledge her for his mother, as she stood in silence before his comrades. Oh! it was a deep pang to her poor suffering heart that morning—to be dragged, for the first time in her life, before a magistrate, on the charge of one whose family had so deeply injured her—and to be conveyed there, a prisoner, by her own darling Davy, who cried so bitterly at parting with her, the last time she had laid eyes on him—but, worst of all! to meet now with such a reception, after all the long years she had wept and prayed for him. No wonder she felt sad, and gave vent to that sadness in tears of bitterness, as she returned to the church, not as before, to take her stand at its porch, but to pray long and fervently, in one of its little side chapels, before the image of another sorrowing mother, to whose sorrow, however, she felt that hers was as nothing. And this reflection it was that relieved and consoled her. Before leaving, she resolved never again, by her presence, to bring a blush to her son's cheek, at the same time that she was deter-

mined not to lose sight of him altogether, still clinging fondly to the hope, that time might bring him back again to the path in which she had so carefully trained his childhood to walk.

For years she thus kept him in view. She saw him rise, step by step, till he reached the rank of head constable, and then she saw him marry a beautiful Catholic girl, the favourite of the village in which he then happened to be stationed. She was poor, and her parents thought they were acting well in giving her in marriage to one so well *fit* to do in the world. At first she was, as usual, regular in her attendance at the village chapel, and the old woman loved to kneel, unperceived, beside her, and pray for her and her husband. But soon the poor girl ceased to attend Mass, and the people said the sergeant would not allow her to go there any more. Then a little daughter was born, and its father insisted on its being baptized by the minister; but the poor mother sent it privately to the chapel to have it christened by her own clergyman. There was no one present but a poor beggar-woman, who was rarely absent from God's house whenever it was open, and she was requested to act as sponsor on the occasion. She readily complied, and no one noticed the fervor with which she clasped the little one to her bosom, when the priest had concluded the sacred rite, which he conditionally administered. And, oh! how she watched that little one grow up, and contrived, stealthily, to meet the girl that carried it out, and curtailed her own little expenditure to purchase it sweetmeats, and thought it so like her own dear little lost Mary. Another child was born, and another. But their birth seemed to bring but little joy to either parent. The poor mother seemed rapidly sinking into an early grave, and the sergeant was remarked of late to be a rather too frequent visitor at the village alehouse. Much of his pay was spent there, and, as a matter of course, his innocent family were the sufferers. Several reports had reached head-quarters against him, but he was continually shielded by the protecting *egis* of the Barker family, with whom the county inspector was on terms of closest intimacy, and to whom he himself was now also well known. For Mr. Nick had discovered that he was a genuine "true blue," both able and willing to get up as many successful conspiracies as that worthy scion of "gentle blood" deemed necessary for the removal of obnoxious neighbours, at the public expense.

Of late such applications, on the part of Mr. Nick, to the zeal of the sergeant were rather frequent, especially since the death of his mother, and the marriage of his youngest sister. He now kept what was styled a bachelor's house, and on more than one occasion narrowly escaped the vengeance of some of his under tenantry, whose hearth his villany had blighted. Prevention being better than cure, he resolved, henceforth, to send the guardians, in the first instance, beyond the seas, and then worry the flock at his leisure; and, at many an assizes, at which he sat as grand juror, did he find Pfeiffer a successful agent in carrying out his diabolical projects. But his protégé's confirmed habits of intem-

perance, and his brutality towards his wife and children, became at length too notorious, and, despite all remonstrance on the part of the inspector, he was dismissed from the constabulary in disgrace.

Still the young squire did not abandon him. He was as yet by far too useful an agent to be thus easily parted with. But, as Mr. Nick was as parsimonious as he was profligate, he transferred the burden of supporting him from his own shoulders to the more plethoric ones of the Irish Society, by which, after due preliminary training in the Society's Seminary, he was nominated head missionary of the Ballymacsthradheen district.

Mr. Nick, as we have said, was saving; and now that he had placed Pfeiffer in a "respectable position," he determined, through his instrumentality, to place himself in a lucrative one.

His neighbour, Squire Bunbury, had a maiden sister, a little ancient it is true, and rather fallow. But she was pious and rich; and as Mr. Nick did not regard personal appearance in a *wife*, he was quite content with her other attractive qualities, or even with one of them. There was no chance, however, of winning the smiles of Miss Diana Bunbury, or hearkening unto the chink of her gold, unless he gave up the patronage of Miss Rebecca Bloomfield, the newly-appointed mistress of the Evangelical schools of which he was patron. Miss Bloomfield was very pious, no doubt, and regularly paraded her two dozen kidnapped little girls, Sabbath after Sabbath—she never used the word Sunday—to "meeting." Still rumour went abroad that she regarded one of the commandments, at least, as decidedly apocryphal—to be "read" indeed with the rest, "for edification," but by no means reduced to practice. In a word, rumour said that the sooner she was provided for, the better for her reputation and that of the Society's "hill of truth"—for so they styled the locality of which Miss Bloomfield was mistress. In this rumour, Miss Rebecca Bunbury joined, or at least gave credence thereto.

But what was to be done with her? The very question that presented itself to Mr. Nick's mind, when old Bunbury insisted, one evening after their fourth bottle, on the schoolmistress's immediate marriage, as an essential preliminary to any further matrimonial negotiations with his sister.

"What in the world is to be done with her?" soliloquised the hopeful bachelor, as he rode home to Barkerville late that same evening, after paying Miss Bloomfield a passing visit on his way. "I cannot part with her, and yet, confound her! that cursed old jade suspects something, and insists on her being either dismissed or married."

The moon just peered out through a cloud at the moment, and while passing on to another, would seem to have shed a ray of its light on the rather obscured intellect of the soliloquizer.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, rising in his saddle. "A capital plan, by Jove, hurrah!" and he set spurs to his horse with a mind considerably relieved of its recent anxiety.

Late as it was when he reached home, a messenger was dispatched to the residence of Pfeiffer, which was some miles distant—and next morning, at an early hour, a knock at the squire's door announced the arrival of the missionary.

"Morrow, Pfeiffer!" said the squire, with a condescending air, as his protégé entered.

"Good morrow, your honor," returned Pfeiffer, with his most cringing obeisance.

"Well, Pfeiffer, I am glad to hear you have given up the liquor. How are the classes advancing?"

"Elegant, sir. Only for those young rascals that are always calling us 'Soupers!'"

"I'm surprised at—at a man of your sense, Pfeiffer; surely you don't mind them."

"Not I, sir."

"So I thought. Well, now, Pfeiffer, I have a capital project in view for your advancement. But mind, you must continue to keep from drink. I have got a wife for you?"

"But, sir, sure I'm married already."

"Who married you?"

"Priest ——."

"Pshaw, man! I'm astonished at hearing you speak so. Don't you know a Popish priest has no power to marry a Protestant. I wish the old fellow were now alive, and I'd soon teach him canon law; but he died, I believe, of that infernal cholera when it passed this way. 'Twas no more a marriage than that of the crows in Barkerville rookery. I suppose you don't mean to say the crows are legally married—do you?" and the squire smiled good-humouredly.

A little more such reasoning, rendered additionally conclusive by the promise of a handsome dowry, and a snug residence on a remote district of the estate, generously volunteered by the squire, made Pfeiffer a willing convert to his views. The marriage was agreed on, but when it came to the ears of his heartbroken wife, she made immediate application to the parson of Barkerville, who, to his credit be it spoken, notwithstanding that "law and order" were arrayed on the side of Pfeiffer and his patron, absolutely refused to have hand, act, or part in the iniquitous proceeding. The squire, however, was not to be foiled in his plans, though it took more time than he anticipated to accomplish them. Miss Bloomfield was induced, on some feigned pretence—for he did not yet venture to speak of his approaching marriage—to resign her charge of the school, and proceed, for some time, to the city. His wooing proceeded favourably with Miss Diana, and, in due time, he led her as his—we cannot say blushing—fiancée to the hymeneal altar. But, as the happy cortège left the church, a voice at the porch, whose accents were well known to the bridegroom, invoked a deep and awful malediction on the parties whose union had been just blessed by a minister of religion; and as the carriage, that bore the bridal party away, swept down the avenue, it all but passed over the fainting form of poor Rebecca Bloomfield.

On his return from his pleasant honey-moon, Mr.

Nick learned that she had gone back to the city, refusing all support from him, and was now leading a most unhappy life amid the worst of its outcasts. Was it remorse that touched him, or was it that he hoped again to induce her to return? We know not; but, at all events, he immediately despatched Pfeiffer in quest of her; and so far had his employée succeeded, that he had every necessary preliminary arranged for his marriage with her on the morning subsequent to the day on which we have introduced him, through his mother, to our readers.

After a quick walk of some twenty minutes, the clergyman reached the abode of crime to which we have seen him so unseasonably summoned. It was a tall edifice, situated in a narrow lane, "well known to the police," and had evidently seen better days, though now so sadly dilapidated, and surrounded by a row of houses of much smaller size and more recent construction. A considerable flight of slippery stone steps led to the principal entrance, which was doorless. Next followed a long hall, the rendezvous, in wet weather, of all the juvenile gamblers of the court. Its boarded floor was ankle-deep with mire, and so sieve-like in its perforations that it was a marvel to the neighbourhood how drunken Bill Danagher contrived to pilot his wooden leg in safety through it, when on retiring, occasionally, for a few days, from the "stone jug," as he facetiously designated the city jail, he returned to his old quarters in the garret. Through this passage, and up four flights of banisterless staircase, creaking and groaning at every step, the clergyman followed his guide, in darkness. Indeed, a light, unless hermetically encased in a lantern, would have been useless. It could not by possibility have remained one moment unextinguished amid the howling blasts of rain-surcharged wind that met and wrangled with each other on the landings. With much difficulty they at length reached the attic storey. Here the woman stopped, and gently knocked at the door of the back apartment, and her companion, despite the darkness, could perceive that she trembled violently as she did so.

Her apprehension, however, seemed to subside when the mild, pale face of the young female who opened the door, presented itself.

"Did she come in yet?" whispered the old woman.

"No," replied the party addressed, in a tone of voice that inspired the clergyman, to whom she respectfully curtsied, with confidence.

"Thank God," exclaimed the poor woman, as she now confidently requested him to enter.

On a wretched pallet before him lay a man apparently in the prime of life, but livid and shrunken from the effects of the terrible malady that had fallen upon him.

The clergyman saw, at a glance, that the case was a hopeless one, and speedily prepared to administer the last rites of the church to the dying man. But in vain did he look around for any symbol of Christianity in that wretched apartment. There was not even a chair or table upon which he might deposit the holy oils for extreme unction. A few coarse prints hung round

the wall, and the tawdry remains of some female finery formed, with the bed, its sole furniture. Fixing the rush-light that had been before stuck against the wall, on one of the posts of the bed, to enable him to read the opening prayers of the ritual, he proceeded to hear the sick man's confession, when the females had retired. But, well versed as he was in every phase of human suffering and misery, and the resources of his ministry in alleviating both, he failed on the present occasion in eliciting anything but incoherent raving from the unhappy sufferer. Summoning the females, he despatched the younger for some hot brandy and water to an adjacent public-house, and commenced to chafe the sick man's limbs, aided by his mother.

"Oh Davy, *alanna*, won't you speak to the priest," she sobbed; "sure you were calling for him awhile ago, *achora*. Don't you remember you said 'run for him, mother!' Oh! do *asthore*, speak to the priest?"

"Priest! where is he?" he wildly exclaimed, and again relapsed into his wanderings.

"He's here, *a gra-gal*. Oh! won't you say to him you're sorry for your sins?"

At these words he made an effort to rise, and the widow's heart throbbed with hope, but he again sank back on the pillow, muttering, "too late."

"Too late," he repeated in a louder tone, and the clergyman had now some hope of awaking consciousness, and was about addressing some consolatory observation to him, when his raving returned.

"The pope in the pillory, and the pillory in——" he did not finish the sentence, but again starting up, and looking wildly round, asked for Mary.

"She'll be here in a minute, *achree*," replied the mother. But won't you think of your poor soul, Davy?"

Mary here entered the room with the cordial, which she gently held to his parched lips. The draught seemed to revive him, and he recognized her. In an instant she was clasped in his plague-stained embrace, and his hot tears mingled with her's as he asked her again and again to forgive him.

"Oh! Davy *maithore*, sure you know I forgive you. I never blamed you, but those that turned you against me. Oh! I do indeed forgive you from my heart, and God will forgive you too, if you only say you are sorry for offending Him."

He made no reply, but sank a corpse on the bosom of his deeply-injured wife, who, had not death thus suddenly cut him off, would have seen him go through the mock ceremony of wedding another. In her heart of hearts she blessed God that night for having taken her three little ones to himself ere thought or word of their's could offend Him.

The clergyman stood by for some moments utterly unable to utter a word of consolation to the two desolate hearts that were now bowed down in sorrow equal to his own by that lowly bed of death. And oh, if they could only read his thoughts, they would have seen how he would have given worlds to be able to convince himself that the scene he had just witnessed

was an exception to the general axiom, "*qualis vita finis ita*."

A neighbouring clock struck the half-hour past midnight, and having given the lonely watchers what silver he had about him, and told them to call on him again next day, he was proceeding to take his departure, when the latch of the door was raised, and a female of striking beauty, but evidently flushed with drink, stood before him.

She seemed like one petrified with astonishment, and imagined no doubt that she had mistaken some other apartment for her own.

The sight of the dead man, and the presence of a priest and two strange women in her dwelling, seemed to her inexplicable. Certainly she left no one after her when she went out that afternoon. There must be some mistake, and she was accordingly about to withdraw, when the clergyman, who now fully recognized her as one of the latest additions to the phalanx of vice in the city, desired her to remain.

The spell was broken, and she pertly demanded "what right he had to interfere with her? She did not belong to him."

He was not, however, in the least surprised; it was the favorite mode of reply of many of her class to the remonstrance of the clergyman, who, when going through his parish, occasionally found it necessary to publicly censure public scandal. No, he was not surprised, when to brazen out her infamy she protested against his right of interference, as she was not a Catholic. But great was his surprise and astonishment when his guide and companion of the evening flew towards her, and with tears and kisses, clasped her again and again in her arms, calling her, "her own darling, long lost Mary." She then gazed a moment on the pallid face of the dead, and falling on her knees, gave God thank for saving her children from even still greater infamy.

We have written enough of our sad but too-truthful history. Miss Bloomfield, the Evangelical schools mistress, the protégée of Mr. Nick, and, last of all, the forlorn outcast, was one and the same with the sweet-little-innocent Mary Pfeiffer kidnapped from her poor heartbroken mother, in that self-same city, long years before. And that night beside her brother's corse, she, thanked God, with tears like the Magdalene's, for having saved her from what—bad as she was—she shuddered at the very thought of. Her conversion was as lasting and sincere as her gratitude to heaven was heartfelt, and she died soon after, the most penitent of all the penitent inmates of the convent of the Good Shepherd in that southern city, to one of whose worst localities we have been constrained by events to conduct our reader.

The good old clergyman who witnessed some of the harrowing scenes we have described, still lives, as we have said. But of Mr. Nick or Barkerville, there is not a vestige remaining, save the four moss-grown walls of the nameless mansion in which the crows now celebrate their illegal nuptials, to use Mr. Nick's own facetious phraseology. That worthy individual himself, after

spending, in scheming speculation, Miss Bunbury's ample fortune, ended his days in a private madhouse.

The Terry Alts gave his mansion to the flames one fine summer's night, and, more recently still, the hammer of the Incumbered Estates Court shivered to pieces the foundation on which Cromwell had based the family fortunes.

The new proprietor has changed the name by which, for nigh two centuries, the residence of the Barkers was known. A neighbouring Christian Brothers' school has succeeded the evangelical seminary. "Bible readers"—we mean paid ones—are at a discount in the locality; and recent events have concurred to efface from our statute-books the iniquitous enactment that enabled poor Pfeiffer to *legally* forswear his solemn matrimonial engagement; though in so doing, we must say he never dreamt of the other awful impediment to his secret marriage with Miss Bloomfield, whom he had but rarely seen, and of whose antecedents he was wholly ignorant. In a word, things are much changed for the better, at least in the district of which we write, and with every inch of which we are familiar; and so it is that we may call our narrative A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST.

THE OLD FORT.

"I AM very sorry, Mrs. O'Brien," said an old neighbour to a farmer's wife, while sitting, one summer's evening, outside a cottage-door in the south of Ireland, "I am very sorry that anything ever put it into Tom's head to till that old fort there beyond. 'Tis little land is in it, 'am sure; and I never seen any good come of middlin' with the likes of it."

"Indeed, Ned Connell," replied the woman thus addressed, "I did my best to put him off it, but Tom, you know, is an obstinate man, and he would have his own way. He only laughed at me when I spoke, and said it was the best bit of land on the farm, and you might as well be whistlin' jigs to a mile-stone, as to try and put anything out of Tom's head. Sorrow go from it for an old fort!"

The farmer's wife, it may be observed, was a middle-aged woman, with a kind but care-worn and melancholy expression of countenance. Her mind appeared to be deeply occupied with thought, while her fingers were actively engaged in knitting a coarse worsted stocking; and every now and then she turned her head as if listening for some sound, and heaved a deep sigh. The person with whom she conversed was a feeble, elderly man, who had come to enquire about her daughter, then dangerously ill. He was looked upon as a skilful and intelligent man in ordinary cases of sickness or accident, either in man or beast, and was an acknowledged authority on the traditions of half the barony. There was also a third person of the party, a country-woman of the poorest class, who was enveloped in an old blue cloak, and sat flat on the ground near Mrs. O'Brien's feet. The cottage, near the open door of which they sat, had an air of neatness that distinguished it from

others in the neighbourhood. A low wall, with a green palisade, prevented the approach of cattle and pigs to the door; the narrow space inside the wall had been gravelled, and a clematis with a few rose trees had been trained to the wall of the house, near one end, round a small window.

A severe fit of coughing was now heard from the interior of the cottage, the sound coming from the room to which the window overhung with climbing plants belonged. It was a hollow cough, one, which those from whom some dear friend has been snatched away by the destroying angel of consumption, would immediately recognise as a familiar sound; and it was a similar fit of coughing, just a little while before, which had given rise to the observation made by old Ned Connell, as we shall presently explain.

It is necessary to state that the O'Briens had only recently, that is some two or three years previously, come into the possession of their present farm. The former occupiers were a family named Sheehan, who had been visited by misfortune, and whose younger members had emigrated to America after the death of their parents, the farm being then given up, with their good will, to Tom O'Brien, an old neighbour, who was related to the Sheehans by the mother's side. O'Brien was a sturdy, active, industrious man, with a good deal of what people call common sense, and no ordinary amount of the quality which his wife had alluded to as his characteristic—namely, obstinacy. When he saw that a thing was right and useful, he totally disregarded the minor obstacles which might present themselves to its attainment, and he was seldom turned from his own view of a matter by the opinions of any one else. He had a son and daughter; the former, named Harry, resembling himself a good deal in disposition, and being besides moderately well educated for his position; and the latter a soft, gentle girl named Annie, endowed with considerable rustic beauty and great sweetness and amiability of temper. When the family had removed to the Fort Farm, as it was called, Annie O'Brien was a hale and sprightly girl, just entering her fifteenth year; there was not a finer pair of dark eyes than hers in all the country round, and her ruddy cheeks were the very emblem of good health. She was her mother's idol; her father and brother were usually ready enough to oblige her in any trivial request she made; and it was at her desire that the gravelled enclosure was made outside the front door, while her own hands trained the rose trees on the cottage wall.

But in a short time Annie's health was observed to decline. Some unheeded cold introduced the seeds of the fatal disease; and soon the wasting away became visible enough, and the terrible cough threatened to shake her whole frame asunder, but no one could tell how or when the disease had commenced. At the time referred to in our tale, the destroyer had seized upon her very vitals; herbs had ceased to produce any salutary effect; the worst symptoms had set in; several days elapsed since she had left her bed; she could no longer see the roses she loved, except where one cluster

hung down above the window of her room, and yet all this time, the idea did not enter into her own mind or the minds of her friends that she was on the very eve of death.

The reader may understand the effect produced on Mrs. O'Brien and her visitors by that church-yard cough which we have mentioned as coming from the little room in the cottage, but it did not divert Ned Connell from the point which he had in view.

"I never knew any good to come of middlin' with them ould places," he repeated, soliloquising.

"Musha, am' sure you didn't, nor any of us either;" chimed in the woman in the old blue cloak.

Mrs. O'Brien only responded with a heavy "Och on!" from her heart.

"I don't consider myself an ould man, though I was just seventy-two years last Candlemas," said Ned, "and I seen many changes, in my time, follow the same sort of middlin'. You know the ould fort that's up there in Monahibbeen?"

"Musha an' sure we do well," replied the two women.

"Well," resumed Ned, "I remember the time when ould John Hayes—one of the Hayes's of Coulnagoppul, and strong farmers they were at the time—went to till that fort, and the very mornin' he turned it up, his best horse that was yoked to the plough, and there wasn't a finer horse in the parish, died on the floor with him without any reason in the earthly world; and before the year was out, he lost two cows and a heifer. So that sometimes, you see, it falls upon the bastes, and other times it falls upon the Christians. Lord betune us and harm!"

All this statement was frequently interrupted by ejaculations of surprise, or horror, or pity, from the woman in the old blue cloak, or from Mrs. O'Brien, and this accompaniment of ejaculations from some of the hearers always gives a thrilling effect to any tale of the supernatural when told among the peasantry by any of themselves.

"But sure," continued Ned Connell, "ould Frank Collins, who was an ould man at the time I am talkin' about, Lord be good to his soul, often tould me how he used to see the coach and four drive into the same fort just after night-fall."

"Oh! Vo! Vo!" exclaimed the women.

"Well, as you are talkin' of them forts," said the woman in the old cloak, "the queerest thing that ever you heard in all your life, happened to a woman o' the Caseys down in the parish of Ballinvoher, and sure 'tis often and often she tould me of it. She was the wife of lame Billy Casey, that they used to call Lium-a-vatta, I suppose you heard tell of him; and she was a likely young woman at the time, and was nursin' her first child. But behold you, she was goin' one mornin' with a couple of hanks of yarn to a weaver in Cragmore that was weavin' a piece for her, as he happened to run short of yarn; and she set out very early entirely in the mornin', as she wanted to be home in time to have the min's breakfast ready; but it was earlier than

she thought, all the while, for the moon was shinin' bright, and she thought it was the day-light was in it. Well, my dear, she was goin' until she came to the risin' in the road, about half a mile the other side of the forge, where there is an ould fort or Cahereen, as they call it, and there she seen a house, and she was just thinkin' within herself that she never seen a house in that place before, when she seen a man lookin' from the door of the house. He was stooped down a little, and was leanin' against the jamb of the door, lookin' out, and she heard the cry of a child inside the house. 'Who knows, ma'am,' said the man, as she was passin', 'but you'd be kind enough to step in a bit, and give the breast to a child that's cryin', as its mother is not at home?' 'Indeed I will, with all my heart,' says Mrs. Casey, although at the same time she felt a sort of dread come over her. And so she did go in, and there she saw a cradle and a fine child in it, and it crying for the bare life, and she took it up, and sat down with it, and gave it the breast, and it stopped cryin' in an instant. She then began to look round her, and she seen an ould man and woman sittin' each side of the fire. They were both as ould, and withered, and miserable lookin' as anything ever you seen, and they both seemed to be greatly throubled about somethin'. 'Do you know where you are now? ma'am,' says the man that asked her to come in. 'Not a know I do, then indeed,' says Mrs. Casey, 'for I don't remember me that I ever seen this house afore.' 'Well, then, I'll tell you,' says the man, 'and you are now among the fairies.' 'O murder! murder!' says Mrs. Casey, 'will you let me out of this?' 'Do you see that ould couple there near the fire?' says the man; 'well they are goin' to die to night, and to be put in the place of a young man and a young woman in the next parish, and that is what's frettin' them,' says he; and sure enough, it was about that very time that Tom Stokes, the shoe-maker of Gurteneard, and a young woman of the Donovans near Ballintemple, were taken, and every one of the neighbours knew very well that it was struck they were, for you never saw such atomies as was left instead of them, Lord save us and purtect us! But behold you, the man then says to Mrs. Casey, 'I am very much obleeged to you entirely,' says he, 'for your kindness,' says he, 'and for your reward, any three wishes you like to make, you will get them.' 'Oh, for God's sake let me out of this,' says Mrs. Casey, 'and that is all I want from you.' 'You had better think of yourself again, my good woman,' says the man, 'before you refuse my offer,' says he; 'you will get any three things you wish for,' says he. 'I don't want any thing from you but only to let me out of this, I tell you again,' says Mrs. Casey, and so she was taken at her word, and let away, and from that minnit she didn't see one sign of the house, but only the ould Cahereen in from the road in the moonlight."

"Och! what a fool she was," exclaimed Mrs. O'Brien.

"She lost her chance, any how," observed Ned Connell.

"Musha, that's just what I said to her," rejoined the

narrator. "Musha, bad look go from you, Mrs. Casey, says I, why didn't you wish for somethin' good, when you got the offer? why didn't you get the power of curin' the people, and get a purse of goold for yourself?"

"As for their goold," interposed Ned Connell, "I believe it ginerally turns out to be somethin' not worth much."

"Musha, I believe so," resumed the woman, "but howsomever, Mrs. Casey tould me, as I tell you, that she was frightened almost out of her life, and she thought she never would get her foot outside the threshold alive. So you see she didn't gain much by the fairies."

Ned Connell all this time felt that they had strayed away from the more important subject. He wanted to show the danger of interfering with the old raths or Danish forts, as they are popularly called, and to this point he wished to bring back the conversation.

"There was one Robert Fitzgerald lived on this townland a long time ago; indeed, I think he was dead before you were born, Mrs. O'Brien."

"I often heard my mother speak of ould Robert Fitzgerald, and sure; but indeed I think, Ned, he was not livin', as you say, when I was born;" observed Mrs. O'Brien.

"Well, you see that bush growin' on the side of the fort, yonder?"

"We do, and sure," responded the woman in the old cloak; and so they might, for the old fort was scarcely twenty perches from the spot where they were sitting.

"Well," resumed Ned Connell, "ould Robert Fitzgerald tould me, that he heard the finest music in the world comin' from that white-thorn bush. He couldn't say whether it was the fiddle, or the bagpipes, or what it was, but the music was the finest he ever heard in all his life. It was after that time that Rody Sheehan, that lived and died in this house, 'rest his soul, cut down the biggest half of the bush to stop a gap where the cattle used to be goin' in and out. He didn't think it was any harm to cut it, I suppose, but indeed, indeed, I don't think he was much the better for it ever after."

Just at this moment Mr. O'Brien and his son returned home from a meadow where they had been saving hay, and after saluting the visitors, the father's first word was an enquiry about his sick child. Mrs. O'Brien did not seem to heed the question, but said in rather a peevish tone, "Tom, I tell you, you must give over tillin' that ould fort."

"What puts that into your head, Peggy?" said O'Brien; "I suppose," he continued, "this is some of Ned Connell's talk, and I am afraid he says a great deal more than his prayers."

"Whatever puts it into my head," rejoined his wife, "I tell you I will not give you any rest in the matter; and indeed you need not turn upon poor ould Ned Connell about it in that way."

"Whatever I said, Mr. O'Brien," observed the old

man thus alluded to, "it was only for your good and the good of your family."

"Indeed I am sure of that, Ned," said O'Brien, mollified, "but it's great nonsense for this woman to tell me what I must do, or must not do with the land."

"Wait, mother," said young O'Brien, laughing, "wait until you see what a heap of manure we will turn out of it when we level the ditch of the old fort altogether."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said his mother angrily, "you will never level it while there is breath in my body."

"Why, mother, who knows but we might find a pot of gold in it," said the young man, still laughing; "and," he added, "you know very well that John Doran, over there, levelled an old mound that was opposite his door, not many years ago, and nobody knows all he found in it, but at all events neither he nor his family has been a bit the worse for it ever since; and," he continued, addressing himself to old Ned Connell, as his father and mother had both gone into the sick girl's room, "I don't believe but they found more in the mound than they pretended. The great stones that were in the centre of it, were moved into the haggard, and put under the corn stacks, and as to the old bones, they were scattered to the winds, but surely there was something else in it that they did not acknowledge."

This elicited no remark from the old man, and we may take the opportunity of the pause which ensued for a few words of explanation on the subject of our tale.

We find that the old circular or polygonal enclosures so numerous throughout Ireland, and popularly known as "Danish Forts," were so called at least some two or three hundred years ago, so that the error respecting their origin must be tolerably ancient; although it is quite certain that they were never constructed by the Danes or used by that people at all, and that they were, on the contrary, the residences of the aboriginal inhabitants of Ireland, who erected their hurdle houses within them, and also penned their cattle in them in times of danger. It is fortunate for the preservation of our national antiquities, that some feeling even akin to superstition should interpose to save those venerable remains from destruction, but although such a feeling does exist, the instances are too numerous in which it has not had that desirable effect. Wherever, in fact, the enclosures in question have been constructed of stone, it would appear that the materials have been unscrupulously employed in the formation of the neighbouring fences, nothing being left but the mere traces of the foundation, except in some very few cases, as in the Firbolgic *duns* of Aran; but where the enclosing mound was of earth, as it generally was where earth was at hand, it has been respected by the husbandman in a number of cases absolutely countless. Still we know many instances in which even these earthen raths have been either entirely effaced, or partially destroyed by running farm roads through them, or employing the earth to increase the surface of the adjoining fields.

The destruction of the sepulchral mound or tumulus

mentioned above by young O'Brien has come under our own knowledge, and it was a piece of vandalism the more to be lamented as the monument was particularly interesting in connection with the traditions of the neighbourhood, and as its contents were wholly dispersed or destroyed without examination. We may still further observe that the kind of education so generally diffused at present among the class of our population to which O'Brien belonged, while it helps no doubt to remove many silly errors and prejudices, is so utterly destitute of any national element as to weaken or obliterate in many cases the veneration for the traditions and antiquities of our country. Not only are the pupils of such a system left in profound ignorance of our history, but they are very apt to be impressed with a notion either that their country has no history, or if it has, that it is not worth knowing. Young O'Brien was precisely a person on whom this kind of half education had the effect which we deprecate. He entertained a thorough contempt, of course, for all the superstitions of his more ignorant neighbours; but he also erroneously confounded with superstition many ancient traditions of the people, of the origin of which he had no conception; he was quite incapable of feeling those generous and poetic emotions which even such a knowledge of the history of his race as oral tradition had until recently kept alive among the peasantry, was capable of inspiring; that knowledge might now be more easily and correctly obtained from books, but it never entered as an element into his education; and of course those venerable remains, called forts or raths, which were still ancient a thousand years ago, had no better claim to his respect than any of the ordinary hedges or ditches about the country. Taking old Ned Connell as a representative man of our peasantry of the olden time, with all his faith in fairies, and all his primeval traditions, he was much more intellectual to our mind than Master Henry O'Brien, with his smattering of ill-digested and easily acquired knowledge, and his utterly commonplace stock of ideas.

To return to our story. Not many days elapsed until the *keena* was raised for poor Annie O'Brien, and the neighbours gathered together to accompany her remains to their last resting-place. She fell with the leaves in October, and her death left a sad void in the cottage at the Fort Farm. Her mother never after held up her head, and her father was quite subdued from his old stern ways.

"Tom achree," said Mrs. O'Brien one day, "sure you wont till that ould fort any more? sure you wont?"

"Indeed I wont, Peggy, if it plases you," replied Tom; "and to be candid with you," he added, "'tis little advantage I got by tilling it at all, for the potatoes all ran into stalks in it, and had no return worth talkin about."

But poor Tom's own days were numbered. It happened that at a fair he suffered more from cold and wet than usual, and the consequence was a fever, from which he recovered, but only to find that his constitution was broken down. Some relative of his then significantly hinted to Mrs. O'Brien, that the consumption was in his

family. The young plant went first, and the old was rapidly following it, the same fatal disease having eaten into the vitals of both. Mrs. O'Brien imagined that very little was left to her in the world when her beloved daughter was gone, but now that she saw her husband going also, she perceived that her former loss was nothing to the impending one, and she felt as a person on the very brink of despair. The necessity of performing her duties to the sick man alone sustained her energies.

One day early in spring, and long after her poor husband had ceased to leave his bed except to be assisted to the kitchen fire-side, Mrs. O'Brien stood at her cottage-door breathing the fresh air, and looking around her at objects, every one of which only made her heart sink lower and lower.

"Lord bleas me!" she muttered to herself, "I wonder is it my eyes that is failin me, or what in the earthly world is the matter with me! I can only see half of the ould fort."

She rubbed her eyes, and again gazed at the old fort, and again muttered—"Lord save us! I wonder did the ground swallow it, or is it blind I'm gettin!"

"Harry, a cessla," she said, as her son approached, "I don't know in the world what's comin over me, for I can't see only half of the ould fort."

"Faith, mother, that's all that I can see either," replied her son.

"And what happened it, Harry?" she said.

"Well indeed, nothing in the world," he replied, "nothing, only I removed it, because, you see, 'twas in the way of the plough."

"Ah! Harry, Harry, is that the way you have obeyed me?" said the mother, casting one upbraiding look at him, and the poor woman then retired into a corner of her room and wept bitterly. It was not a superstitious fear of injuring the old fort that now fretted her, but her son's disobedience that stung her to the heart. Reflecting how soon she would be following her husband's bones to the grave, she felt that all was now gone indeed, and that her last ties on earth were unhinged.

And so the time came round quietly enough for another funeral from the Fort Farm. There was a large gathering of the neighbours on this second sad occasion, for Tom O'Brien was respected in all the country round; and as the people collected in small groups about the yard and garden, and in the breen leading to the cottage, and up in the old fort, waiting for the corpse to be taken out, they all spoke most favourably of his character. "He was a decent, honest man," said one. "He was an honest man, indeed, and a good neighbour," observed another. "Musha, he was, and a hard-workin' poor man," chimed in a third. "He hadn't a crooked turn in him," said another; and so on, every one having some kind word to say of the deceased; and all the while the wailing of the Irish cry issued loudly from the cottage. The widow poured out her grief in agonizing tones, several relatives also cried, and it was hard for any heart to withstand the sound of lamentation without being affected.

"God help the poor family," said one of a group of

neighbours waiting in the farm-yard. "Musha, what signifies the family after all," observed another, "for sure 'tis shortly the ould woman will last now, and I may say there's no one else depindin' on him." "How soon they all melted away!" was the observation of another. "He never did much good since the daughter died," remarked one of the speakers, "and isn't it quare," he added, "that 'twas twelve months nearly to the day between the death of the father and the daughter." "You're just right," remarked another. "Faith and sure I am," was the rejoinder, "for wasn't it the day after the fair of Ballintimpul that Annie O'Brien was buried, and sure the same fair day was last week?"

"Does any of ye know how the daughter wint?" asked one of the party, in a tone which was as much as to say that he did."

"Faith, and sure we don't," was the reply.

"Did ye never hear," said the former speaker, who was none other than old Ned Connell, "how she fell asleep in the ould fort, and how when she awoke she found the pieces of silver money in her lap, and how she put up the money when she went into the house, and how the next day she found nothing in their place but as many withered leaves as there were pieces of silver?"

"Well, well," ejaculated the listeners, not one of whom doubted the truth of the statement.

"And from that day to the day of her death," continued Ned, "she never was well; and indeed I think it would be better for the family all through, if no one of them ever had a hand in the same ould fort."

All agreed that it was not safe to meddle with such old places, and that at all events, they would not touch them themselves; and each of them could relate several stories to enforce the point if necessary. And thus did they discuss the matter while they accompanied poor Tom O'Brien's coffin to the grave.

It is needless to add another death to the sad catalogue here enumerated, by following the brief remainder of Mrs. O'Brien's career to its close. Harry O'Brien soon after finding that things did not go on very successfully with him, resolved to seek his fortune in a country better suited to his intellectual development, and so he emigrated to America; and old Ned Connell, creeping slowly along the road of an evening, in conversation with a neighbour, could not help remarking how soon the O'Briens melted away like the Sheehans. His own back was considerably more stooped than formerly, and when he thought of all the old neighbours who had vanished from his sight, he began to feel, especially after his seventy-fifth summer, that he himself was growing old.

From the coincidence of some of the events mentioned in this simple tale, we would not draw any conclusion favourable to the peculiar superstition which it illustrates. Far be it from us; but we would ask our readers to treat with some respect such venerable remains of our national antiquity as the OLD FORT.

M. H.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AFTER READING "GILBERT'S HISTORY OF DUBLIN."

LONG have I loved the beauty of thy streets,
Fair Dublin! Long, with unavailing vows,
Sigh'd to all guardian deities, who rouse
The spirits of dead nations to new heats
Of life and triumph:—vain the fond conceits,
Nestling like eaves-warmed doves 'neath patriot brows:
Vain as the Hope, that from thy Custom House,
Looks o'er the vacant bay in vain for fleets.
Genius alone brings back the days of yore—
Look! look what life is in these quaint old shops—
The loniest lanes are rattling with the roar
Of coach and chair; fans, feathers, flambeaus, fops,
Flutter and flicker thro' yon open door,
Where Handel's hand moves the great organ's stops.
D. F. MAC CARTHY.

NOCTES LOVANIENSES.

FRANCISCAN MONASTERIES OF GALWAY, ROSSERILLY,
KENALEHEN, AND CREEVELEA.

"THE Franciscan monastery of Galway," resumed the Provincial, "was founded by William de Burgh, surnamed *Liagh* (the gray), in the year 1296, outside the city wall, and in the fair little island called after the protomartyr—*Insula S. Stephani*. The illustrious founder spared no expense to render this monastery one of the finest in Ireland, and, indeed, the spacious dimensions of its church, the rich marble of which it was constructed, and the splendour of its altars, are so many irrefragable evidences of the piety and taste of the noble De Burgh. He lived to see it solemnly consecrated, and when dying ordered that his remains should be laid in the gorgeous monument which he caused to be built for himself and his posterity, right under the shadow of the grand altar. When I visited Galway, the tomb of the founder, like those of most of the chief families of the neighbourhood, was in good preservation, but particularly that of De Burgh, round whose recumbent effigy I read the following inscription: '*Memoria Illmi Domini Gul. de Burgo, Sue Nationis principis et hujus monasterii fundatoris qui obiit 1324.*' The endowments which De Burgh made to this monastery were very numerous, and consisted of water-mills upon the river, and the tithes of some acres of arable land near the city; and, that our friars should never lack fish, he ordained that on every Wednesday they should be supplied with one salmon out of the great weir, on every Saturday with three out of the *high weir*, and on the same day with one out of the hawl-net, and with all the eels that might be taken one day in each week out of the many eel weirs on the river.

"As an instance of the high esteem in which the Franciscans of Galway were held by the Court of Rome, I should not omit to tell you that, in 1381, Pope Urban VI. authorised the guardian of that venerable house to ex-

communicate every one within the borders of Connaught who presumed to adopt the party of the anti-Pope Clement VII., whose abettors were very numerous in France, Naples, and Scotland. That, in sooth, was a disastrous era to the Church, when cardinals, kings, and laymen contested the legitimacy of the election of the two rival Pontiffs, the one in Avignon and the other in Rome; but, be it recorded to the honor of our Galway brethren, that they adhered with unalterable fidelity to Pope Urban, the rightful successor of Gregory XI., who, at the instance of St. Catherine of Siena, re-established the residence of the Popes in Rome, after an interval of seventy years, which the people of that city termed the seven decades of the Babylonish captivity.

"I may say, unhesitatingly, that the Galway monastery had as many benefactors as any other house of our order in Ireland; for, indeed, the inhabitants of that ancient city loved our habit, and never tired of ministering to the maintenance of our brethren. The largesses of the rich and noble helped to keep the buildings in good repair, and the poor man was ever ready with his mite, to promote the same object. Indeed, the Register which records the multitudinous bequests and legacies of the townspeople to that monastery is still in the possession of one of our brethren in Galway, and on turning over its pages I found ample evidence of the love and veneration which the citizens of every grade always cherished for our institute. How many instances could I adduce of their almost princely munificence! but I must restrict myself to mentioning only a few of the many which, I trust, will never be forgotten. Thus, for example, as I learnt from the Register, Edward Philibyn, a wealthy merchant, rebuilt the dormitory for our friars in 1492; and in 1538, John French, then chief magistrate of the city, erected the beautiful chapel on the south side of the monastery, in honor of God and St. Francis, and for the good estate of his own soul and the souls of his posterity. As for the tombs of the distinguished denizens of Galway and its neighbourhood who selected our church for their last resting-place, let it suffice to say that they are very numerous, and splendid productions of the sculptor's chisel. De Burghs, Lynches, Fitz-Stephens, and O'Flaherties, moulder there beneath marble monuments, exquisitely wrought, rich in heraldry and pompous epitaphs, recording many a high achievement on the battle-field, in the senate, and in the mart. Apart from those gorgeous monuments—last efforts of human vanity if you will—there is, in the south side of the choir, an humble cenotaph, sacred to the memory of a truly great man, whose extensive and profound erudition reflects honor on the Franciscan order of which he was, in sooth, a most distinguished ornament. I speak of Maurice O'Fihiley, or Maurice de Portu, whom Julius II. advanced to the archiepiscopal see of Tuam, in 1506. From what I have been able to learn of this wonderful scholar, it appears that he was a native of Baltimore, in the county of Cork, and took the surname '*De Portu*,' from the celebrated haven on which that town is situated. Having completed his studies in Padua, he for a long time

taught philosophy in that learned city, and earned a world-wide reputation by the variety of his writings, some of which were not published till after his death. His principal works are '*Commentaries on Scotus*,' a '*Dictionary to the Scriptures*,' the '*Enchiridion Fidei*,' or a Manual of the Faith, which he dedicated to the Earl of Kildare; '*The Compendium of Truths*,' in Leonine meter, and many others which it would be superfluous to enumerate. This truly learned man was corrector* of the press for that far-famed printer Benedict Locatelli, and filled the same place in the printing establishment of Octavian Schott, at Venice. Having assisted at the early sessions of the Council of Lateran, (1512,) and returned to Ireland in the following year, he landed at Galway, where he fell sick and died in our convent there. Few indeed have won greater renown in the republic of letters, and well did he deserve the epithet bestowed upon him by the learned men of his day, who justly styled him '*Flos Mundi*.'† Two of his successors in the see of Tuam, Thomas O'Mullaghy‡ and Christopher Bodkin,§ await the resurrection in the same humble tomb.

This venerable monastery, however, was doomed to share the fate of most of our other houses in Connaught, and accordingly, in the year 1570, the greater part of its possessions was wrested from the friars, and granted to the corporation of Galway, and their successors. As for the convent and church they were both assigned to an individual who, *pretending to have adopted the doctrines of the Anglican religion, in order to accommodate himself to the times,*|| contrived withal to do great services to our brotherhood when they were banished from their ancient precincts. Nothing indeed could have been more strange than the conduct of this anonymous grantee, for he possessed himself of the old conventual register, in which all legacies bequeathed to our friars were entered, and not only did he vigorously enforce the payment of the amounts, but he actually handed them over to the community (then residing in a house which they rented in the city), in order that all such pious donations might be expended on the repairs and preservation of the ancient edifice. Furthermore, as the island on which the monastery stands belonged to him, he could not be induced to part with a single perch of it at any price, no matter how tempting, and instead of letting it to others, he built there sundry handsome houses which accommodate upwards of fifty persons, together with three water-mills for grinding corn. It was during the construction of the latter that the weir which formerly belonged to the Franciscans was demolished. From the earliest times, too, it was customary for all vessels coming up the river with wood and other sorts of fuel, to give a little of it by way of alms to our friars, and strange as it may seem this anonymous benefactor still insists on the observance of the usage,

* In the early ages of printing the office of "*corrector*," was conferred on none but the most learned.

† The World's Flower.

‡ Obiit 1536.

§ 1572.

|| Father Mooney does not give this individual's name, but simply mentions him thus—"Simulat se hæreticum esse ut tempori serviat."

and thus supplies our brotherhood in the city with coal and fire-wood. He also maintains the ancient immunities of St. Stephen's Island, so much so, that he will not allow the mayor to carry his insignia beyond the middle of the bridge (leading to the island), which in the olden time marked the limit of the municipal jurisdiction in that quarter. Two customs which struck me as very peculiar, are still observed in the city of Galway, and so remarkable are they that I think them worth recording. First, almost every one who has anything to leave when dying, bequeaths a proportionate sum for the preservation and repairs of the monastery; and secondly, vast numbers of the citizens of every age, sex and condition, go each evening at sunset, to that venerable old church to pour out their hearts in prayer to God, who, I doubt not, will one day reward their most edifying piety. I have already told you that at the time of my visit to Galway the monastery and church were in excellent preservation, but I should not forget to mention that in 1603, James the First of England, granted both to Sir George Carew and his heirs for ever. Thenceforth our venerable church was turned into a profane court-house, where judges appointed by Chichester, the lord deputy, held assizes for the town and county. Alas, it was heart-rending to witness such desecrations, and the tears fell fast and hot from my eyes, when, on entering the holy edifice I found it crowded with litigants, the pulpit turned into a witness box, the choir and chancel adapted to accommodate a multitude of noisy lawyers, and worst of all, the grand altar transformed into a bench for a bloated judge, who was entirely ignorant of the language and customs of the people. Witnessing the sad spectacle, I was forcibly reminded of that passage in the Psalms: *Tunc imponent super altare tuum vitulos—“Then shall they lay calves upon thine altar.”* I have nothing further to add to this meagre account of our once splendid monastery of Galway, except that I was not able to ascertain what had become of its altar-plate and rich vestments, all of which had fallen into the hands of our implacable enemies. A few Franciscans still continue to live in the house which Father Maurice Ultan rented for them in the city, and their zeal is of greatest benefit to the townspeople, as well as to those of the suburbs.*

“Another house,” continued the provincial, “where I spent some days during my visit to Connaught, pleased me almost as much as did that of Moyne. I now speak of the beautiful and spacious church and monastery of Rosserilly, or, as it is called by the Irish, Ros-Irial,

* Some years after Mooney's visit to Galway, that is to say in 1611, Valentine Blake Fitz-Thomas, who was the mayor, built a mortuary chapel for himself and his posterity on the south side of the choir; and in 1642, Richard Martin of Dungorie bequeathed a considerable sum for the erection of a chapel in the same monastery. In 1643, Father Valentine Brown, then guardian, caused the ancient church to be re-opened, and Mass was sung there for the first time since its suppression. The same guardian, whose name figures in Rinuccini's despatches, repaired the founder's tomb, and spared no pains to restore the sacred edifice,

which is situated in the diocese of Tuam, and within eight or nine miles of that ancient city. Who its founder was I have not been able to ascertain, but there can be no doubt that it was erected for Franciscans, in the year 1351. Never was a more solitary spot chosen for the habitation of a religious community than that on which Rosserilly stands; for it is surrounded by marshes and bogs, and the stillness that reigns there is seldom broken save by the tolling of the church bell, or the whirr of the countless flocks of plover and other wild birds that frequent the fens which abound in that desolate region. Another remarkable feature of the locality is that the monastery can only be approached by a causeway paved with large stones, over an extent of fully two hundred paces, and terminating at the enclosure which was built in 1572, by Father Ferrall M'Egan, a native of Connaught, and then provincial of the Irish Franciscans. He was, in sooth, a distinguished man in his day, famed for eloquence and learning, and singularly fond of Rosserilly, which he used to compare to the Thebaid, whither the early Christians fled for prayer and contemplation. He died in our house of Kilconnell, where he made his religious profession, and there he awaits the resurrection—peace to his memory!

“As for the church of Rosserilly, it is indeed a beautiful edifice, and the same may be said of the monastery which, although often garrisoned by the English troops during the late war, is still in excellent preservation. Cloister, refectory, dormitory, chapter-house, library, and lofty bell-tower have all survived the disasters of that calamitous period; but in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of Elizabeth the friars were forcibly expelled from their beloved retreat, and monastery and church were, by a royal ordinance, granted to an Englishman, who laid sacrilegious hands on our vestments, altar-plate, books, and muniments, leaving us nothing but bare walls and the rifled tombs of our benefactors.

It was not long, however, till the friars returned to Rosserilly, for that good and great man, the Earl of Clanricarde,† took pity on them, and having purchased the Englishman's interest in the monastery, restored them to their venerable abode. Thenceforth the community of Rosserilly consisted of six priests and two lay brothers, who laboured indefatigably for the repairs of the sacred edifice, till Daniel, the Protestant Archbishop of Tuam, at the instance of Sir Arthur Chichester, then Lord-deputy, drove them out once more, and caused the altars to be demolished. In justice, however, to this pseudo-bishop, who was deeply learned in the Irish

from which the friars were ultimately ejected in 1652, when Cromwell's soldiers, under Governor Stubbers, destroyed the church and its rich monuments. Stephen Lynch, Francis Birmingham, and Francis Burke were members of the Franciscan Community of Galway, and distinguished themselves by their learned works, published at Rome, where they died about 1690. They were all educated at St. Isidore's, and inherited the love of erudition which we trust shall always distinguish the students of that venerable house, on which the memory of Wadding and Harold casters everlasting lustre.

† Ulick, third earl of Clanricarde, who died in 1601.

language, I must say, that although authorized to arrest the friars, he did not do so, but rather sent them word privately that he was coming, in order that they might have time to save themselves by flight. In fact, he acted against his own will and in obedience to the Lord Deputy's commands. * * *

"How strange," interrupted Father Purcell, "that the Earl of Clanricarde should take such interest in the safety and well-being of our poor friars?"

"Indeed," replied the Provincial, "it was only natural that he should comport himself so, for his mother* was a true benefactress to our order, as you will see by what I am going to tell you. In the diocese of Clonfert, and on the declivity of Slieve-Aughty, in a place almost as solitary as Rosserilly, we had a small but handsome monastery and church, called Kenalehyn, founded by the De Burghos, some time in the fourteenth century. It was, indeed, a fair building as friar could wish to see, and the few acres of land with which it was endowed yielded all that was necessary for the maintenance of a small community. Its gardens and orchards were the best in the whole district, and, as I said before, its situation—far away from public thoroughfares, and in the immediate territory of the Earls of Clanricarde—protected it for a considerable time from the inroads and devastations of the English soldiery. In the late war, however, both monastery and church were burnt to the ground by Sir Richard Bingham; but the moment the intelligence of the catastrophe reached the ears of the most noble lady, (the actual earl's mother,) she ordered that the church should be re-roofed, and a wing of the monastery made habitable for the community. Nay more, the present earl and Richard de Burgho,† surnamed the Red, rebuilt the dormitory and other appurtenances of the place, and purchased the entire from the Crown, rather than allow it to fall into the hands of the Protestants. How truly doth holy writ say that a good tree beareth good fruit!

"And yet," remarked Father Purcell, "the present earl, whom you have so much landed, was dubbed *Richard of Kinsale*, for the services he rendered the English when they beleagured the Spaniards in that town."

"'Tis, alas too true," replied the Provincial, "and, indeed, the Anglo-Irish nobles always sided with our enemies; nay, and incited multitudes of the Irish themselves to swell the ranks of our oppressors. Withal, it would be unjust to deny the De Burghos that gratitude which our order owes them, for they were always among the best and most distinguished of its benefactors; but let me resume, and conclude what remains to be said of Rosserilly. In 1604, the munificence of "*Richard of Kinsale*" enabled the community to repair the monastery and church which, as I have already told you, was considerably dilapidated during the late war; and in that same year our friars buried within its precincts‡

one of the noblest and bravest heroes of whom his country could boast, namely, Bryan Oge O'Rourke, son of Bryan-na-Murtha,§ of whose glorious death you, doubtless, have heard."

"Methinks," replied Father Purcell, "that he was executed in London, but I confess that I am not acquainted with the circumstances which brought him to the scaffold."

"Listen, then," continued the Provincial, "for it will not take long to narrate them, and, indeed, they deserve to be recorded. When some of the ships of the ill-fated Armada went to pieces on the coast of Sligo, Bryan-na-Murtha O'Rourke, pitying the Spaniards who appealed to him for protection, not only sent them immediate aid, but invited them and their chief officer, Antonio de Leva, to his castle of Dromahere, where they were entertained with unbounded hospitality. O'Rourke's conduct, however, provoked the vengeance of the queen, who ordered her deputy, Fitzwilliam, and Sir Richard Bingham, to waste with fire and sword the principality of Breffny. As for the chieftain himself, he was obliged, after some ineffectual resistance, to fly into Scotland, where he was arrested by order of James VI., now King of England, who perfidiously sent him in chains to London. Arraigned on a charge of high treason, the noble-minded chieftain refused to bend his knee before the insignia of royalty; and, when taunted by one of the privy councillors that he used to make no difficulty about kneeling in presence of images of saints, he coolly replied that there was a very wide difference between images of holy personages and the men with whom he was then confronted. Sentence of death being recorded, he was soon afterwards led to the place of execution, where he was met by that vile apostate, Myler M'Grath, pseudo-Archbishop of Cashel, who strove in vain to make him abjure the faith, but O'Rourke spurned him as a renegade dog, and died a true son of holy Church."||

"Alas, alas!" interrupted Father Purcell, "M'Grath's apostacy is a sad reflection on our seraphic institute—is the wretched man still living?"

"You might as well say, dear brother," replied the Provincial, "that Lucifer's fall reflected disgrace on the faithful angels. Scandals, you know, have been and must be, as we learn from holy writ. M'Grath is still alive, extremely old,¶ and bedrid, cursed by the Protestants for alienating the revenues and manors of the ancient see of Cashel, and derided by the Catholics, who are well acquainted with the drunken habits of himself and his coadjutor, Knight.** Nevertheless, from all I have been able to learn of M'Grath, there is some reason to hope that he will return to the Church; and, if I be not misinformed, he would now gladly exchange

§ Of the ramparts.

|| In 1591.

¶ He died in 1622, aged one hundred.

** In Harries's Ware we are told, that Knight "grew weary of the coadjutorship, and returned to England, because he had appeared drunk in public, and thereby exposed himself to the scorn and derision of the people."

* Honora, daughter of John Burke of Tullyreay.

† He was the fourth Earl of Clanricarde, and died in 1635.

‡ In Geraghty's edition of the Four Masters there is a remarkable blunder regarding this fact, for the translator mistook Ross-Irelagh, or Muckruss, Killarney, for Rosserilly, near Headford, county Galway.

the Rock of Cashel for that of the Capitoline, where he spent his youth in Araceli.*

"Let us now come back to O'Brien Oge O'Rourke, who, when the news of his father's death reached Ireland, was duly inaugurated in his stead. This worthy son of a martyred sire distinguished himself in many a glorious action during the Elizabethan war, and particularly in that far-famed fight near Boyle, where he and O'Donel routed the English, under Clifford, on the memorable feast of the Assumption.† Ever active and indefatigable in the service of his religion and country, he marched with O'Donel to Kinsale, and did his utmost to retrieve the disasters of that fatal day, holding out to the last, till the usurpation of a step-brother compelled him to return home and reassert his rights over the principality of his fathers. Thenceforth his castle of Leitrim became the refuge of such of the Irish chieftains as still held out against the English, in the hope of obtaining succour from Spain.‡ In that hospitable mansion he sheltered M'Guire of Fermanagh, and the O'Sullivans, after their unparalleled march of a hundred leagues, in the depth of winter, from Glengariff to Breffny; and beneath its walls he routed, with signal slaughter, a large body of troops commanded by Lambert, Governor of Connaught, and Captain Bustock, who was slain in the field.§ The treason, however, of his step-brother, who was supported by the English, ultimately succeeded, and the gallant chieftain, deserted by his followers, after making terms for his life, returned to Galway, where he fell sick and died of a broken heart. His last wish was that his remains should repose in the cloister of Rosserilly, and our friars took care to see that wish fulfilled; for in the month of January, when the snow lay thick on the roads, the funeral cortège, accompanied by a few faithful friends, entered the enclosure of the monastery, and, as soon as the requiem mass had been sung, our brotherhood piously hollowed out a grave in the cloister, and there interred all that remained of one of the bravest and best of those Irishmen whose names deserve to be canonized in the pages of history. I know not whether that grave is marked by any cenotaph, but as long as a single fragment of Rosserilly stands, the pilgrim and the wayfarer shall point to it as the last resting-place of Bryan Oge O'Rourke."

"God rest his soul," said Father Purcell, "for he was faithful to the land that gave him birth. Did not one of his ancestors found a monastery for the Franciscans?"

"Most certainly," replied the provincial; "nor did I intend to omit mentioning that fact. Indeed I have good reason to remember the monastery and church of Ballyrourke, or as some call it, Creevelea, for it was there I was ordained priest, and celebrated my first mass.¶ That once splendid monastery was founded in

* The Franciscan convent at Rome, where M'Grath made his noviciate.

† 1599.

‡ March, 1603.

§ Every vestige of Leitrim Castle has disappeared.

¶ "Ibi celebravi primam missam et sacrum presbiteratus ordinem recepi."

1508, by Owen O'Rourke, prince of Breffny, at the instance of his wife, Margaret O'Brien, daughter of Conor King of Thomond, and sister of Fiongalla—the Fair Shouldered—who, as I have already told you, was mainly instrumental in erecting our venerable house of Donegal. The spot which the princess of Breffny selected for the building lies on the bank of the river Boned, within an easy walk of the Castle of Dromahaire; and, if we may credit local tradition, blessed Patrick erected a church on the same site, which is still called Carrig-Phadrug, or Patrick's rock. The entire edifice, including altars, columns, and chapter, was constructed of fine stone, resembling gray marble; and for its dimensions it was not inferior, as regards architecture and elaborate sculpture, to any other house of our institute in Ireland. Owen O'Rourke erected a monument for himself and his posterity, within the chancel,¶ and three years after the foundation stone was laid, Thomas MacBrady, Bishop of the Two Breffnys (Kilmore), attended by a brilliant retinue of ecclesiastics and laics, consecrated the church and monastery under the invocation of St. Francis. The first friars who took possession of Creevelea were sent from Donegal, for the Princess Margaret, out of affection for her sister, preferred those to whom the latter had been such a constant and munificent benefactress. The community, though small, was well endowed by the O'Rourke, and as long as that princely family ruled their ancient territory, the Franciscans of Creevelea lacked nothing that could contribute to their peace and humble maintenance. The Princess Margaret died in 1512,** and was the first tenant of the splendid tomb†† erected by her lord; and he himself was laid in the same sepulchre in 1528, having previously taken the habit of St. Francis, after extreme unction and repentance. It was, indeed, a year remarkable for the decease of many of those to whom our order is indebted, for in it our brotherhood had also to bewail the loss of Fiongalla, wife of Donel, who, after a life spent in acts of charity and humanity, and after wearing our habit two-and-twenty years, passed out of this life to that everlasting blessedness which she so well merited by her devotedness to God and our holy founder, St. Francis. Eight years‡‡ after the death of Owen O'Rourke—that defending pillar of hospitality, feats of arms, and nobility—a sad misfortune befell the community of Creevelea, for in the dead of night, when the friars were asleep in their cells, a fire broke out—I know not by what accident—and burnt down a goodly portion of the edifice.

It was, indeed, a disastrous night, for along with the loss of many valuable books, the community had also to lament the death of Heremon O'Donel, one of the brotherhood who perished in the flames whilst striv-

¶ He died in this monastery, and was buried in that of Cavan, in the same year (1511).

** Ware, a very unsafe authority regarding the conventual institutions, falsely states that the monastery was built during her widowhood.

†† It still exists, though mutilated.

‡‡ 1636.

ing to save the sacred vessels. Bryan Ballach O'Rourke, however, (Owen's successor, and father of Bryan-na-Murtha, of whom I have already spoken), partially restored the sacred edifice; but owing to the constant wars in which he was engaged, he was never able to fully repair the damage caused by the fire. Nevertheless the community continued to live there, labouring, praying, and educating the youth of the district till they were expelled from their venerable abode by Sir Richard Bingham, who, on more than one occasion, turned the monastery and church into quarters for his soldiers, pillaged the place, and burnt the richly carved panels of the choir for fuel. The fatal issue of the late war, and the revolt of Teige O'Rourke, who, after the defeat at Kinsale, as I have already told you, joined the enemies of his country, completed the ruin of Creevelea, for he who would have restored, nay, renewed its beauty, now lies sleeping his last sleep in the cloister of Rosserilly.

"And how fared it with that traitorous Teige?" asked Father Purcell.

"As he deserved," replied the provincial, "for the English, on the accession of James I., rewarded his recreancy with the title of knight, and made him a grant of some hundreds of acres in the ancient principality of Breffny. He did not, however, live long to enjoy either title or lands, for he died in 1605, and was buried in the ancestral tomb at Creevelea. May God assail him, for he hated his stepbrother, the rightful prince of Breffny, and would not rest in the same sepulchre with him!"

"Tis a sad instance of fraternal discord," observed Father Purcell.

"Only one of the many which wrought Ireland's ruin, dear friend," resumed the Provincial. "Alas, to what excesses will not ambition and sordid self-interest impel even the hearts of brothers. Is it not Virgil who says of that passion—

'Tu potes unanimes armare in prelia fratres;'

and does not Lucan tell us in his *'Pharsalia'* that a brother's blood shed by a brother's hand was the first to stain the walls of Rome.

'Fraterno primi maduerunt sanguine muri.'

But why go beyond the inspired books for examples when we can find them in the history of Jacob and Esau, of Absalom and Ammon, and in that of Lisimachus and Menelaus?*

"True, true," replied Father Purcell, "'tis the old story of Eteocles and Polynices repeating itself. The ashes of these two brothers, conscious of resentment to the last, would not consume on the same pyre, and perhaps—shall I hazard the reflection?—perhaps the bones of those O'Rourkes would not crumble in peace had they been laid in the same sepulchre,—*'Fratrum quoque gratia rara est,'* as Ovid hath it."

"What an extravagant supposition!" remarked the Provincial; "but instead of indulging such idle fancies, let us pray that the Irish of future times, warned by the calamities that have fallen upon their predecessors, will guard against an accursed policy, which has worked out its worst ends by sowing the seeds of dissension in

* Macabees 2. 4.

hearts created by God to struggle and combine for their country's happiness.

"Little more remains to be said of Creevelea, for when Bryan, son of Teige the usurper, was summoned to London in 1615, and told that he should allow his lands to be colonised by English and Scotch undertakers, he refused to agree to such a proposal, and was then immured in the Tower, where he is at this moment.† Breffny, meanwhile, was parcelled out between Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and the Hamiltons, who scourged the native population with a rod of iron. As for the monastery, it was leased to one Harrison, who in consideration of an annual and exorbitant rent, allowed the friars to cover a portion of the church with thatch, and themselves, now reduced to four or five, to live as best they may in miserable shielings near the ancient monastery. A truculent grasping wretch is this Harrison; for he no sooner discovered that peculiar trait of the Irish character—I mean their hereditary love of being interred in the graves of their forefathers, or within the precincts of some hallowed ruin—than he erected a gate at the entrance of the cemetery, and levied toll on every corpse that was brought to be buried there."

"A veritable Charon," observed Father Purcell, "who will not allow the dead to cross the Stygian lake, till he has received his piece of money!"—

"Or rather one," replied the Provincial, "who ignores the virtues which recommended Tobias to the angel Raphael. We have talked far into the night, so for the present enough."

We may supplement Mooney's narrative, by stating that Creevelea was repaired by the Franciscans in 1642, when Sir Owen O'Rourke made an attempt to recover the lordship and lands of his ancestors, but at the close of the Cromwellian war, that family was once more involved in the general confiscations. That some of the O'Rourke's, however, still clung to their natal soil is quite certain, as we learn from the beautiful epitaph, which Teige O'Roddy of Crossfield, (Co. Leitrim,) composed for one of them who died young in 1671.

*"CONDITUR EXIGUA ROURK HAC BERNARDUS IN URNA,
STIRPE PERILLUSTRI, MENTE, LYRAQUE LINUS,
HIC PUDOR HIPPOLITI, PARIDIS GENA, PECTUS ULYSSIS,
ÆNEAE PIETAS, HECTORIS IRA JACET.
FLOS JUVENUM, SPLENDOR PROAVUM, JUNII IDIBUS
EHEU!*

INTERIIT, RUTILUS VECTUS AD USQUE POLOS!"

As for the friars, they continued to live in thatched cabins in the neighbourhood of the monastery, and be it recorded to their honor, one of them (in the year 1718.) initiated the venerable Charles O'Connor of Belenagare in the first rudiments of Latin, as he himself tell us in his memoirs. At present Creevelea is a very extensive ruin, containing, along with the tomb of its founder, various fragments of monuments to the O'Murroughs, Cornins, and other ancient families of Breffny-O'Rourke.

† He was imprisoned in 1617, and spent thirty years in the Tower of London.

A DAY AT GLENDALOUGH.

BY W. F. WAKEMAN.

SOME twenty years ago we paid our first visit to the "Valley of the Seven Churches"—"that inexpressibly singular scene of Irish antiquities," as described by Sir Walter Scott. Wishing to renew our impressions of what may justly be considered the most interesting and picturesque district in Ireland, we, in company with a friend, started one fine morning last May on a two days' tour in Wicklow, having arranged to make the Glen of the Two Lakes our resting-place for the night. We discarded the railway—a mode of conveyance more suited, we believe, to the requirements of mere business men, or lovers, parted, than to those of the leisurely tourist, whose object is to see God's work in its uncultured loveliness—

To hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores
unrolled."

or, perhaps, to gain health and recreation amid the bright scenes and bracing air of the ever-beautiful country. Our bargain with the jarry was soon completed, and in half an hour or so we had left old Dublin some miles behind us. St. Patrick's steeple was still visible, but the tower seemed to melt into a stratum of smoke, which even at that early hour (about nine o'clock A.M.) had gathered like a cloud over the lower parts of the city: After passing Dundrum we considered ourselves fairly in the country. Immediately on our right rose the Three Rock Mountain, the Slieve Rud, or Red Mountain of the Annalist, over which Red Hugh O'Donnell, after breaking prison in Dublin Castle, is recorded to have fled, on his way to the fastness of Glenmalur. To the northward, at a distance of between sixty and seventy miles, the sublime range of the Mourne Mountains, in the county Down, could be distinctly seen, as also Slieve Gullion, in the county Armagh. The greater and lesser Sugar Loaf rose to the south. How those lofty and pointed mountains acquired so unromantic a name has not as yet been traced by antiquaries, but the name is certainly anything but appropriate, and contrasts very unfavourably with that by which these mountains, from their form and colour, were known to our ancestors some centuries ago, viz.—the "Silver Spears." As we advanced, the scenery became more and more interesting. Sea and mountain, wood, rock, and meadow, in fact, every variety, was there, and above us, an intensely blue, summer heaven, varied with drifting, mist-like clouds, which seemed to hang about the mountain tops, every now and then melting into a bright, laughing shower. At Kilternan, six miles from Dublin, we stopped to visit what we believe to be the largest cromlech in Ireland. The covering stone, which remains in its original position, measures twenty-three feet by eighteen, and is about six feet thick. How the old Pagan builders of this "giant's grave" could have lifted such a mass of rock upon its supporters, is a nice question for antiquaries. The

cromlechs, we may say, had long been looked upon as altars erected by the Druids for the purpose of human sacrifices. They are now proved to be simply graves of a prehistoric period.

Leaving Kilternan, we soon arrived at the Scalp, a well-known pass, which seems to have been formed by the rending asunder of the mountain. The very bowels of the earth seem here exposed, huge masses of granite in some places actually overhanging the road. Some are detached from the parent rock, and have rolled down the precipice on either side of the road. Ireland, in several districts, is stony enough. In Clare, and in many parts of Galway, the surface of the earth is literally overspread with loose stones, which look, as an American gentleman quietly remarked, "like the ridings of creation;" but here the mountain has evidently been parted by some great convulsion of Nature, and you see the living rock on either side, while many thousands, perhaps millions, of tons of stones have been cast widespread into the valley.

Enniskerry, in English, Sheep Island, is soon reached, a pretty village which seems to have grown up and flourished under the fostering care of the Powerscourt family. The Castle of Powerscourt stands hard by, and may be looked upon as one of the finest residences in Ireland. The present building represents an ancient fortalice of the Cavanaghs, who, in Feagh MacHugh's time, together with a few confederate chieftains, held a large portion of the county of Wicklow against all the forces of England that even Queen Elizabeth could send against them.

Powerscourt castle, whether through surprise or treachery, was at length taken by Marshal Wingfield, the direct ancestor of the present lord; and about eighty of the Cavanaghs, who chiefly constituted the garrison, were brought to Dublin, and hanged some few days after the capture. An original portrait of the Marshal, in fine preservation, is still to be seen at the castle.

Leaving Enniskerry, a short drive brought us to "the long hill," a very long and steep ascent over a portion of the Sugar Loaf mountain. Here it was that our carman first began to show his conversational talents. We had been requested to "ease the beast" by walking up the hill, a distance of about one mile and a quarter, and, of course, we obeyed, carmen, like nurstenders, having a completely despotic and untempered sway when on special duty.

"Faith, then, gentlemen, you're a merrier company than I saw here the last time."

"How is that?" said my friend, while our Jehu was endeavouring to light a lucifer, beneath the shelter of the car. Puff, puff, and a grunt of satisfaction at the sight of the thread of blue smoke which swelled from the dhindeen, was the only reply. At length, the ignition being thoroughly accomplished, our friend could find his tongue, and as the mare tacked up the big hill, just as a ship will progress, in zig-zag against the wind, he informed us of a mishap which had befallen some visitors from England upon that very mountain some years before.

The tourists, it appeared, had determined on making the ascent of the Great Sugar Loaf, and had with them a hamper well stored with creature comforts; so well stored, indeed, that the weight of it was to the short-winded Saxons a subject much more pleasant to contemplate than to experience.

They, nevertheless, attempted the ascent, carrying the precious freight as best they could, but the day was intensely hot, and they were making but little way, growing more and more troubled every minute, when a fine specimen of a native, who sometimes acted as a local guide, appeared upon the scene. A bargain was soon made, that for the sum of two and sixpence the newcomer should shoulder the source of their present trouble, and, as they fondly imagined, future enjoyment, and convey it to the very summit of the mountain. The simple peasant guide seemed greatly to pity the inexperience, as mountaineers, of his now rather jaded employers, and with admirable consideration directed them by a route which, though somewhat longer, was less abruptly steep than that by which he himself should go. Few of our readers, we are sure, have not sometime or other experienced the effect of keen mountain air on their appetites, particularly after a long dusty summer day's drive, and not a little pedestrian exercise.

We may imagine, then, the visions of edibles and potables which floated upon the imaginations of the climbers, for had they not clubbed for the contents of the precious basket, and did they not each and all know to an ounce what was to be expected. On and on they went, getting every moment more desperate at the length of the journey and the steepness of the hill; but it was pleasant to see the guide doing his duty manfully, though even he seemed to suffer somewhat under the weight of his burden. He was not always visible, however, but then he would reappear from behind some rock, steadily working skyward, as if "*excelsior*" had been his motto.

At length, having reached to within about twenty yards of the summit, he rests the basket on the rock, and throws himself beside it with the air of one completely exhausted. The tourists presently gather round, and the poor fellow, in piteous accents, begs that their honours will convey his late burden the few yards farther it has to go themselves, as "he feels it coming on him, and he must hasten home, where he will have Judy to mind him."

"What's coming on?—what's the matter?" they exclaimed.

"Why, then, your honours, it's the falling-sickness, that sometimes attacks me after I do be hard worked on a hot day like this, God bless it, and I feel just as if the fit was coming on now, and surely, gentlemen, 'twould only be a Christian act of kindness to let me go home, and to take the basket the few yards yourselves."

"All right," says one of the Englishmen; "here is your money, my man, and you had better get along home as quickly as possible: we shall be hard set, I dare say, to carry ourselves down over these cursed

rocks, which roll about so under one, without having also to carry a man in a fit."

"Long life to your honour. I'll not lose a minute," said the fellow, slowly disappearing.

Ten minutes or so brought our hungry, thirsty, puffing, but delighted party to the long-wished-for spot on the very highest peak of the mountain, and a drink was instantaneously proposed by each individual. A few cords are cut, the lid opens, the cloth is removed, and, O heavens! judge of their feelings to find that the basket they had so painfully carried contained nothing but stones—granite stones!

The guide's story about his sickness was, of course, all sham, and he had taken the opportunity, when cut off from view of his party by some rock, of making the exchange. This is a true story, and we may add that the man was afterwards sent to Wicklow gaol for this very robbery. From the Long Hill to Roundwood the country is dreary in the extreme, owing to the absence of wood, which has been felled for centuries.

At Roundwood, where we wished to delay for some refreshment, our horse was unyoked and stabled by a man totally blind, and who was quite unassisted. This singular character is said never to forget the voice of any person he has spoken with. The writer of this article asked the man whether he knew him? The reply was: "Yes, sir, you were here this time last year, with Mr. O'Reilly, on your way to Loch Dan," and so we had been. For the benefit of such of our readers as may love the gentle sport of fly-fishing, we may here inform them that though the trout of Loch Dan, a beautiful sheet of water, situate about two miles from Roundwood, are usually considerably under herring size, yet they are very numerous, and rise freely. On one occasion we captured twelve dozen to our own rod. There is a little cottage by the side of the lake, kept by a man named Manwaring, where tourists can find a bed, but they generally bring their own provisions with them. From Roundwood to Glendalough the road has little to interest the lover of Nature, but fortunately the drive is a short one, and our jarvy made it appear still shorter by his stories of the famous outlaw, General O'Dwyer, who held out for a considerable time after the rebellion of 1798 had been generally suppressed, and ultimately made honourable terms for himself and followers, which the government subsequently violated. We shall have a word to say of the General presently.

We now approach the celebrated Glen, or the "Seven Churches, as the place is usually styled." The scene suddenly changes, and we find ourselves, as it were, shut out from the rest of the world by huge gloomy mountains, the sides of which, in many places, actually overhang the ancient city of St. Kevin.

An American writer states, "that the almost deathly quiet, the oppressive loneliness, the strange, deep, unearthly gloom of this mouldering city of the dead, are things to be *felt* in all their melancholy and weird-like power, but which could scarce be pictured by the sternest and most vivid word-painting. Here it was that, some thirteen hundred years ago, Saint Kevin founded

an ecclesiastical establishment, round which subsequently one of the most famous cities in Ireland rose, flourished, and decayed, so that, as stated in a letter of the Archbishop of Tuam and his suffragans, written about A.D. 1213, it had been so waste and desolate for nearly forty years previously, that instead of a church it had become a den of thieves and robbers. A ruin so long ago as the beginning of the thirteenth century!

That the number of churches here so singularly grouped together was more than seven, there can be no question, as though several which existed during the close of the last century have disappeared, at present eight churches, more or less preserved, can be pointed out. Of the ancient habitations no traces exist. In Ireland, and, indeed, in the British Islands generally, at the time when Glendalough flourished, structures of earth or timber usually prevailed, except in districts of the south and west, where wood was scarce, and stone abundant. With the exception of a portion of the cashel or wall, by which the city was originally enclosed, the Round Tower, and some traces of St. Kevin's cloughawn or circular stone dwelling-house, and, we may add, the building called St. Kevin's Kitchen, all the edifices which remain are simply churches of various dates, some of them pronounced by Petrie, our greatest authority on Irish antiquarian subjects, to be the very buildings erected in the lifetime of the saint.

From the "Life of Saint Kevin," published by the Bollandists in the "Acta Sanctorum," at the third of June, Dr. Petrie gathers that in the earlier years of the saint's ecclesiastical life, having dwelt in solitude for four years, in various places in the upper part of the valley, between the mountain and the lake, his monks erected for him a beautiful church, called Desert-Cavghin, on the upper side of the lake, and between it and the mountain, and drawing him from his retirement, prevailed upon him to live with them at that church," which, as the writer states, "continued to be a celebrated monastic church even to his own time; and," he adds, "that here St. Kevin wished to remain and die. After remaining here for a few years, he was induced by an angel to remove his monastery to the east of the smaller lake, and it was round this establishment that the city gradually arose. Here St. Kevin died in 618, and was interred." A considerable portion of the walls of the Desert-Cavghin church still remain, but all features of interest to the antiquary, such as doorways, windows, or arches, have been destroyed. Another building, usually associated with the name of St. Kevin, is the celebrated "Kitchen," a building which derives its singular name, no doubt, from the chimney-like appearance of a small round-tower belfry, rising from its western gable.

That this is a house of very early date, converted into a chapel in the twelfth century, there can be little question. The original building was a small oblong room, to which a chancel, lately destroyed, and a vestry which still remains, were added probably about the close of the twelfth century, as is indicated by the style of the window remaining in the vestry. The vaulted stone roof

and round-tower belfry are probably of this date also. What clearly proves the alteration, is the roundheaded chancel arch which is cut through the wall, and not formed on the principle of an arch. Here, then, is a building, which was no doubt old, and added to in the twelfth century, a period when many writers try to persuade us, that building in lime and stone was first practised in Ireland. Mr. Parker writes, "that there is strong reason to believe that the vault and stone roof are part of the alteration in the twelfth century; and that the ledge at the springing construction of the arch, may arise from the greater thickness of the earlier walls, which had originally a floor and roof of wood. The construction of the base of the round tower in the west gable, shews that the vault and roof were built with it, and added upon the walls of Cyclopean masonry. All the upper part is of small stones. There is a space between the top of the vault and the ridge of the roof, but hardly of sufficient space to have been used for any purpose, and there was apparently no access to it."

The Lady church between the cathedral and the lake, as the place of Saint Kevin's grave, must be considered as one of the most interesting ruins in the glen.

We would respectfully suggest to such of our readers as may be the proprietors, and therefore the natural guardians of a time-hallowed structure, that very frequently the most interesting portions of such an edifice are so thickly enveloped with ivy as to be of little use to the architectural student, many of whom we hope to number amongst our readers. It is a very mistaken notion now generally dying out, that to envelope an ancient church or tower with ivy, adds in any way to its picturesque, or that the building is less likely to suffer from the effects of the weather when thus covered. It is a fact that the greater number of our most interesting monuments of antiquity, are rendered useless to the architectural student, in proportion to the luxuriance of the green in which they are hidden; and so far from being a protection to old walls, ivy is known to be their chief destroyer, as its tendency is to grow through as well as over the masonry. Once entered, it acts like a wedge, displacing the stones and admitting water, and ultimately bursting a wall which, but for its insidious advances, would probably have stood to tell its story for centuries to come. The Lady Church should be carefully examined. Its doorway presents one of the very finest specimens of early Christian architecture in the kingdom. It particularly attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott, even at a time when Irish ecclesiastical remains were scarcely understood or appreciated even in Ireland.

It is much to be regretted that this doorway is the only remaining feature of what may perhaps be considered the most interesting church of the group, whether we consider its architectural excellence or the associations which connect it with the history of the original foundation. Twenty years ago it stood nearly perfect, but the ivy has been, and is doing the sapper's work; and unless some steps be taken to arrest its advances, we may soon

lose the most remarkable of the early Christian doorways remaining in the island.

Another building, the "Rec-Feart" church, or the Burial-place of the kings, is unquestionably one of the oldest churches in Ireland. The eastern gable and chancel have disappeared, and most of the side walls, but the greater portion of the western end remains, containing a splendid specimen of the early Irish doorway, which is second only to that of the Lady Church already noticed. The cemetery here, as its name implies, was the burial-place of the princes of the district formerly ruled by the O'Byrnes, O'Toolles and Cavanaghs. After ages of desecration, ruin and neglect, a single inscribed monumental flag-stone, sacred to the memory of the illustrious dead, does not now remain, at least above ground. The last visible monument of antiquity which remained here was popularly believed to have been the tombstone of an Irish king, and was usually shown as such by the so-called "guides" of Glendalough, who, ultimately to gratify the craving of Cockney or at least of English curiosity-seekers (as also to gain sundry shillings,) broke up the stone of which Dr. Petrie has fortunately secured an accurate drawing, and sold it in fragments of about the size of a half-crown, as specimens of the tomb of a real "Hirish" king! The stone rendered simply an inscription in the Irish language, imploring a prayer for the repose of one of the great family of O'Toole; and who from the character of the inscription and accompanying incised cross, had been probably bishop of Glendalough; one of those prelates whose names have been lost during the burnings of the middle ages, or the equally deplorable destruction of later times. Indeed, since the period of our first visit, many objects of high interest had disappeared from the cemetery and other localities of the glen, amongst the rest, a venerable yew tree of immense size; and which there is reason to believe was coeval with the original foundation, if it had not been planted by the hands of Saint Kevin himself. This hoary relic of antiquity, equally interesting to the antiquary and to the naturalist, was literally hewn to pieces by the "guides," who sold the fragments to tourists in the rough state, or manufactured into paper folders, card cases, or snuff boxes. The very roots were grubbed up; and when the supply of the genuine article failed, as we have been informed, other timber was substituted, and the traffic still goes on.

Of the remaining churches, the Cathedral, situated in the middle of the great cemetery, is the largest and most important. The lower portion of its walls, like the lower portion of Saint Kevin's kitchen, is composed of Cyclopean masonry, and dates probably from the sixth century. In the decorations which remain, an Irish style of ornamentation of about the twelfth century is exhibited.

To the south-west of the cathedral at a short distance stands one of the very finest of the celebrated Round Towers. Buildings of this class had long excited the attention of antiquaries. Succeeding writers had severally assumed that these mysterious structures were Celestial

Indexes, Buddhist Temples, Hero monuments, Anchorite Retreats, and so forth; and indeed until lately the opinions held and published concerning them were nearly as numerous as the towers themselves.

It remained for Dr. Petrie to set the long-disputed question for ever at rest, by proving, as we believe beyond question, that while the savants of this and other countries were at sixes and sevens with one another as to the origin and uses of the towers, the simple peasant who styled them by their name in Irish "Cloig-teach" or bell-house, had no opinion on the subject but the right one; and the learned Doctor by reference to passages in the annals and other documents of authority, and by a careful examination of the architectural peculiarities of the towers themselves, has collected a mass of evidence which proves that the period within which it was customary to erect those buildings, was not earlier than the fifth and little later than the twelfth centuries.

Indeed it is difficult to believe many of the towers to be older than the twelfth century. As to their adaptation for belfries there can be no question, and that they had been sometimes used as places of safety, numerous references to them in the annals would prove.

No unprejudiced person, upon examining the Round Tower, and the belfry turret resting upon the western gable of St. Kevin's Kitchen, can fail to perceive that both are exactly on the same construction. The tower is 110 feet in height, and is partly composed of truly Cyclopean masonry. The head of its doorway is semi-circular, and is cut out of a single stone, like the doorway of very many of the round towers of Ireland. On the interior there are rests for six floors, each storey, except the uppermost, being lighted by a single aperture with inclined sides. The top storey has openings, four in number, facing the cardinal points. In the eastern portion of the glen, at a distance of about one mile from the cathedral, the ecclesiologist will find the ruin of what must have been the most beautiful of the churches at Glendalough. Unfortunately this interesting relic has become a complete ruin. The columns of the chancel arch still remain, and in their capitals and bases afford admirable specimens of ante-Norman decoration. The stones which formed the arch seem not to have been removed, and if collected and re-arranged upon the columns, which are perfectly uninjured, one of the most beautiful choir arches in Ireland might be preserved to posterity. No visitor should leave the glen without examining the "ivy church," which stands closely by the road side, near the modern village. It consists of nave and chancel, and was fitted with a semi-detached round tower belfry, which, however, no longer exists. The semi-circular choir arch is an admirable specimen of undecorated work of the earliest age of church architecture in Ireland. Its doorway and remaining windows are of a semicircular or triangular form, and are valuable studies. Of the other churches, little may be said. For the most part, they are shapeless masses of ruin, and speak eloquently of the shameful neglect with which the authorities, be who they may,

have treated the most interesting group of natural antiquities to be found in the kingdom.

The celebrated "Bed" of St. Kevin, is a low, narrow cell, capable of holding about two persons, hewn out of the rock, at a distance of about thirty feet above the water of the upper lake. This dreary mountain eyry is explored by the greater number of the tourists who, chiefly in the summer time, visit the celebrities of Glendalough, and to climb the perpendicular cliff in which it is situate, is considered by many no ordinary feat.

The legend of "Cathleen and St. Kevin," so generally known through the beautiful versification of our national poet, seems to rest on no historical foundation whatever; but certain it is that the "Bed" had been at one time used as a place of retreat for the purpose of prayer and contemplation by the so-called "cruel-hearted saint." The late Rev. Cæsar Otway thus describes his visit; and as more than one of the names which he mentions as having been recorded upon its sides have, since his time, been obliterated, we give the author's own words: "By this time we had rowed under St. Kevin's Bed, and landing adjoining to it, ascended an inland stratum of rock to a sort of ledge or resting-place, from whence I and some others prepared to enter the Bed. Here the guides make much ado about proposing their assistance; but to any one who has common sense and enterprise, there is no serious difficulty; for by the aid of certain holes in the rock, and points which you can easily grasp, you can turn into this little artificial cave, which, in fact, is not bigger than a small baker's oven. I, and two young men who followed me, found it a very tight fit when crouched together in it. At the further end there is a sort of pillow and peculiar excavation made for the saint's head, and the whole of the interior is tattooed with the initials of such as have ventured to come in. Amongst many I could observe those of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Combermere, etc., and we were shewn the engravings of certain blue-stocking dames—as, for instance, Lady Morgan, who had made it her temporary 'boudoir.'" The names of Thomas Moore, Maria Edgeworth, and of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, also occur. We were informed that not long ago an adventurous Scotch earl chose to spend the night in this singular bed with his son, a young child, and that his lordship did not get a wink of sleep, being kept awake, not by the interference of any visitor from the other world, not by the hardness of his couch, nor the breaking of the waves immediately below, but by the snoring of his over-tired companion.

The city, proper, of Glendalough was anciently surrounded by an immense wall or cashel, the chief gateway of which, until lately, remained perfect. It consisted of an outer and inner archway, truly Roman in character, and which in any other country would have been carefully preserved. The great archway for many years was in a tottering condition, and it was easy to see it must come down.

One pound or thirty shillings would have covered the expense of its perfect preservation. Indeed, it was melancholy to contemplate the wanton ruin which had

fallen upon the venerable city since the period of our first visit. Several very early and quaintly carved crosses, which had marked the last resting-place of chieftain, bishop, priest, or anchorite, have disappeared altogether, and it is only to be hoped that they have been buried in some modern grave, and may yet be recovered. Several large stone crosses of a peculiarly Irish character still remain, but they are very early in character, and are undecorated and uninscribed. The chief monument of this class stands in the great cemetery a little to the south of the cathedral;—it is a fine specimen, formed of one enormous block of granite, and no doubt, was erected to the memory of one, great in his time; but of whom no record exists by which his monument may be identified.

Of the history of Glendalough for many centuries after its foundation less is known than might be expected from the ancient importance of the place, as a seat of religion, literature, and ecclesiastical government.—We know that like Clonmacnoise, Monasterboice, Slane, and other kindred foundations, it suffered many burnings and plunderings, at the hands of the Scandinavian pirates, who, for about three centuries, were the scourge of these islands.

A clamorous crowd of men, and also one or two women, invariably beset a visitor to the Seven Churches, and frequently do battle amongst themselves in their anxiety for an engagement as guide. They cram the stranger who will listen to them with so-called "legends" of St. Kevin, Cathleen, Fin MacCoul, and the royal O'Tooles; but be it known to our readers, their stories are all modern inventions, made chiefly to tickle the fancy of tourists from the sister isle.

"Here you are, your honour!" a fellow will roar, "sure 'twas I that had Sir Walter Scott." Another puts in for an engagement by assuring us that "'twas he discovered all the curiosities for Dr. Petrie." On one occasion, when that learned antiquary was visiting the Churches in company with a friend or two, the party was met as usual by an anxious guide, who accosted the doctor, asseverating that he was the very man that the great Dr. Petrie always took with him.

"Indeed," said one of the visitors, "is he anything like that gentleman?" at the same time pointing to Petrie.

"Oh Lord, no," was the reply of the guide, who seemed not a little astonished at the burst of laughter which followed.

After having viewed the striking and varied effect which a sunset at Glendalough always presents, we retired to the hostel, where some tourists from England were holding conversation on the events of their day's ramble.

"It's all very well," said one, "to be trudging amongst the stones and wet grass for half a day, looking at old walls, and listening to yarns about people who lived before our time; but I should just now like to know whether they have got skittles in this here place!"

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THE FIFTH

On

By His Grace

By His Grace

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The Litany of
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EVIDENCES

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LETTERS

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this in a wonderful short space of time. It is said that the lands were sold for less than their value, owing, I believe, to some peculiar circumstances relative to their owner, who was glad to part with them at any price.

"Now, dear Gerald, do not be offended if I express my surprise at the little interest which you seem to show in our new purchase. We had hoped that you would have hastened back from your continental excursion to have accompanied us down to our southern habitation had it been only out of curiosity to see the place; instead of which, you take as little notice of our great achievement as if it were an every-day occurrence. My father attributes this seeming indifference on your part to a certain apathy of disposition. I think otherwise. At all events, whatever the true cause may be, you shall receive our special forgiveness if you will promise to make one of our happy circle round the blazing log this winter; a promise that would afford no little satisfaction to us all, but most particularly to your ever dear sister.

"ALICE MARSDALE."

THE REPLY OF GERALD MARSDALE TO HIS SISTER ALICE.

* "October 30th.

"DEAREST ALICE—Your welcome letter brightened up a solitary evening at Antwerp, and made me feel happy in the assurance of my father's being so well pleased with his purchase of the Tregona estate. May he live many a long year to enjoy it. As for my supposed want of interest in the matter, believe me it is not the fact. I fully participate in all that gives pleasure to those most dear to me; and had I foreseen that my presence would be considered a matter of so much importance, my vanity would have prompted me, if no better feelings had done so, to have joined the travelling *cortège* to Cornwall. But, dear sister, I own I did not think that I should have been much missed, and that is the truth; however, let that be as it may. I must, in my turn, express some regret that my brother should have made this purchase in so much haste, not from any fear of its being imperfectly done, but from its having the appearance of taking advantage of a man's necessitous position. However, as this was, of course, not the case in the present instance, I will say no more about it, except to inquire who the late proprietor was, and what became of him.

"My foreign excursion has not extended far, nor do I intend it should; a few more weeks will bring it to a conclusion. In the meantime, write again, and let me know how all goes on in the *new* domain. Tell my father how happy I feel at hearing of the improved state of his health, and how earnestly I hope that this melioration may be permanent. What fresh pursuit has Humphrey taken in hand; I know his active mind cannot long lie dormant.

"With every expression of attachment, I remain your ever affectionate brother,

"GERALD MARSDALE."

Before we proceed further it is right that the reader should be informed that the time at which the following narrative takes its date is that of the

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I.
AN IRISH TRANSLATION OF

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OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

ever conspicuous, forbade the subject of his departure to be mentioned. Accordingly, Master Merris, who had every reason to be satisfied with his location, quietly resigned himself to the wishes of his hospitable patron.

Having now given an outline of the new occupiers of Tregona, we will return to the previous correspondence, and place before our readers the reply of Alice Marsdale to the communication of her brother, from Antwerp.

"Tregona.

"EVER DEAR GERALD,—My father and good Master Merris having sallied forth on their usual morning stroll, I will fill up the time of their absence by turning my thoughts abroad, and indulging my foreign wanderer with some account of our proceedings in our new abode. To commence: Humphrey is gone back to London, after having, as he imagined, *legally* established us on our Cornish purchase; but unfortunately, matters were not so satisfactorily concluded as he had anticipated: a small patch of ground on which stands an old building partly in ruins, is claimed by both parties. Humphrey declares the same to have been included in the sale, whilst the late proprietor denies this to be the case, and most pertinaciously keeps possession of the land by establishing himself and family in the very building that stands on the disputed ground. My father, with his love of peace and quiet, felt much inclined to forego this trifling addition to his extensive purchase, particularly as he had given so moderate a sum for it, but Humphrey would not hearken to such a proposition for a moment; he called it pusillanimity, and declared that as far as he was concerned he would dispute every inch of ground to the last. My father has consequently consented to go to law, and the matter is already placed in proper legal hands. You will regret this untoward event as much as I do, but having once embarked in it, the sooner it is settled the better, even should we be the losers.

"To make amends for the above unpalatable intelligence, I have something to impart which will afford you both pleasure and surprise. The newly-appointed minister to this parish is no other than your old college friend, Cosmo Treverbyn. I have so often heard you mention him with expressions of regard, that I know you will rejoice at this unexpected appointment. Few days only have passed since his arrival, so that I can as yet tell you but little about him, but I can easily imagine that he is no less pleased at finding himself established so near the residence of his old ally.

"In answer to your inquiry respecting the late owner of Tregona, I can only say, that he bears the name of Trevillers—Sir Algernon Trevillers; that he resides on an adjoining estate, which he declined parting with when he sold the rest of his Cornish property. He is but lately returned from abroad, where he has resided many years, so that he is but little known in these parts. This is all I can learn at present, but if your curiosity outlives another month, I shall probably, by that time, be able to tell you more about him. In the meantime, keep us not in ignorance of your

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No. 18.

DECEMBER,

1861.

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DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE.

No. 18.

DECEMBER.

1861.

THE FREEBOOTER OF DUNKIRK.

THE last decade of the seventeenth century fell like a pall upon Ireland. From the day the Dutch Stadtholder landed at Carrickfergus, with the flag of rebellion uplifted against his father-in-law, till his final expulsion of that father-in-law from the throne of the Stuarts, fold after fold of the sable pall was enveloping the newly-awakened hopes of a long-suffering race. With the fall of Limerick, the last of those hopes was shrouded, and Ireland sank into her dark grave of despair. True, she sank into no dishonoured grave, for the last of her defenders marched from their stronghold "with drums beating, matches lighted, and colours flying," free to go whithersoever they pleased. But they marched forth with broken hearts likewise. For, every earthly hope they had—even that of sleeping in death with their fathers—was, for most of them, now blighted.

Hallowe'en found them still by the Shannon side. But Christmas—merry Christmas! Alas! no yule-log burned for them, that year, in Ireland. No holly and ivy glistened—no twelfth-night cake was divided—no carol was chanted in "the old house at home." Most of them were far away in France, and kept Christmas, for the first time, among strangers. Some, however, still clinging to the old land where their fathers slept, found it impossible to leave it, and returned from Limerick to their different homes—content with the promise made them in the terms of the treaty, that their religion, at least, should be respected, though all other hope was lost with the fall of King James. Alas! they were soon made to feel how woefully they had been deceived. The treaty—"la plus belle qu'on vit jamais," as the Prince d'Orleans described it—was soon forgotten; but their stubborn defiance of Garryowen, and, still more, their hated creed, were remembered. Bitterly did they deplore their lot, and deeply did they envy the good fortune of those who had left with Sarsfield and D'Usson. To follow them, however, was now impossible—at least publicly as before—and all that remained was to take to the hills, as Rapparees, till chance presented an opportunity of joining their comrades in Flanders.

Nor were they long doomed to disappointment. Their kindred "over the water" did not forget them; and on many a dark winter's night, while the fleet of England was mustering its strength for the famous exploit of La Hogue, and Irish waters were comparatively neglected, scores of stout French luggers would venture out, and,

creeping along almost within shadow of the shore, find safe anchorage in some of the then almost nameless creeks of Cork and Kerry. They generally came ballasted with good French wine and tobacco, and returned with a cargo of recruits for Rìgh Shemus and Louis Quatorze.

On a foggy evening, in the month of November 1701, one of these luggers might be seen, by a near observer, tacking slowly out of Tralee Bay, bound westward. Her deck was crowded with men, who seemed, despite the thick haze, anxiously bent on catching a glimpse of the shore whenever the little vessel approached it, in her tortuous course seaward. One would have imagined they were returning emigrants, anxious once more to reach their native land; yet such was not the case. They had all bidden that land a last farewell that evening; still would they fain keep its shores in sight, as long as possible. Night at length fell, and with it Ireland faded for ever from their view. When the sun next rose, they were far out on the Atlantic, still steering west, for though Brest was their destination, they durst not yet venture to bend their course to the southward. Leaving the St. Amand, for so the lugger was called, ploughing her way steadily through the troughs and crests of the Atlantic billows, we will shift the scene, and request our reader to accompany us to the south-eastern extremity of the English Channel.

'Tis a gusty afternoon in December, and all the after-dinner loiterers of a small Flemish seaport are gathered together in the snug parlour or sitting-room of the principal auberge, which, in our refined days, would hardly pass muster in a respectable row of beer-shops. The hostess, Madame Vandinende, and her attendant satellites, are, for the moment, at rest, after having copiously ministered to the wants of their thirsty patrons. Comparative stillness reigns throughout the little hostel, when the unexpected entrance of a stranger sets every eye and tongue in moti n.

The stranger was a man of that dubious age ordinarily set down as between forty and fifty. His figure was tall and his aspect commanding; and, though his voice sounded rather roughly, still there was something in his appearance and manner, that lit up a smile on the comely countenance of Madame Vandinende, as he approached the bar, and, politely lifting his hat, demanded a *chopine*, or, as she understood and had more frequently heard it called, a *choppe* of Louvain ale.

Having selected a seat, the new comer proceeded leisurely to fill his pipe, and having duly charged and ignited the same, was soon enveloped in a cloud of his

own creation. There was certainly something peculiar about him; and hence we are not to be surprised if Madame Vandinende and her guests from time to time peered curiously at him. His dress, both in fashion and material, was widely different from that of the ordinary visitors of her establishment. His low Spanish beaver was ornamented with a plume, rather gracefully fastened at the side with a sparkling pin. He wore loose jack-boots, highly polished, and extending above the knee, while his braided pea-jacket, of finest sable, now thrown open, displayed a richly-embroidered vest, and a sword, whose hilt and belt seemed of rare workmanship. No wonder, then, as we have already said, that Madame Vandinende and her visitors cast an occasional look of curiosity at him, as he sat quietly smoking, with arms folded, and feet stretched out full length on the form, in the retired corner of the wainscoted apartment wherein he had taken up his quarters.

At an adjoining table sat a group, whose garb and style of conversation clearly bespoke them seamen. They seemed of different nations, at least if one were to judge from the polyglot exclamations uttered in the course of a game of cards, which the entrance of the stranger for a few minutes interrupted. Still they appeared to understand one another perfectly, though it would take a very discriminating jury to determine whether Flemish, French, or English, or a compound of all three, was the dominant idiom in use amongst them.

"*Coupez, Pierre, c'est a vous a donner,*" said a stout, good-humoured looking Flemish pilot, with shining ear-drops, to his vis-a-vis.

But Pierre still he'd the pack uncut, and continued staring at the new comer.

"Do you know who he is, Desiré? I think I saw him before, but for the life of me, cannot say where."

The answer of the party addressed was in the negative, and so the game was resumed. But we, being in the secret, and under no obligation of not divulging it, will give our reader some insight into his history, while we leave Desiré and his friend Pierre, with their comrades, to continue their highly-interesting game of piquet.

In early life, the individual whose entrance into Madame Vandinende's auberge excited so much curiosity, was one of the poorest, but at the same time one of the most skilful and intrepid fishermen leaving the port of Dunkirk; and, night after night, clad in a coarse canvas trousers, secured at the waist with a crimson sash, and surmounted by a light-blue blouse, he braved the sea, with but little apprehension of taking cold, no matter how severe the weather. Stockings he never dreamt of. A pair of stout wooden sabots protected his feet, and a cotton cap, whose long tassel hung down on his shoulders, or freely fluttered in the breeze, he deemed a sufficient covering for his head. Indeed he seldom wore either, once he was outside the *rade* of Dunkirk; but then the sabots were sometimes useful for baling, and the cap could be easily wrung dry when coming ashore, and so he rarely put to sea without them.

In such light garb was he arrayed, one stormy night in the spring of 1675, when a sudden squall capized his boat, immersing his aged father and himself in the waves. All that skilful seamanship could do to avert the catastrophe was done, but in vain. The boat lay floating, keel upwards, at the mercy of the waves; and his poor father, though in youth an expert swimmer, seemed to have but little chance of escape. Regardless of his own life, when that of his father was at stake, he rejected the idea of striking in for the shore, which had, at first, occurred to him; and proceeded at once to collect the oars and scattered spars that lay floating around him. With a presence of mind worthy of his firmness in after years, he bound the spars together with his cincture—swimming all the time—and having thus secured them, pushed them along before him, till he reached the boat to which his father still clung, though scarcely able to retain his hold from terror and exhaustion. The suddenly-improvised raft saved the old man's life, while his intrepid son, with much difficulty and labour, succeeded in again righting the boat, and after some time, both reached the shore in safety.

Their first thought was to return God thanks for their providential escape. A dozen wax tapers were vowed in gratitude to the shrine of our Lady of Tongres, and half that number to light up the altar of good St. Eloi in his old Kirk on the Dunes. Their next concern was to discover some means of getting to the summit of the wet slaty cliffs, at whose base their boat lay stranded. After much searching and scrambling among the rocks, they at length succeeded in discovering a zig-zag path, which a little stream had worn in the side of the cliff, and by this they contrived to reach the top.

In their ascent, they thought they descried a figure perched on the extremity of a black, jutting rock, which projected from the cliff, to a considerable distance over the sea. As they drew nearer, this spectral figure, at whose first appearance they had in terror blessed themselves, assumed the form of a woman; and they could perceive, by the light of the moon, that, bleak and wild though the night was, she wore no garment save a tattered gown, which had once been white, and which, in the moonbeams, seemed still of that colour, soiled and torn though it was. Her face looked wild and haggard; her eyes, which seemed riveted in the direction of the English coast, were lit up with the wild light of madness, and her dishevelled hair, drenched with rain and spray, fell in thick masses down her neck and bosom.

The sight, as we have said, caused the fishermen to start in terror; and even when their first fear had subsided, it was not without feelings of commingled awe and commiseration they approached her. But she seemed not to heed their approach; nor was it till the elder of the two, laying his hand gently on her shoulder, asked her, in a kind tone, why she was out such a wild night, that she sharply answered,

"What is that to you? Why do you come here to disturb me?"

The father and the son looked at each other in mute astonishment.

"Are you of these parts, my poor woman," asked the latter, approaching her.

At the sound of the second voice, she looked up. Her aspect seemed calmer, and tears started to her eyes.

"Yes, I am of Flanders," she answered, with a deep sigh.

"And what may you be doing here, in such a storm?" continued her interrogator.

"Alas! I come here in all weathers. Night and day I come, since I lost my son at the foot of these cliffs. Poor child!" she continued, with broken sobs, "He was young, and tall, and handsome like you—and yet *they murdered him!*"

"Who?" eagerly asked father and son with one breath.

"*Les Anglais.*"

"The English!" exclaimed the younger. "*Race de meurtriers!*"

"Yes, you are right. Murderers they are; for did they not kill my poor Jules, who never injured them? *O lâcheté!* Ten against one! They chased a poor fisher-boy, and killed him, in his own boat, before my very eyes."

After a pause of some moments, during which she remained, with clasped hands, silently rocking herself to and fro, she continued—

"From that day I am no longer myself. I call upon death, but death will not come to bring me to Jules. I often see him, but I cannot go to him. Just before you came, I saw him—my brave boy! He smiled at me, and stretched out his arms to me. But when I tried to speak, and rose to go to him, he sank again, pale and bloodstained, in the water. Oh, my poor Jules!"

"God and his mother help the poor maniac!" whispered the young man to his father.

"Maniac! did you say?" she screamed, seizing the last speaker by the arm. "Oh, yes I heard you. And that is what they all say, '*Pauvre folle!*' But no. I am not mad. I only see strange things betimes, and I hear strange voices too speaking from the ocean. And listen," she continued, now seizing the young man by both hands, and gazing fixedly at him, "I know you are courageous and good. You have a stout heart and a strong arm. Well, these will one day make you first among your comrades. A voice from the waves—do you not hear it?—tells me that you will yet conquer these English. And, when you meet them, will you not promise me to think of poor Jules?"

He could scarcely repress a smile, notwithstanding the solemnity of the scene, as he replied that that could never be, as both he and his father were only poor fishermen from Dunkirk, who had been just cast away, and narrowly escaped death in the very spot where her poor son had perished.

"But I tell you it will come to pass, and exactly as I say," she exclaimed, now getting excited, and stamping her foot violently on the ledge of rock on which she stood; "and when it comes to pass, will you not promise me to avenge Jules and his mother?"

"In that case, then, I do promise," replied the party thus so vigorously addressed, and who now felt his position a rather perilous one, clutched, as he was, with a grasp of iron, by an undoubted maniac, on the slippery verge of a frightful abyss.

"Thanks! my son," she exclaimed, loosing her hold of the young man. "Then I have no more to do here," and before either he or his father, who never dreamt of such a sad and sudden termination to their night's interview, could interfere to save her, she had sprung many feet, from the brow of the cliff, into the air, and the next moment was hurrying, with the rapid flight of death, into the depths of La Manche.

The recollection of that night never, to his dying hour, left the mind of the young fisherman. The thought of his own perilous escape entirely gave way to the far more engrossing one of poor Jules's fate, and the still more melancholy one of his mother. Vengeance, or as he regarded it, retribution on the poor lad's murderers, became henceforth the dominant idea of his existence. Quitting his fisherman's garb, he entered the navy, and, though unable to read or write, praised, by his bravery and superior knowledge of seamanship, through all its grades, till he attained the rank of commodore, in which capacity, though unknown to any of its occupants, he entered the little sitting-room of Madame Vandinende's auberge on the evening in which we have taken the liberty of introducing him to our readers.

The game of piquet, which we saw resumed at the commencement of our biographical digression, was, as games of piquet generally are, at length brought to a conclusion by victory on one side, and consequent defeat on the other.

Filling their pipes afresh, and calling for an additional stoup of Madame's best *bran-de-vin*, the players entered on a cursory discussion of the leading topics of the day, at least as far as such were known to them, the principal speaker being an Irish privateersman just returned from a journey all the way to Paris, where his wife was waiting-maid to one of the Irish ladies in the suite of Queen Mary Beatrice.

"Well, Master Jeannot," said Franz Hemling, addressing the party just referred to, "and so you tell us we are to have a new commodore on this station."

"Ay, are we, and a brave one, by all accounts," replied the party addressed, whose name was Jack, or as Franz styled him, Jeannot Sugrue.

"What is his name, do you know, or whence does he come?" asked another of the party.

"Well, as to his name, I am not certain. But I'm told he comes either from Mardick or Dunquerque. He is certainly from some port here to the north."

"*N'importe!* Just tell us something about him. What do they say of him down there in Paris?"

"Nothing bad, 'tis true. But my wife told me the ladies at Versailles looked on him as a kind of half-tamed savage, an *ours mal léché.*"

"Hein!" growled Karl Kloots, with a shrug, "I suppose Mardick people are to follow the ways of Versailles."

Parblieu! but that's not bad;" and Karl, who was a Mardickois himself, and thought the new commodore might be one likewise, took a long contemptuous swipe of his flagon.

"Do you know what he said when the King appointed him commodore?" continued Sugrue.

"No, what was it?" asked several voices at once.

"Nothing more or less than 'Your Majesty is right'—Maybe that wasn't plain speaking!"

"Perhaps 'twas the truth," replied the Mardickois, proud of his supposed fellow-townsmen.

Had the speakers paid the slightest attention to their neighbour with the Spanish hat, they could not but have noticed a smile steal occasionally across his bronzed features, as Jeannot proceeded with his narrative. But all eyes and ears were now wholly directed towards the narrator.

"But why did they think him a savage, Jeannot?" asked Pierre Leroy, a Breton from Quimper.

"Well, you see, as the wife told me, when the Marquis de Forbin brought him to Versailles, all the dandies of the place began to humbug him, and called the ladies to see the man—meaning the Marquis—that led the bear to the Grand Trianon. It seems the commodore had to put on some of their court gear, a gold breeches, I'm told, among the rest. I wonder how any man living could walk in it! He felt sore annoyed at all this, and sure no wonder; but at all events, he made his way up to the throne, and was presented to King Louis, who grasped him by the hand, and thanked him, a thousand times over, for the licking he gave the English."

"Why, did he meet them?" exclaimed his hearers, now growing really interested in the subject.

"Oh, maybe he didn't," returned the speaker. "But I'll tell you all about that by and by. To come back to Versailles. When all the petits-maitres saw the king so friendly with the stranger, they got mad jealous, and began to sneer and laugh at him; and some of them even asked, in a tone loud enough to be heard, how such a rustic could beat the English. He could stand it no longer, but, turning round, said to them that, as they were so anxious to see how he demolished les Anglais, he would soon show them. And accordingly, in spite of all his trappings, gold breeches and all, he made such good use of his hands and legs, that in a few minutes he had the coast clear, at least as far as the dandies were concerned. Hither-skelter, pell-mell down the staircase they flew, and, believe you me, the commodore helped them in their descent, with many a right good after-bang of his stout sea-boot. The ladies began to bawl out murder, and the king nearly went off in a fit from laughing. From that day to this, my hand to you, he had the court to himself, and drank, and smoked, and spat, and swore as comfortably as ever he did on his own quarter-deck."

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed the delighted seamen, as they simultaneously quaffed a bumper to the gallant commodore who had so nobly vindicated their rights

and privileges before the affrighted land-sharks of Versailles.

"But the English, Jeannot, what about them?"

"Why, it seems, ever since he was a boy, he's after them. He was with Admiral Tourville at Beachy Head, and after dispersing the Dutch and English fleet, he sailed into the very harbour of Tynemouth, and burned every house in the town, and every ship in the roadstead. Just ten years ago he was in my own country. There were seventeen ships of the line besides his own vessel in the squadron. But they came too late, *maurons*! for Limerick had just surrendered when they reached the Shannon, and the fleet had to return to France without firing a shot. But the commodore—he was then only captain—never forgave the disappointment of that day. In revenge, he made a descent on the English coast, and never stopped till he burned thirty-six of the enemy's craft. So I'm told——"

"'Tis Hans himself, the skipper of Dunkirk, no other," exclaimed Franz Hemling, "for my father was with him. They burned six and thirty ships, and two hundred houses, and sailed into the port of Dunkerque with a prize of five hundred thousand good Flemish crown pieces."

"Whoever he be," rejoined Sugrue, "he has ever been a staunch friend to my poor countrymen, and never since he left the Shannon with Chateau Renaud, has he let spring or fall pass by without convoying many a lugger full of poor fellows, who, like myself, could never live peaceably among the Dutch Sassanachs. Hurrah for him! say I, whoever he be, and *Cead mille fearagh* to him, when he comes."

"So say we all of us," exclaimed Hemling, who was a Dunkirkman, and, though he had never seen him, felt justly proud of his renowned fellow-townsmen. "If the new commodore and Mynheer Hans be the same, never did braver man tread quarter-deck."

Even Karl Kloots, though obliged, in that supposition, to abandon the notion of the commodore's being from Mardick, nodded a willing assent.

"I'll tell you what my father once told me," continued Franz, laying his pipe on the table for the freer utterance of his yarn. "In the month of June, just eight years and six months ago, Captain Hans, or as the Dunkirkman always called him, 'the skipper,' commanded the *Glorieux*, a sixty-six gun brig, of which my father was quartermaster. For months they lay knocking about the bay of Lagos, tired of waiting for the Smyrna fleet, under convoy of Rooke and two Dutch admirals. At last the galeons hove in sight, full five hundred strong, and laden with the richest cargoes that ever left England for Spain. Before they could almost tell where they were, Tourville and the skipper were upon them. The Dutchmen fought well; but Rooke made off to Cork as fast as sails could carry him; and, to make a long story short, not a single ship of the Smyrna squadron ever reached Seville. But what I'm coming to is this. In the middle of a terrible engagement between a large Dutch frigate and the *Glorieux*, while shot after shot from the Dutchman was

crushing her hull and spars to pieces, and covering her deck with smoking masses of burning rigging, the captain thought he noticed the cheek of his son, a boy not then quite twelve years old, grow pale. It might have been a fancy of his, but the thought of cowardice in a son of his set him frantic, and with his own hands he lashed him fast to the mainmast, and left him there till the fight was over, ankle deep in the blood, which the clotted scuppers were unable to carry off."

The loud report of a cannon shot, which set each man's glass jingling on the table before him here cut short the yarn of Franz Hemling, and his hearers' comments thereon.

Every man was on his feet in an instant, for each well knew the import of such a signal in those days. The look-out on the cliff had sighted an enemy's vessel, and given the usual notice of her approach.

The sound, which was an unwelcome one to all, fell like a death-knell on the ears of Sugrue and several of his fellow-countrymen seated in different parts of the auberge. For weeks they had been in expectation of the arrival of a lugger bearing several of their friends from Ireland. Intelligence reached them that she had failed in making the port of Brest, and was obliged, in consequence of several English cruisers lying to the southward of the Channel Islands, to bear away, with a western breeze, for the coast of Flanders. But now that the signal gun announced an enemy in the offing, their worst fears were awakened for her safety. Poor Sugrue was especially alarmed, as he expected his wife's brother and his little son by the vessel due at Brest fully ten days before.

The exit of the crowd, who pushed and jostled each other at the door of the auberge, in their efforts to gain the street, seemed entirely too slow for our strange acquaintance. Wrenching from their place the row of wooden palisades that guarded the open window, he passed through, and the next moment was at the head of the mob that rushed eagerly towards the harbour.

When the stranger reached the *rade*, a most exciting spectacle presented itself to his view. Almost within gunshot of the shore was a little fore-and-aft rigged lugger, with every available sail set, making directly for the harbour, and close in her wake followed a large English cruiser, well known in the channel as the Falcon of Falmouth. She too was under press of canvas; and it seemed a life and death struggle between her and her intended prize. Emboldened by the fact that no other mast was visible in the little harbour, the Falcon kept on steadily in her course, determined, it would seem, to secure her quarry in the very port itself, if indeed she confined herself to depredation on the water alone.

Consternation was written on every countenance, for the Falcon was well known to be the most daring and best-equipped privateer in those waters, and there was not a single armed vessel in port. In fact the basin contained nothing at the time but the few fishing-boats that were not drawn up, with the rest, on the beach before the dwellings of their owners. What was to be

done? Must the St. Amind—for the crowd on shore now recognised her—be taken, and her crew massacred before their very eyes? The idea was maddening. Yet, what could they do?

It was now the turn of our hitherto silent and mysterious friend to speak and act. With a voice loud and rough as the sound of a chain-cable running free through a hawse-hole, but in a tone which seemed well accustomed to command, he ordered every boat to be lunched and manned instantly. Some hastened at once to obey his orders, which were but the echo of their own feelings, amongst the foremost John Sugrue and his companions. Others, in doubt as to what was best to be done under the circumstances, seemed to hesitate. But one word seemed to act like a talisman upon them. It was the bare mention of the speaker's name. No sooner was it heard, than every craft that could swim was launched, and manned, and provided with every requisite for boarding a prize then known in the privateer service of France. Twenty minutes had scarce elapsed from the firing of the signal gun till a regular flotilla was dashing through the surf in the direction of the Falcon.

As the little fleet of fishing boats approached, the lugger shortened sail, and hailed them with a joyous cheer. The Falcon seemed likewise to recognise the coming, as was evident from the fluttering of her canvas against the masts. She was evidently endeavouring to wear round and sheer off; but it was too late. The wind was dead ashore; and there she lay like a log, as if purposely lying-to for the coming of friends. Ere many moments she was surrounded by a regular cordon of fishing craft of all sizes and tonnage, from a punt to a trawler. In vain her sides were clad in smoke and flame, as broadside after broadside was discharged, when she perceived that fight she must. The round shot hopped harmlessly from wave to wave fully a mile beyond range of the most remote fishing boat. Her small arms did more execution. But the wounds inflicted on their comrades only served to doubly exasperate the remainder of the fishermen.

"*Lancez les brûlots,*" sang out the Borean voice of their leader, and on the word, a hissing shower of blazing brands fell upon the deck, and through the rigging of the now hapless cruiser.

"*Maintenant à l'abordage,*" cried the same voice, and a hundred and fifty fishermen sprang, cat-like, into her chains, cutlass in hand. Like a swarm of locusts they crowded on her deck, and the first amongst them was their dauntless leader.

We will not pain our readers with the details of the horrid scene that followed. Enough to say that had the poor maniac and her son been there to witness it, they would have deemed their wrongs more than amply avenged; for, as the reader may have, perhaps, already guessed, the fisher boy, to whom the former imparted her sorrow years ago, and the stranger of the auberge, were one and the same.

Twenty of her crew, at last, lay dead upon her deck when the Falcon struck her colours in token of

surrender, while her assailants lost not more than half a dozen at most, though, as might be expected in such a sanguinary mêlée, they had several badly wounded. Ordering his prisoners to be manacled, and lowered into the boats, the commander of the little squadron gave orders to have the ship scuttled, lest the conflagration should spread to the powder magazine, for by this time she was afire in several places. To witness the last of their terrible enemy, the crews of the fishing-boats pulled rapidly for some time, and then, resting on their oars, formed a circle round the doomed ship. Inch by inch they saw her settle down deeper and deeper, till the water commenced rushing in through her port-holes, when she spun round a half-dozen times at least, as if in some suddenly-created vortex. Soon her hull disappeared altogether. Yard after yard followed, and the last they saw of her was the main truck, through which so many a signal halyard had passed, the herald of destruction to many a Flemish coaster. A cheer from a hundred voices, which might be almost heard at Dover, formed her fitting funeral dirge.

It was late that night, or rather far advanced next morning, when Madame Vandinende was enabled to close her establishment whither our friends had returned, after securing their prisoners, and conveying the wounded to hospital. Franz Hemling and even Karl Kloots were beside themselves with joy at having recognised the stranger of the evening, for now that events had revealed who he really was, they took to themselves the credit of having discovered his identity the first moment they set eyes on him. Pierre Leroy, too, now well remembered that he had had the honour of once sailing, as cabin boy, in the same vessel with him. But Jack Sugrue seemed the happiest of the entire lot as he sat with his eldest born, young Theige, on his knee, and from time to time grasped the hand of his brother-in-law, Florence M'Carthy, who had steered the *St. Amand* from the Samphires, and so narrowly escaped death when in sight of the very land he had braved so much to reach in safety. Many a "sweet bad look" did they wish that night to the enemies of "ould Ireland," and many a brimming bumper of usquebaugh, fresh from Kéim-an-Eigh, did they exhaust in drinking *slainte* to Righ Sheamus and Louis Le Grand.

And now, gentle reader, before we part, it is only right to say that, in the foregoing paper, we have been, feebly perhaps, but, at all events, faithfully portraying a few of the many interesting events in the life of Commodore Jean Bart, one of the ablest naval commanders in the service of Louis XIV. The facts, which indeed may be found in any well-compiled biography, we have taken from the "*Chroniques de La Flandre*," merely assuming to ourselves the privilege of condensing and fashioning them into the shape we deemed most agreeable to the readers of *The Hibernian*. Jean Bart survived the last scene, of which we have substantially given the details, but one year, dying in 1702, at the early age of fifty-one. His history is but little known to the generality of English readers, few British historians caring to chronicle his deeds or those of Du Guay Trouin, his rival

on Irish waters, in the days of the "Wild Geese." Dr. Lingard, not having touched at all on the epoch in which he principally figured, must be excused for not having given us an account of his exploits. But another* historian thus summarily despatches him, with credit we must admit, though he refuses him his legitimate title conferred upon him by letters-patent bearing the sign-manual of King Louis himself:—"In the autumn of 1692," he writes, "this enterprising *freebooter* (the Italics are our own) was the terror of all the English and Dutch merchants who traded with the Baltic. He took and destroyed vessels close to the eastern coast of our island. He even ventured to land in Northumberland, and burned many houses (we have seen how many!) before the trainbands could be collected to oppose him. The prizes which he carried back into his native port were estimated at about a hundred thousand pounds sterling."

In conclusion, should any of our readers, on their way to the Continent, make Dunkirk their landing-place, as we have often done ourselves, we would here respectfully counsel them, before passing on to the *Chemin de Fer*, to halt for a moment in the *Place Dauphine*, where a veritable chef d'œuvre of bronze casting will well repay a visit. It is a statue, ordered, by the town, from the studio of Mr. David of Angers; and well and truly, and as a hero ought to be represented, has the sculptor depicted the manly proportions of Jean Bart, as, with cutlass in one hand and pistol in the other, he takes his stand on a gun-carriage, panting for the signal to "board." It is indeed a fitting monument erected by his fellow-townsmen to the memory of the gallant and simple-hearted seaman, whom, in deference to the manes of the great Scotch essayist,* we have designated, in our sketch, the "Freebooter" of Dunkirk.

MAJOR SIRR.

THE memory of the individual whose name is prefixed to this contribution, has survived that of greater and of better men. "The Major" still occupies a prominent place in the recollection of hundreds, and the police-court in which he held a magisterial position is frequently mentioned amongst the class who constitute its most frequent customers as the "Major's office," even although his immediate successor, after upwards of twenty years' service, has been superannuated. The Major was of considerable, although indirect, advantage to his colleagues and successor, for during his official career, the acts of his colleagues, if of an unpopular tendency, were attributed to the example he afforded, or to his supposed suggestions. His successor was judged by the contrast, and his worst faults were considered as mistakes, whilst the Major's best acts were stigmatized as misdeeds. SIRR died in 1841 at a very advanced age. He drove out in a covered car, became

* Macaulay, *Hist. Eng.* Vol VII, page 105. Tauchnitz Ed.

suddenly and severely indisposed, returned to his residence in the Lower Castle-yard, and died in a day or two. A rumour became prevalent that he had died in a covered car, and his successor had to dispose of several complaints in the Carriage Court of a very unusual nature. Carmen seldom summon each other. If one takes the fare of another, it may produce a fight, or retaliation may be resorted to, but the law is the last remedy the injured party contemplates. However, after the Major's death, sundry summonses were issued at the instance of the proprietors of covered cars against the drivers of outside vehicles for taking their fares. One complaint may illustrate the whole.

"Yer honour, I was on my hazard opposite the Imperial, and a gentleman comes out. 'Covered car,' says he. 'Here you are,' sez I, and I pulit over in my turn. This chap here wuz behind me wid his outside one, and he *fires out at wanst*, and gets a houlit of the gentleman's carpet-bag.

"'It's a covered car I want,' sez the gentleman, 'and I'll take him,' maning me. 'Very well,' sez this chap, 'take him if you like, but the outside one will shute you beuther; for that's the very car the ould Major died in.' So the gentleman went off wid him at wanst. Yer worship, I never summoned a man before, and I wudent mind him *stumping* me, but I'd niver forgive him giving my car sich a carachter as that."

One carman gave expression to a charitable hope that the Major had gone to heaven. Some of his comrades reproached him for uttering such a wish, and he sought to justify himself by reiterating the sentiment, and adding, "If he is *there*, we all have a *chance*."

Major Sirr's courage has been doubted, but the imputation of cowardice is not fairly sustained. It arises from the prejudice which satisfied itself by the conclusion that he could not possess any good quality. His conduct at the apprehension of Lord Edward Fitzgerald did not display either courage or cowardice. He entered the room after the conflict had commenced, and fired the fatal shot, in all probability, to save the life of his associate. He frequently, and without any necessity, risked his personal safety, and there is no sound reason for believing that he was of a pusillanimous nature.

In 1798 Sirr received information that a young man of most respectable family, who was involved in the insurrectionary movement of the day, had arrived in Dublin, and was concealed in an upper room in Bull Alley. He proceeded, attended by several of his myrmidons, to the place, and entered a house on the right side from Bride street, the lower part of which was a butcher's shop. He went up to the front two-pair room, and there surprised the accused party lying on the bed. Holding a pistol to his head, he commanded him to rise and follow him. The man arose, and apparently submitted to his fate. He asked leave to wash his hands, which was accorded, and then put on his coat, which the Major previously ascertained to have no weapons in the pockets. Suddenly the prisoner made a spring, throwing himself bodily against the window, which yielded to his weight, and out he went. Sirr shouted

and dashed down the stairs, greatly impeded by his own assistants, who were hurrying up at the alarm. The poor fellow who had adopted so desperate an expedient, met in his fall a clothes pole, and the upper part of the shop; the latter was rather crazy and gave way; he sprang to his feet unhurt, darted down the Alley, and escaped by one of the numerous passages with which it communicates. Sirr walked down to the Coombe, turned out the Poddle guard, and searched the neighbourhood, but without success. The Bull Alley jumper returned to Dublin in 1821 for a short time. He was then a colonel in the Austrian service.

Sirr was once tricked into making himself instrumental in carrying out the punishment sought by an outraged father against a profligate son. There was a wealthy bookseller residing on Lower Ormond-quay, who had a son, his only child, bearing his own Christian name. Mr. Patrick W., the father, was very indulgent, and Mr. Patrick W., the son, was very vicious. His time was chiefly spent amongst female society, presided over by ladies named M'Clean and Plunket, and he was not particular as to the means whereby he made his father's money available for his gratifications. He had been absent for some weeks. His father had vainly sought to discover him in the haunts of depravity, when he unexpectedly met him on Essex-bridge, and directed a storm of well-merited reproaches on the young reprobate.

Young Pat stood submissively attentive to his parent, and allowed him to exhaust his wrath, and when old Pat closed his impassioned complaints by peremptorily ordering him to go home, he mildly replied, "I was going there, sir, to try if you would admit me; I own it is more than I deserve, but give me one trial more before you cast me off—give me one trial more."

"You young villain! where have you spent the last month?"

"I spent it as badly as I could, except the last week, and during that time I have been with Mr. Luke White, at Woodlands.

"At Woodlands!" exclaimed the astonished old man. "Is it with Luke White, my oldest, my most valued friend, you have been?"

"Yes, sir. This day week I was walking in Stephen's Green, and Mr. White met me. I sought to avoid him, I own that, but he called after me; he took me aside, and asked me about my habits and associates. He told me that I was breaking your heart, and that I must reform my life. He said he grieved, as did all your friends, over the coming ruin of your hopes, and that he was determined, if possible, to avert it; that you were his esteemed, respected, and truly valued friend; and then, sir, he proposed that I should go out with him to Woodlands, in the peaceful retirement of which he would try to bring me to a sense of my duty to a worthy father. I yielded to his remonstrances and request, and having spent the week with that excellent gentleman. I was going, by his direction, to throw myself on my knees before you, and beg your ill-deserved forgiveness.

"Oh!" exclaimed old Pat, "may Heaven's choicest blessings be showered on him; my real true friend who felt for my misery, and has relieved it. Come, Pat, my darling boy; all is forgiven and forgotten. Happiness is in store for us both. You will be my pride and comfort. I can die contented if my eyes are closed by a son whom I leave respectable in conduct and character."

Father and son proceeded home, and old Pat immediately sought every means to convince young Pat of all his faults having been condoned. He was informed of the business transactions then pending, and the old man handed him two cheques for a large amount, and requested him to proceed to the banks and pay some bills which were due that day.

Young Pat departed. He did not return. The notaries' messengers called in the evening with the unpaid bills, and the miserable parent was only able to discover that his son had been seen during the afternoon in most disreputable company. Next morning old Pat waited on Mr. White, and most warmly thanked him for his kind endeavours to reclaim the young reprobate by his advice and exhortations. "If anything could have produced a good effect upon him," exclaimed the agonized father, "it was your advice, your example, and the contemplation of the sweet scene and happy family to which your invitation last week——"

"My dear sir," interrupted Mr. White, "there is a great delusion on your mind. I have not seen your son, nor have I had any communication with him for the last twelve months."

The old gentleman staggered to a seat. A terrible convulsion shook his frame. Then supervened that which is fearful to witness in woman, but doubly horrible in man. Hysterical tears and sardonic laughter! At length the fit terminated, and he arose and took his leave. He walked away with surprising energy and calmness, beneath which was concealed nothing less

"Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire."

Old Pat sought a private interview with the Major, and confided to him his strong suspicions that young Pat was compromised with the United Irishmen, and that, if closely and *properly interrogated*, he could disclose a great deal, especially as to some depôts of pikes and other arms intended for insurrectionary purposes. He affected to stipulate for the utmost secrecy as to the Major's informant, protested that he regarded the rebels with the greatest horror and detestation, and that he had no idea of favouring a change in public affairs detrimental or even dangerous to those who by unremitting industry had realized property. He suggested that his son, when arrested, should be brought to the Custom House, which was at the time in Essex-street, and directly opposite to his own residence on Lower Ormond-quay. SIRR entered into all his views, complimented him on his prudence and patriotism, and gave immediate orders for the arrest of young Pat, who, when captured, was delivered to some of "Bresford's

Troop," to exercise their inquisitorial talents in eliciting all he knew about men whom he had never seen, and as to designs of which he was totally ignorant. The young scoundrel was perfectly free from all religious or political influences. Beau Brummel might as justly be accused of complicity with the revolutionary *sans culottes* as young Pat of any sympathy with any higher pursuits than the midnight orgies and debasing revels of the worst of both sexes. In the Custom House yard he was interrogated, and his denials only produced louder and sterner demands. Truth, strict truth, issued from his lips, to which it had been a stranger for years. The triangles stood before him, and all his protestations of innocence were uttered to ears worse than deaf. He was stripped and lashed until he swooned, then taken down and recalled to a sense of existence by restoratives, only to be put up again, until at last he lay before his torturers a lacerated and semi-animate frame incapable of further suffering. They cursed him as an obstinate, callous villain, from whom nothing could be extorted, and whilst his terrific punishment was in process of infliction, his father was looking on from the window of his residence. The wretched youth was conveyed home, and a long time elapsed before he was sufficiently recovered to proceed to America, whence he never returned. His father made no secret of the means he had adopted to punish young Pat and to trick the Major.

SIRR was occasionally humorous. He announced to some of his acquaintances the fate which was expected to befall Theobald Wolfe Tone, in the laconic phrase: "Mr. Tone is to a-Tone to-morrow in the front of Newgate." Galvin, the hangman, applied to SIRR for his recommendation to procure a small pension, and laid before him a memorial which he desired to have forwarded to government under the Major's auspices. In it the veteran executioner submitted that for many years he had acted as the finisher of the law in the county and city of Dublin, with frequent visits for professional purposes to places on the Home and Leinster circuits. That age and infirmity were rendering him incapable of continuing his public duties, and that he humbly besought a small pension for the support of his declining years. "Tone," said the Major, "you should have stated in your memorial that during your official career you discharged your duties to the perfect satisfaction of all parties concerned." "Thank you, Major," replied the stupid old wretch, "I'll get it altered, and put *that* in." One of SIRR's colleagues, a barrister, was remarkable for speaking in a low voice, and with a great lisp. He was indebted to the Major for the nickname of "Mississippi."

At a funeral in St. Werburgh's Churchyard, the Major was present, and stood apart from the other persons who attended the ceremony. After the interment, a Mr. S., who was peculiarly slovenly, approached him and remarked, "I suppose, Major, you cannot be here without thinking of Lord Edward?" "My friend," was the reply, "I am at present thinking of you, and wondering where you get all the dirty shirts."

When Perrin and Harty contested the city of Dublin in 1831, during Lord Grey's administration, Major Sirr attended meetings for parliamentary reform, and moved resolutions of the most liberal tendency. He voted for the reform candidates, and was twitted by the late Thomas Ellis with having deserted his party, and forgotten his principles. His answer was simple and true. "I am totally unchanged; I have always supported the government, and I shall do so still."

It is pleasing to observe an improvement, however slight, in institutions of importance to the community. In the time of Major Sirr, the coarsest language was addressed from the bench, not only to prisoners on serious charges, but to parties prosecuting or defending summonses. If a magistrate of police were now to apply the terms scoundrel, ruffian, blackguard, &c., to the most disreputable characters, it is almost certain that he would be dismissed from his office; but in former times, the foulest epithets were freely applied, and it was not uncommon for those who sought redress for opprobrious epithets, having been used against them in the public streets, to meet with far worse language from the magistrate, to whom they looked for satisfaction against their adversary. Imprisonment cannot now be inflicted in the reckless manner adopted in the early days of the Dublin Police Courts. When Major Sirr died, his successor called for a list of the committals from his office, and was surprised to find one man detained for fifteen years, another for thirteen, and a third for ten years, in default of sureties to keep the peace. These prisoners were immediately discharged, and two of them expressed great dissatisfaction at being thrown upon the world, from which they had been so long estranged. There is no danger of persons being now sent to prison and forgotten there, for if such a committal was sent through ignorance or inadvertence, the board of superintendence would soon draw attention to the fact of a prisoner's subsistence being charged on the public for an illegal or unreasonable period.

As a magistrate, Sirr was inefficient, as all men must be who do not possess the confidence of the public. The want of that confidence arose, not so much from any personal fault on his part, as from the circumstance of his employment in times of great and unhappy political excitement, when ordinary constitutional rights were suspended by the legislature, or disregarded by the executive. Magistrates employed in quelling or punishing popular discontent or agitations, become useless for ordinary purposes. Several of the continental governments are so well aware of this, that they have a separate and select police for political duties, and even for the detection of offences against the revenue. Happily, Ireland can at present be mentioned as a land of "crime and outrage," only in the spirit of slanderous calumny, and we earnestly hope, and devoutly pray, that political discontents and animosities may never interfere with the administration of the laws, in a spirit of firmness and impartiality, in which mercy shall not be excluded from exercising her "twice blessed" and holy influences.

F. T. P.

INCIDENTS OF MUSICAL TRAVEL.

Nor many years since it fell to my lot to accompany a troupe of distinguished operatic singers on a succession of musical tours through some of the principal towns in England and Ireland; and as the favourites of the stage have always been regarded with as much attention by "book" makers as the favourites of the field, I seized the opportunity thus afforded of noting down a few particulars relating to our adventures, which may not be uninteresting in these inquiring times. I do not propose to enter into any elaborate detail of the every-day life of a *prima donna*, or to describe the fascination which surrounds the social movements of a *primo tenore*; but the lovers of music and musicians will be glad to learn that, notwithstanding the jealousies and rivalries which are said to attach to the profession the most antagonistic natures, such as *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Amiaa*, *Cypar*, and *Elvino*, *Oroveso*, and *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio* and *Semiramide*, are sometimes brought together in the most friendly and harmonious intercourse. Occasionally little disturbances arise (for how can they be averted in any human family, however entitled to be termed "happy?") but they are soon quelled by the dexterous *impresario*; for it is remarkable with what ease the fury of a tragedy queen may be suddenly changed into the gentleness of a village belle—with what skill the wildest notes of jealousy or revenge may be made to give place to the softest cadenzas of contrition.

It is less, however, in the private life of artists on a professional tour that points of singularity arise than in the circumstances attending their public capacity. For example, it cannot be supposed that the area of a provincial theatre, whose limited proportions are only adapted to the convenience of the few, can be easily rendered capable of "seating" the many who are drawn together by the irresistible attractions presented by a troupe of Italian singers. Hence considerable excitement is often provoked both before and behind the curtain, and it sometimes happens that when the evening arrives, the aristocratic portion of the audience are mortified to find the proscenium boxes, (on the occupation of which certain of the local dignitaries had previously set their affections), have been converted into dressing-rooms for the actors. The confusion arising from this circumstance can be readily imagined, and might be described; but that something even more diverting has at the same time occurred in the costumier's department. It happened that certain members of the company, having lost half of their dresses on the road, were running about in a state of frenzy and despair, cursing their "unlucky stars," (no reflection on the "leading" luminaries, who shed their lustre on the troupe!) for the ignominious predicament they were placed in, and provoking some merriment by their exclamations that *Pollio* could not possibly appear before the audience in Wellington boots, or that *Ernesto* dare not attempt "*com e gentile*" in a shooting jacket! Such incidents as these frequently arise to mitigate the ills

which managerial flesh is heir to, and it is well that they do occur, for otherwise modern "minstrelsy" would be entirely devoid of romance, and the performers would have nothing to relieve the dull monotony of popular applause.

It sometimes happens that the doors, including the stage entrance, are so besieged by people, that the artists cannot possibly make their way into the theatre, and while the audience inside are clamouring for Signor —, he is endeavouring to force a passage through the crowd outside! On one occasion this difficulty occurred to a distinguished member of the party whose adventures I am now recording. The opera to be played was "The Barber of Seville," and the artist alluded to was announced to appear as Figaro, but when the curtain was about to rise, Figaro was struggling hard to obtain ingress to the theatre, and not being able to accomplish that somewhat desirable object, he emphatically exclaimed to the tumultuous crowd, "What! would you see 'The Barber of Seville,' without the Barber!"

"Make way for the Barber," was the immediate response, and Figaro was lifted upon the shoulders of the mob into the box entrance, whence he found his way to the stage, which was already "waiting" to receive him. While he was tickling the ears of the audience with the "*Largo al factotum*," a gentleman in shirt sleeves, seated in front of the gallery, was amusing the company in general and himself in particular by beating time with a cotton umbrella, and as the baton of the conductor waved high in the air, he kept up a corresponding movement with such determined perseverance, that the audience were disturbed from their propriety, and the gravity of the performers was seriously jeopardized; but the stentorian voice of the Figaro soon drowned all ebullition of feeling, and the oft-repeated threat of "throw him over," was not carried into effect.

I need hardly say that our kings and queens of song are not only liable to ridicule in their provincial undertakings, but are often placed in positions which expose them to much danger and difficulty. They are but fellow-mortals after all, and are of course, bound to submit to the same troubles and vicissitudes which, as common wayfarers, they cannot hope to avert.

On one of these expeditions, a concert was given, at which the attractions were of more than usual interest, the great dignitaries of the town having promised their patronage, and a large expense having been incurred to insure a most successful and profitable performance. The *prima donna* was in admirable voice, and the whole troupe seemed bent on doing themselves and the public the fullest justice that their powers were capable of. The concert proceeded, and Madame — had already received more than one enthusiastic ovation; but at length the audience were wrought up to such a state of excitement, that their feelings found vent in the most novel expressions of approbation, betraying that tone of familiarity which provincial connoisseurs are prone to adopt towards their musical favourites. Amongst the company in the body of the hall, was a very primitive-looking gentleman, attired after a fashion which was any thing but the fashion; and his appear-

ance was no more befitting a concert-room, than a "figure of fun" would be becoming a conventicle. He listened, however, with wrapt attention to the bewitching strains, which the renowned *prima donna* poured forth with her accustomed power and taste; but he did not seem at all to comprehend the terms in which certain portions of the audience gave token of their delight; for he chanced to be seated in the midst of a stormy brotherhood of critics, who affected that peculiar style of phraseology which is assumed by the *habitués* of the Italian Opera House, when their sense of gratification has risen to boiling point. An encore had been demanded, and was gracefully responded to by the singer, who was retiring with all the honors which had been showered upon her, when the primitive countryman, standing up and displaying his portly dimensions to the astonished multitude, exclaimed, with all the coolness imaginable, and without changing a muscle of his stolid face, "*Egad, the lass can sing a bit!*" With him the force of approbation "could no further go," and he resumed his seat quite satisfied that he had borne a fair share of testimony to the winning powers of the enchantress.

At the close of the entertainment, when the artists were waiting in their retiring room for the arrival of the carriages which were to convey them to their hotel, and when several gentlemen were aspiring to the honor of escorting the *prima donna* to her vehicle, the admiring countryman, who had so delicately appreciated her exertions, actually appeared before her, and making an ungainly bow, which almost destroyed his equilibrium, exclaimed, "You be in good fettle to-night, *miss*. I heard 'em shouting all sorts of things that don't belong to my lingo; but I said you could sing a bit; and I want you to accept a small return from me."

"Who is this good gentleman?" said Madame — much more amused than annoyed at his intrusive politeness.

The people present were too much astonished, and even chagrined, to attempt an answer to this question; but the worthy enthusiast saved them the trouble, by continuing his expressions of approval. "I thought," said he, "that my Kate could do a little in that line; but she must shut up shop after this. And if you won't be angry with me, *miss*, I should like to show, in a substantial way, what I feel in these matters." He then produced a long purse, and taking therefrom two sovereigns, held them towards Madame — saying at the same time, "It is but a trifle, *miss*; but if you'll accept it, I'll come and do you a good turn the next time you show yourself among us."

Our distinguished *artiste* assured her would-be patron that she neither accepted nor required such marks of favor—that she was sufficiently rewarded by the applause of her friends, without taking any pecuniary gift beyond that which she was entitled to, and that she begged, with all thanks, to be excused from availing herself of the proffered kindness. Nothing dismayed, however, by this graceful refusal, the countryman persevered, saying, that he should not think he had deserved the treat he had received, if the lady would not allow him to pay so nothing for it.

A gentleman present, suggested that he had paid for his admittance; and nothing more could possibly be expected from him. To this he replied, that he did not consider the payment for his seat absolved him from all further obligation, in such an instance as the present; and he must beg that *miss* would accept a trifle in compliment to himself.

Not wishing to prolong the discussion, as the carriage had now arrived, and thinking, perhaps, that after all, it would be better to humour the honest fellow's good intention, Madame — took the two sovereigns, with a significant smile, and a brief expression of thanks. On the following morning, she caused tickets to the like amount to be sent to the eccentric donor's address, for another concert, which was about to take place in the course of the same week; and thus the strange incident terminated.

Whether or not, the hero of the two sovereigns was present at the subsequent concert, did not transpire, but on the morning fixed upon for the departure of the opera troupe, the same individual drove up to the hotel in a tax-cart; and as Madame — was standing in the hall, preparatory to leaving, he placed at her feet a large basket filled with the choicest flowers. The *cantatrice* was no less astonished than pleased at so agreeable a sight, and was about to offer some remark, when our ingenuous friend said he had often been ashamed to see a handful of "nosegays" thrown at a singer; and he wanted to show that, if flowers were to be used as tributes to genius, they ought to be bestowed in something like a liberal spirit. It need hardly be said that the floral gift, so strangely and abruptly offered, was much more cheerfully accepted than the pecuniary one, the value of which had been so gracefully and promptly returned. The satisfaction of the appreciative countryman was now complete, and Madame — never afterwards visited the same town, without receiving from him a similar token of respect and good will.

Amongst other places included in one of these tours, we had engaged to visit Dublin, and on the day of our departure for that city, the English coast was disturbed by a tempest of such unusual severity, that many captains objected to risk their vessels and their lives by venturing to leave the shore; but so urgent was the necessity for our party to reach the other side of the channel, (where the world-renowned names were blazoned forth on the walls of the Irish capital), that we readily embarked, full of anxiety lest the anger of Neptune should not only destroy our valuable lives, but deprive an expectant public of a long-looked for performance. It were superfluous to describe the distresses incidental to our tempestuous voyage—distresses from which neither rank, nor wealth, nor talent, nor fame, can claim exemption. Even the majesty of genius must humble itself before the monarch of the main; and the enrapturing voice of the syren must give way to the "blustering railer," whose discordant notes render all other sounds inaudible. Melody is said to "float through the air;" but assuredly it sinks in the turbulent waters, and it would be impossible perhaps, to discover a more striking contrast than

is to be observed between the position of a favourite singer when she is enchanting the ears of her audience, and that of the same fair warbler when exposed to the "pelting of the pitiless storm." Seated between our *prima donna* and a rival songstress on this memorable voyage, was a young cantatrice of humble pretensions, whose means of consoling herself have an interest worth recording. She had two little children far away at home, and she would rather, she said, they were on board to share her fate (for the passengers one and all feared it was their lot to be drowned) than that they should be left to mourn her loss; when suddenly she reflected that she was sitting between two of the most distinguished heroines of the lyric stage, and it was hardly possible, she thought, that so much genius could be destroyed at one fell swoop! That idea sustained her through the perilous voyage, and she was *not* drowned. Could it be that she thought of the exclamation attributed to the illustrious Roman?—"What dost thou fear? Thou hast Cæsar on board!"

The vessel arrived safely in port; and the hearty ovation paid to the troupe by the citizens of Dublin, proved how warmly they appreciated the considerate forbearance of King Neptune in not having deprived them of the treat that was in store for them.

I am almost tempted to give the reader some further insight into the private life of an opera singer; but that I know not by what assumed right I could make the world as wise as myself in regard to matters which, after all, the world has nothing whatever to do with. People are too apt to discuss the personal characters and habits of their "stage favorites," as if, because they derive pleasure and entertainment from them in public, they may claim the privilege of learning the history of their domestic concerns, and sitting in judgment upon their social merits as well as upon their professional abilities. There can be no valid reason why a public performer should be subjected to a sort of inquisition, from which, at least a lyric charmer who is supposed to soothe the savage breast by her dulcet tones ought certainly to be free.

In justice, however, to singers, as a body, and in contradiction of the commonly received theory, that Signor This or Mr. That, is as much addicted to pouring liquids into his throat, as he is to pouring liquid sounds from it, I am here induced to say, that during my experience of musical companies, I have ever found them to be uniformly moderate in their food, and temperate in their drink. Macaroni is their especial weakness, and light claret or pale ale their favorite beverage, and I never saw one of them taste, during the interval of the performances, anything stronger than beer, and that very generally in a wine glass!—But stop! I'm betrayed into the very error which I have expressed my desire and determination to avoid; and lest I should inadvertently tell the reader how many cups of Bohea a *prima donna* drinks, and how many cigars a tenor smokes; what time the big drum goes to bed; and at what hour the first fiddle wakes up; whether the *basso profundo* takes

sugar in his coffee; and whether the contralto eats peas with a knife;—lest, in fact, I should disclose all the little peculiarities and eccentricities which came to my knowledge—I will at once proceed to relate another incident which occurred during the expedition now especially referred to.

Wondrous things have been accomplished by skilled musicians; and their powers of memory are sometimes remarkable; but even the best informed on such subjects will scarcely credit the statement that on this identical tour an entire opera of Rossini's was once played by the orchestra without a single bar of music to assist them. This event occurred at ———, also on an occasion when "Il Barbiere" was announced for performance, and the business at the box-office augured a very large attendance. By some unaccountable accident the music of the opera was left behind in London, and the fact was not discovered until it was too late to supply the omission. The music was not to be obtained in the town; and it was found to be impossible, or at least extremely hazardous, to substitute any other composition for the favourite opera announced. What was to be done? The singers were panic-stricken, and the band began to sound their instruments as if they expected to find new virtues in them. It was left to the conductor to solve the difficulty, and he solved it by saying—much to the consternation of all concerned—that "they must play the opera through without the music." The band willingly assented, and so successfully was the task accomplished, that not a single fact transpired to indicate to the audience that the music was performed from memory! In token of his appreciation of this important service, the *entrepreneur* invited the whole troupe to a banquet, where all the "voices" and all the "instruments" sat down together in the most harmonious friendship, and nothing occurred to disturb their enjoyment, save the repeated attempts of the double bass to obtain a hearing, while he expressed his tremendous acknowledgements of the honor which their entertainer had conferred upon them. But this duty, though not left to his tender mercies, was judiciously discharged by another, and Mr. ——— in responding to the compliment, produced such general satisfaction amongst his auditors, that one and all gave note of their approval in sounds much more vociferous than harmonious.

One of our journeys on this "grand tour" involved the necessity of our starting at six o'clock in the morning, and as the railway station happened to be at some distance from the hotel, the party were compelled to rise between four and five. The knowledge of this fact rendered one of the tenors any thing but amiable and agreeable on the previous evening; for it was then the depth of winter, and Signor ——— was not accustomed to quit his bed till mid-day, even in the height of summer. However, he had received a telegraphic despatch stating that the morning concert, at which he was announced to sing, could not be postponed, and that if the company did not appear at the time, legal proceedings would be taken. Fulfilment of the engage-

ment was, therefore, unavoidable, and the party were all up in time to eat a hasty breakfast, with the exception of our friend the before-mentioned tenor; and the trouble of awakening him to a sense of our joint responsibility (for I had undertaken to insure his arrival at our destination) was so great, that a stall at the Opera for an entire season would scarcely compensate for it. The panels of his chamber door were almost shattered in the attempt to rouse him; and when at length he made his appearance, it was quite evident that he was fully prepared to be too late for the train, the hour of starting having actually arrived, and the distance to the station being about a mile and a half. A fly was at the door, and some few of his professional brethren were awaiting to accompany him, knowing that, without him, they might as well spare themselves the journey, the magic of his name being an all-powerful attraction at the impending concert. "More asleep than awake," and without so much as a cup of tea or coffee to fortify him for the wintry prospect before him, he was conveyed, almost by force of arms, from the hotel. Arrived at the station, it was discovered that, owing to an accident, the train would be upwards of half an hour after its time. Whereupon the woe-begone tenor was so chagrined at the discomfiting haste with which he had been driven to the scene, that he paced up and down the platform in a fit of the most virtuous indignation; and when steps were taken to pacify him, he expressed himself profoundly disgusted that "he was not informed the train was going to be late, as in that case, he would have had time for his breakfast and to get his voice in order!" To add to the unpleasantness of the predicament, he had been obliged, in common with the others of the party, to array himself, not in costume for travelling, but in such attire as would besit the concert room, as the time would not allow of any change of toilet on the arrival of the troupe at their destination. The appearance of these musical constellations, (who are not supposed to shine except in the night time) on the railway platform at six o'clock on a winter's morning, apparelled in such a manner as to be more suggestive of "stepping out of a band-box" than into a railway carriage, was certainly an amusing illustration of the peculiar straits to which our lyric favourites are liable to be exposed; and to their credit it must be said that, although they may sometimes be defective in voice, they are invariably effective in costume. 'Tis true they are amply rewarded for all they do; but who shall gainsay the fact that they sometimes pay dearly for their fame, in submitting to intrusions on their privacy, and in being persecuted by inquisitive and reckless admirers. I need not remind my lady readers with what ardent determination members of their sex often pursue, from the stage to his own dwelling, a popular tenor, whose eachating strains have so taken possession of their thoughts, that they merge every other passion in the one prevailing desire to catch a near glimpse of him, and, if possible, hear the sound of his voice addressed to their enraptured selves. As an instance of the influence exercised over the gentle

daughters of Eve by the favoured sons of song, the following somewhat romantic incident may be thought worthy of notice.

One fine afternoon, our hero of the tenor voice was walking by the seashore, and was a little perplexed to find that two young ladies, prettily and tastefully dressed, were watching his movements, and evidently guiding their steps according to the direction he took. If he stooped to pick up a shell, or stood to regard, with interest, the rising and receding of the glittering water, he observed that the two fair ones immediately halted; and when he proceeded on his way, they kept within so short a distance of him, that he could not possibly escape their notice. Happy tenor! to be the cynosure of innocent eyes, lighted up by admiration of thy all-absorbing self! At length he discovered that one of the nymphs was walking in advance of her companion, and was approaching nearer and nearer to the brink of the sea. They had now arrived at a spot which was not often visited by pedestrians, and it is not very likely that Signor —— would have ventured so far, but that he was curious to learn the end of the adventure (for adventure, his little ramble was evidently destined to be) and therefore he continued on his way, even to a jutting rock, beyond which it seemed dangerous to proceed. Turning round for a moment, he observed the foremost of the two damsels take off her shawl and bonnet, and deliberately jump into the sea, which at this point was some two or three feet below the level of the shore. "Save her! save her!" cried the terror-stricken companion of the suicide, "my sister will we drowned!" That the two adventurous damsels were sisters might be easily divined and the perplexed predicament in which they—or at least one of them—had placed Signor —— may be imagined with equal facility. Here was, indeed, a "situation," which demanded all his heroic powers to do full justice to! at a sequestered spot on the lone sea-coast one of the "ornaments" of the operatic stage seemed thus lured to his own destruction by two romantic sisters, one of whom had imperilled her life, and the other now loudly implored him to preserve it! He who had so often received the plaudits of admiring thousands, was suddenly called upon to play a part, without the accustomed sounds to stimulate his efforts, and to gladden his ears, in token of the popular appreciation! The position was imminent, and Signor —— was equal to the emergency. In an instant he had disburdened himself of his hat and coat, and the fair lady was safely restored to her sister's arms. "What could be her motive for attempting so rash an act?" was the natural inquiry that was made, when the event came to be known; and a truthful solution of the mystery was soon supplied by members of her family, who stated that she had been so much charmed by Signor ——'s performance on the previous evening, that she was resolved to place herself in his way, and to let him see that she was spell-bound by his powers of fascination. Well aware, however, of the impropriety of addressing him, and tortured by disappointment at the fact of his not speaking to her, when so favourable an opportunity presented

itself, she suddenly conceived the idea of leaping into the water, and thus risking her life, in order that, at least, she might become an object of interest in his eyes! "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

"Who could the singer be?" exclaim the young ladies who may chance to read this narrative, and who have themselves experienced a similar passion to that which was betrayed on this momentous occasion. "Who could it be, I wonder? Was it Mario, or Ginglini, or Gardoni, or—?"

Imagine it to have been all three, and many more, if you please, and there will be no monopoly of your approving rewards.

Such are a few of the more noticeable events which give an air of romance to the travels of our favourite singers; and I have purposely omitted all mention of names, in order that the reader may supply them according to his or her especial predilection.

G. H.

CATHERINA ZELLER.

A TRUE STORY.

TOWARDS the close of September, 1844, a *vettura* coming from Ferrara, arrived late in the afternoon at Viterbo, a town situate nearly forty English miles from Rome, and among the passengers was a young woman of attractive and lady-like appearance, who immediately on their arrival separated from her fellow-travellers, and put up at the most respectable inn in the place. Her appearance excited not a little curiosity, as no one except the police who called to see her passport, seemed to know her name, or the object of her visit, and the mystery was very much increased by the circumstance that no one afterwards saw her in the town, and that on enquiry at the *locanda*, it could only be ascertained that she left the second morning after her arrival. On that morning, however, at a very early hour, a young female, dressed in the habit of a pilgrim, might have been seen leaving Viterbo, and enquiring, outside the gate of the town, for the road which led to Rome. She wore a coarse stuff or woollen dress, of a dark brown colour, and the usual oil-cloth cape, with scollop shells and brass medals sewed upon it; the broad leaf of her pilgrim's hat almost wholly concealed her face; by her side hung a gourd; in one hand she carried a small parcel, and in the other bore a long slender staff, surmounted by a small brass cross. Her pilgrim's habit was in fact externally complete; but the coarse outside garments concealed fine and costly ones beneath, which were not at all consistent with the character which the wearer assumed.

The steps of our pilgrim were light enough for some miles of the way, but yet not so quick that she was not overtaken, when little more than an hour on the road, by a man who seemed journeying in the same direction. The new-comer, who might have been from five and twenty to thirty years of age, was a swarthy, dark-visaged man. He wore a loose round jacket of coarse blue cloth, leather gaiters, a red handkerchief tied

loosely round his neck, and a high peaked hat with the leaf turned up on the right side; and from his costume might be taken for a cattle-drover or bottero. On overtaking the pilgrim he slackened his pace, and accosted her with the usual salutation—"Bon' giorno, Signora."

"Signora is going, no doubt, to the Holy House of Loreto?" said he, after a short pause.

"No Signor, I am on a pilgrimage to the holy places of Rome," was the reply.

"Then we shall be fellow-travellers, for I too am going to Rome," he rejoined.

"I travel too slowly for you; I shall not be in Rome these three days, so you had better hasten on your way," quietly observed the young woman, to whom the proffered companionship was anything but agreeable.

"Oh, for my part, I am in no hurry; to me it is quite equal if I don't reach Rome this week; I prefer travelling with a pleasant companion and taking my time," said the bottero with a smile.

"Then I assure you, you would not find me a pleasant companion; I am on a pilgrimage, and prefer being occupied with my prayers; my best companions will be my guardian angel, my rosary and my staff," said the lady, hoping to extricate herself from the society of her fellow-traveller.

"Signora knows it is not safe to travel alone on these roads," he added.

"I think you must be mistaken," she coldly replied; "I am sure a pilgrim has nothing to fear on the road in any part of Italy."

There was a pause, and the man then said, at the same time touching his hat respectfully;—"If *sua eccellenza* will permit me, I shall be very happy to conduct her safely to Rome."

"Why do you address me as *eccellenza*?" enquired the lady; "I am but a poor pilgrim as you perceive."

"Excuse me," he said, again smiling, "I have the honor of speaking to the lady who has travelled from Ferrara."

"It is true I have travelled from Ferrara," was the answer.

"And perhaps farther—Signora is not an Italian," he added.

"Quite true; but you are now inquisitive, friend; you know I have not asked you how far you have travelled," she said.

"Oh," he added, with an air of great candor, "I have only come from Viterbo, my native place."

"I am very sorry to hear that," said the lady with some sharpness.

"Excuse me, but why is Signora sorry?" said he.

"Because I have heard Italians say that nothing good comes from Viterbo, though I suppose that cannot be true," rejoined the lady, casting a calm and searching look on her companion.

"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed the cattle-drover, "they give my town a bad name, but I am sure it is not worse than other places."

The firmness displayed by the lady in this conversa-

tion seemed to have the desired effect, for after a while her disagreeable companion quickened his pace, and disappearing in the distance, was not seen by her again that day. On the first evening she halted for the night at Ronciglione, and resuming her route at an early hour next morning, she resolved to make as much progress as possible towards the Eternal City.

The country through which she was passing, in its grand and arid scenery, and its associations, was sublime. The olive-trees and the vineyards did, indeed, afford abundance of verdure for a sweet landscape, had not the diaphanous atmosphere brought the naked precipices of the far-off hills into such close proximity to the beholder, as to mingle them with the foreground of the picture. The grey tufa, and the loose yellow volcanic earth, shewed themselves every where through the herbage; when the immediate successors of Romulus warred with the Etruscans on that same soil, the traditions of its volcanoes were even then too remote for preservation; and yet at this day the aspect of the country is much the same as if the lava had flowed down its hills within our own memory. The rugged and singular outline of Mount Soracte, whose name has been so strangely metamorphosed into Saint Oreste, rose not far off on the left hand; the Sabine hills appeared in the south-east; on the right hand ran the dreary ridge of high land which separates the old Cassian way and the valley of the Tiber from the road to Civita Vecchia and the sea shore; and the eye of our pilgrim was strained looking out in the south for the distant cupola of Saint Peter's, which the traveller sees, even while the seven hills among which it stands, are still mingling with the horizon. The loneliness of the road might well fill the solitary pedestrian with fear, did not the transparent quality of the atmosphere to which we have alluded, cause the distant towns and villages, perched upon crags, or peeping through remote olive groves, to seem so near, that one felt as if human society and aid were always within one's immediate reach. And thus our pilgrim journeyed on, always sustained by confidence, and only taking rest when she stopped to pray before the road-side crosses or shrines of the Madonna. In her second day's journey she again encountered the cattle-drover. He was waiting on the road-side, and pleaded lameness as an excuse for his tardy progress. He complained of the heat and of his poverty, and the fair pilgrim, out of pity, treated him to some wine at the next osteria.

About noon on the third day the pilgrim approached La Storta, a village of some half-dozen houses situated about seven miles from Rome. Near the entrance was a shrine of the Madonna, before which knelt, as she came up, an old Franciscan lay-brother, with bare head and feet, and wallet on back; while an elderly woman and child, both in the picturesque costume of the Campagna, were kneeling at one side. The group had come to say the mid-day angelus, and our fair pilgrim also knelt for the same purpose. She then placed a flower in a small vase which stood before the picture of the Blessed Mother and Child, and dropping a piece of silver in the hand of the mendicant friar, again knelt in prayer. Her

hat hung between her shoulders, suspended by a ribband round her neck, and disclosed the beautiful outline of her face and head. Her features were chiselled after the most exquisite model; her eyes shot forth a light of wonderful brilliancy, and her hair of flaxen fairness was gathered in a knot behind, save that the large gold-headed pin which fastened it, failed to prevent a slight ringlet from stealing down the graceful neck. She was very young—not more than twenty years of age; her expression was thoughtful and melancholy, and the elegance of her deportment, notwithstanding the simple shape and coarse materials of her dress, indicated gentle birth and education. Clasp ing her hands, she prayed with fervor, and could the thoughts of her heart have been audible, she might have been heard to say—

“O Madonna mia! I am near the end of this long, long journey, and yet I am more terrified than ever at what I have done in undertaking it. Alas! why have I left my home? why have I assumed this holy habit of which I am unworthy? I have tried to persuade myself that I am indeed a pilgrim, and that I set out to visit the tombs of the Apostles and the holy places of thy city, but my conscience tells me that there is another and a stronger motive which has brought me here. Oh! what sin and madness have I been guilty of! How grievously have I profaned the holy profession of a pilgrim by making it a cloak for human love! And after all, perhaps I may not see him in Rome, and if I do, perhaps I may find him changed—his mind absorbed by ambitious hopes in his profession, or his heart engaged to another! And what should he think of the wild rashness of my proceeding if he knows it? And how shall I discover myself to him, should I find him? And is it possible that my long pilgrimage to Rome may lead, after all, to nothing—nothing but despair? O Conrad, Conrad, every thought of thee only brings shame or terror to my poor heart. O father and mother, why have you been taken from me by death, and your unhappy Catherina left guideless in the world; poor, weak, weary, sinful, Catherina! O Madonna mia! will you not still be to me a mother?”

Thus did our poor pilgrim pray, and sob, and ejaculate, until she felt as if her heart would burst with the struggling emotions; and at length, long after the Angelus hour had passed, and after the others who had been praying before the shrine had departed, she rose from her knees, looked more cheerful, and proceeded with weary steps to enter the village, where no human being was, at that sultry hour, astir out of doors but herself. At the osteria where she stopped for refreshment, she found the cattle-drover seated before her. Her steps seemed constantly to lead her into his presence, but as his manner had been distant and most respectful ever since the conversation that passed between them the morning they had left Viterbo, his company had ceased to give her any annoyance or alarm; she saw that he was poor, and she paid his fare at the osterias where they met, and began to look upon him as an old attendant in whom she could confide.

About two miles from La Storta, on the road to

Rome, the traveller, in approaching the city, meets at his right hand a fragment of antiquity, to which popular tradition has given the name of Nero's tomb. It is one of the sepulchral monuments which lined the ancient Cassian Way, according to the old Roman custom, and the remains of many of which are still visible. A partly obliterated inscription, on a large marble slab which faced the ancient road, but is turned away from the present one, informs us that it was erected to the memory of one Caius Vibius Marianus, a Roman officer of high rank, and to other members of his family, probably in the latter days of the empire; and we know, besides, that the Emperor Nero was interred far from it, on the Pincian hill; but tradition, which has taken many a fantastic liberty with the antiquities of Rome, has called this monument on the Cassian Way, the tomb of Nero, and the association with the memory of that prince of all human monsters, has invested it, and will continue to invest it, with a certain character of horror.

On the morning after that which brought our pilgrim to La Storta, a courier passing the way was attracted by the appearance of some unusual object under the mouldering ruin to which we refer. He halted, and a moment's examination discovered to him the body of a murdered woman, clothed in a pilgrim's habit. He conveyed the news to the Roman police, and an alarm was soon spread far and near. It was true; the lovely young pilgrim whom so many had seen, or heard of, was found murdered at Nero's tomb! There were indeed, no newspapers to circulate the painful intelligence, but it passed with the rapidity of lightning from mouth to mouth. Then came the enquiry, by whom was she murdered? Here, too, public opinion quickly arrived at a conclusion. Several persons had observed the cattle-drover in the pilgrim's company, and some waggoners had recognized in him a certain Antonio of Viterbo, a man of notoriously bad character. It was also remarked, that he was seen returning to Viterbo without having gone on to Rome, and that he carried a parcel which he had not the preceding day, when passing through La Storta. Various circumstances, in fine, pointed him out as the perpetrator of the crime, and no doubt whatever on the subject remained, when the police, who arrested him at Viterbo, discovered in the possession of his wife a parcel containing bloody clothes, which were identified as the property of the murdered lady. The character of the man might be judged from the fact, that although married but three months, he had not during more than half of that time lived with his wife, and that he now returned to her only with the produce of his crime.

In the mean time it was bruited in Rome, that the name of the lady was Catherina Zeller; that she was a native of Bavaria, and belonged to a family of high rank; and the romantic circumstances connected with it, as well as the atrocity of the crime, produced extraordinary excitement. Various rumours on the subject got afloat, but for a long while a profound mystery enveloped the whole affair. Some would have it that the lady was a pious enthusiast, who had undertaken so

extraordinary a pilgrimage to expiate an imaginary sin, and this was the report which the friends of her family wished to propagate; but the true version of the story was, that she was coming to Rome to see her lover, who was a student of the Bavarian Academy of Fine Arts in that city; and that she had formed the plan of seeing him without being recognized, and of ascertaining for herself how he lived, and whether he was worthy of her love.

We may imagine the anguish of the young artist when he learned the name of the lady, and conjectured, as he had good reason to do, that it was her love for him which had brought her on that fatal journey. The sacrifices which the fond love of woman's heart is so constantly making, or prepared to make, are seldom fully understood or appreciated, but it was indeed a fearful sacrifice which the beautiful and unfortunate Catherina had made for the object of her affection.

Let us not blame the Roman laws for the facilities which they afford to a criminal to escape from the hands of justice, until we remove the beam from our own eye, and let us rather call to mind the many atrocious crimes which have been allowed to go unpunished in our own country, and in very recent years, through some quibble of our boasted laws, and at the very time that no doubt remained on the public mind, of the guilt of those whom the dexterity of our lawyers had rescued from condign punishment,—let us not then be astonished that the murderer of the unhappy Catherina was able to avail himself, to a very great extent, of these so-called merciful provisions of the Roman law. He tried all the appeals from one court to another, which that law authorises, even in criminal cases, and was able to ward off the final judgment against him from the September of 1844, until about the Easter of 1845. In all probability, he would ultimately have escaped, had his victim been only the poor pilgrim which she appeared to be; an assertion which may be made without throwing any slur upon the merciful laws of the Eternal City, when, as has been said, we consider the verdicts which our own juries are coerced by our legal forms to return in the face of their own convictions, and when we recollect, moreover, that the chain of circumstantial evidence against him was not absolutely complete. The last appeal was to the mercy of the charitable confraternity, which has the privilege of annually releasing a condemned criminal in Rome: but all was in vain. The friends of the murdered lady were powerful, and the Bavarian Minister, at the Pontifical Court, urged on the prosecution, until the wretched criminal at length expiated his crime on the scaffold, near the *Bocca de la Verita*. In his last moments he confessed his guilt, and admitted that plunder was his only object in committing the murder. He saw the deceased change a piece of gold one day, when paying his expenses at an osteria, and from that moment he was resolved to commit the robbery. Roman artists have perpetuated the memory of the tragedy by representations of the beautiful pilgrim; and travellers, when they now visit the so-called Tomb of Nero, associate with the monument the sad fate of Catherina Zellner, on her pilgrimage of love. M. II.

MY FIRST (AND LAST) DAY AT MR. WALKER'S.

WHEN I say at Mr. Walker's, I mean at his daily English and Mercantile Academy, formerly situate in Cock-street in this city. There is no use in looking for the establishment now; it is gone like its principal; but lest any should be sceptical of its existence at all, I take the trouble of pledging myself that it did exist, and flourish too in its day. Moreover, I am pretty certain that such young gentlemen as had the happiness of being under the care of Mr. Walker at his English and Mercantile Academy, and still survive, retain to this day lively recollections of that excellent man's system of imparting instruction as I do myself, although, owing to circumstances, my experience of it was limited to one day. How I got into the hands of Mr. Walker, I never rightly understood. I suppose in the absence of satisfactory evidence on the point, my father, who was one of the mildest and simplest of men, had heard a good account of Mr. Walker's academy, as an educational establishment, without having heard anything of Mr. Walker's peculiar discipline, and selected it for me as the best for my promotion in learning, a matter he was anxious about, I being then seven years of age, and enjoying the reputation of being a smart intelligent lad, of whom many warm-hearted friends had thus early predicted that he would, in due time, become "a counsellor." At this period a strong desire possessed me to acquire the distinctions and privileges of a school-boy, of which the principal in my mind was the carrying across my shoulders in public a full-sized baize bag containing my school-books and lunch enveloped in paper, and strapped thereon. I had up to the time of my transference to Mr. Walker, concerning which I have now to say something, been instructed in my English course by an ancient female, who, in her young days, had been the schoolmistress and playmate of my father, and in whom he had strong faith, and probably, it was my unconcealed discontent at the position I held, and my frequently-expressed desire to exchange to an academy, by which I would acquire the distinction I so much coveted of carrying the baize bag, that led my father to look about for a suitable school, and finally to select Mr. Walker's. The financial and other preliminaries necessary to be discussed with Mr. Walker before I was entitled to have conferred upon me the advantages of his English and Mercantile Academy, were all, I presume, duly and satisfactorily arranged before I was called from behind the counter of my parent's shop, where I was displaying my abilities as a pyrotechnist in the manufacture of a number of simple but effective fireworks, known amongst juveniles in those days as "devils," (and which were to be let off with the usual *éclat* in crowded thoroughfares, for the gratification of the public, in the course of the evening), to be introduced to Mr. Walker. This ceremony took place in the parlour, where Mr. Walker had been for a considerable period taking tumblers of punch, for which I subsequently

learned he had a vast capacity, with my father, as a sort of ratification of the contract under which I was to be given over bodily and mentally to Mr. Walker, the following day, to do with the same as he thought fit, in consideration, of course, of a certain sum sterling per quarter.

"This is my young gentleman," my father said, as I entered. "I hope you'll make a scholar of him."

I grinned, of course, and looked up at Mr. Walker, who rose from his chair as I entered; instantly I became disturbed in my mind. His face seemed to me wonderfully like the fox's which I was accustomed to see at the Zoological Gardens. From the earliest time that I was able to make what in my mind were comparisons, I had a faculty of discovering analogies in the countenances of my fellow-beings, and those of animals of the lower order. My precocious intelligence and sharp observation were, I suppose, the cause of this. The practice has continued with me ever since; at this moment I point to a man with whom I have intimate intercourse as having, as nearly as possible, the face of a gorilla, as presented in authentic portraits. Another man of my acquaintance, I have satisfied myself, has the countenance of a sleek tabby; a third, too, I feel no doubt, has the facial expression of the camel. Mr. Walker, I repeat, had a face strikingly like the fox's; the general effect of it, however, was far worse than that much condemned animal's. This digression is, I feel, not at all *ad rem*; however, I pass on to say, that Mr. Walker, after my introduction to him, smiled down on me in an exceedingly uncomfortable manner. He was taking my measure, to use the common phrase; I, too, was taking his as well as I could. He was a small, mean-looking man, carrying a large misshapen head, much on the one side, which gave him a singular and unpleasant appearance. He had fiery red hair, whiskers of a similar hue, and it occurred to me that he had fiery red eyes also, which glared fiercely whether he liked or not. His attire was an old and seedy suit of black, very roomy in every department, the cuffs of his body coat were turned up very much, which allowed a full, and to me, I recollect, a very unsatisfactory view of large bony, hair-covered hands, very suggestive of mischief. The general aspect of Mr. Walker was exceedingly depressing to me that evening, because I was always very susceptible of first impressions, and here, let me say, I had somehow formed a rapid conviction concerning Mr. Walker, of a disagreeable character, which was, that if Mr. Walker happened upon any occasion to fall out with his young gentlemen, the consequences would certainly be personally disastrous to them. The fact that I was to become one of Mr. Walker's young gentlemen, therefore, made me feel rather queer, and I would gladly have abandoned my ambitious yearning to be free from any further acquaintance with that gentleman. I endeavoured, however, to keep up my spirits, and my replies to some mild interrogatories put by Mr. Walker to test my educational proficiency, were such as to elicit that gentleman's warm commendations; indeed he was good enough to indulge in a prophetic

statement that he would be bound he'd make a scholar of me, or he would know the reason why.

"I never met one, sir," said he to my father, "that I could not hammer it (the learning) into—not one. I will expect my young friend to-morrow at ten." Mr. Walker then withdrew.

At ten o'clock next morning, I was ascending, in company with my mother, the stairs leading to Mr. Walker's Academy, which was on the second floor of an old dilapidated mansion, situated as already stated in Cork Street. As we approached the door of the front apartment, a low, amalgamated hum of many voices was perceptible, and when the door was opened by Mr. Walker himself, in answer to the knock given by my mother, a somewhat noisy clattering from the young gentlemen inside burst on our ears. I was quickly handed over to Mr. Walker's care, and as my mother descended the stairs, I was being conducted to a seat in the Academy by my master. The school-room was not over-cheerful in aspect; a large, old-fashioned apartment with badly-whitened walls, the ceiling of dingy hue, discolored in many places near the windows by damp; still, however, with the decayed remains of former ornamentation in the corners and centre, which showed that in old times the house was a highly respectable structure. It was lighted by two long and narrow windows, looking into the street, the light struggling feebly through the murky panes, patched here and there with pieces of glass and paper. The effect was most dispiriting. Several common desks were ranged along the room, with forms, on which were seated the pupils of Mr. Walker, to the number of between thirty and forty, varying in age, as I afterwards was enabled to see, from six to fourteen years. They all appeared to be industriously engaged with their lessons; eyes steady on the books, voices repeating progress; a confused chant, of which the hearer could at first make nothing.

Mr. Walker seated me on a form alongside another young gentleman, who seemed to be studying hard; and having inspected my books, which consisted of "Carpenter—Tables"—"Murray's Grammar"—"Catechism," and one or two other standard works—set me to study for the next day, as it was understood I was not to commence till then, active business. This done, Mr. Walker repaired to a sort of presidential seat near to the fire-place; across this seat there lay a long and thick cane, and on the mantel-piece I observed a plethoric mahogany ruler.

It would seem that my entrance had disturbed Mr. Walker in the immediate hearing of a grammar class, for on resuming his seat, he took up the long and thick cane, and with a slash of it across a neighbouring desk, that made my heart thump, he roared out—"Grammar Class,—quick boys,—or I'll know why!" Feeling no doubt Mr. Walker would know why, according to custom, about a dozen lads, who, I suppose, were there summoned, dived from their seats and ranged themselves in a line before Mr. Walker, book in hand, and with a most uneasy expression of countenance.

"Small!" shouted Mr. Walker, "you are not placed right, my boy; how is this? You were fifth, not fourth—distinctly fifth—that is one—out with it, my boy!"

The party thus addressed, a diminutive lad of seven, with a worn face, evidencing continued mental anxiety, promptly extended his left hand, but then, with a rapid, nervous movement, kept it going backwards and forwards. Mr. Walker cunningly inserted the end of the thick cane under the boy's hand, accompanied the movement for a moment or two, then suddenly drawing it back, delivered a stinging smack across the top of Small's fingers. The boy gave a convulsive start; he shook his hand in the air several times, then put it under his right arm, where he held it tightly, but he uttered nothing. I began to get frightened.

"Do that again, Small!" said Mr. Walker, "and you won't like it."

If Mr. Walker meant to convey that Small absolutely liked it, then I think he was cruelly jesting, but this seemed to be Mr. Walker's manner.

The class being arranged in such order as not to challenge any further emendations of Mr. Walker, that gentleman proceeded to put the boys through their grammar exercise. I am unable just now to say whether the performance was creditable or not to the young gentlemen; but I am quite clear about the fact, that during the progress of the "hearing," more than one hundred slashes of the thick cane were administered by Mr. Walker amongst the class. I counted them as an exercise in addition, but could not tell how many fell to the lot of each boy, for all the boys were constantly changing, up to the head and down to the foot, each change downward being to the party concerned a change for the worse. The scene indeed was rather terrifying, at least it was so to me, who never saw anything like it before. The villainous playing of Mr. Walker's cane under the hands as they shifted to avoid the stroke, the eyes of the young victims gleaming with fright, the heavy slashes across the fingers; the contorted faces of the sufferers; their spasmodic writhings for the instant—all these I saw from my seat, and my heart sank at the notion that I too was in due time to take my place, and the contingencies attaching thereto, in Mr. Walker's classes. The horrid proceedings I am mentioning attracted more or less of the attention of some of the young gentlemen in various parts of the room; many of them raised their eyes from their books or slates for a moment to see who was "catching it," as schoolboys say; but it turned out a misfortune to them to have done so, for Mr. Walker, after he had dismissed the class to their seats with hands on fire, made a tour of the apartment, and bestowed on the ears of sundry young gentlemen heavy clouts with the mahogany ruler, for general inattention to business in the way already mentioned. As well as I recollect, Mr. Walker heard other classes during the forenoon, attended by similar events to those already described; his cane was rarely off the hands of the pupils; he appeared to me to relish amazingly his privilege of inflicting his torturing

"pandies" on the poor little fellows that were trembling before him. At two o'clock he issued a mandate for copies, and forthwith nearly all the lads, except a few of the very young, produced their copy-books from their desks, and pen in hand went through their lines as best they could. From desk to desk Mr. Walker went, inspecting the caligraphy of his boys; he carried with him the plethoric ruler, and for causes to this writer ever unknown, he dealt out severe punishment. I heard no improvements in the style of writing suggested or illustrated by Mr. Walker; no word of commendation was uttered, but a slight glance over the copy of each pupil seemed to disclose sufficient cause for the infliction upon him of the pains and penalties in which Mr. Walker delighted. At times, too, I observed with surprise young gentlemen, engaged in writing, would leave their seats, walk deliberately up to where Mr. Walker might be standing, and without any ostensible reason, hold out their hands to Mr. Walker, who, as if quite understanding the whole thing, chastised the hands as usual. I wished to know what was the sense of this mysterious proceeding, and to that end interrogated my young friend beside me, who was good enough to inform me that whoever had the misfortune to make a blot, ever so small, on his copy, was liable therefore to a "pandy," that all blots were counted by Mr. Walker in his inspection, with a view to balance accounts, and as it was better to take out the punishment by instalments than in the aggregate, the writers preferred, when a blot occurred, to wipe off that at once by going straight to Mr. Walker, and producing their hands for the use of his ruler.

"That's the way it is," my little friend added, "but it's worse with the slates?"

"How with the slates?" I enquired.

"Arithmetic," he replied, "sums. Wait till you see. One is nothing; two is something; three comes on; four is a flogging. That's the way it is," said the little boy, after he had recited his dismal illustration of Mr. Walker's rule in arithmetic. "Six were flogged yesterday," he continued, "for sums. I was flogged yesterday. Perhaps you'll be flogged to-morrow."

This statement, spoken rather confidently, very much increased the general uneasiness I felt at my situation; I wished I had never become a pupil of Mr. Walker's.

"You don't believe me," said my little friend, seeing I was in a brown study; "well, sums will be on in a minute or two, and you will see."

He was right. Mr. Walker, having satisfactorily disposed of his writing-class, summoned about two-thirds of his academy to arithmetical exercises. The boys were seated on forms in a half circle before him, with their slates and pencils ready, and their eyes fixed intently on him. Mr. Walker opened "Gough" at a particular place, and therefrom stated the arithmetical problem that was to be solved, which was duly taken down, so at all events, I presume, on each slate. He then gave five minutes for the working off by the class of the solution. Busily the boys went to work, hard and fast they kept at it; one finished, put his slate on a

chair near Mr. Walker, figured face down; another finishes, puts his slate on top of first; all in turn do the same. Mr. Walker takes up the last slate, looks at it, and puts it by, saying nothing. The owner of that slate brightens up. The next slate is examined, and Mr. Walker utters the word, "Jones, one; mind yourself, Jones!"

"Jones was flogged yesterday, too," said my young companion; "and the day before. He is never right in sums."

The prophetic tone of my little friend made me quake for Jones; I had a presentiment that I was that day to witness the flogging of Jones, and the prospect made me feel sick.

"Well, Mr. Walker went through all the slates; some he passed as being right; others he announced to have incurred "one." Again a problem was put: taken down, worked at, and the slates examined. A few escaped. "One" and "two" against certain boys of the class respectively were announced by Mr. Walker; the process is repeated, then it is "one, two, three," as the case may be; finally there is one, two, three, and four, the latter in a couple of cases, and the exercise closed, and the class broke up. Two boys remained in their seats with horror-stricken faces.

"It's Jones and Green, again," said my informant. "There's the cat." He pointed to something which I had not previously noticed hanging on a nail over the mantel-piece. To a juvenile it appeared at first sight to be a confiscated instrument termed a "lashers," for the lashing of tops. I soon saw that it fulfilled an exactly contrary duty.

Mr. Walker with his cane scored off the accounts of those of the arithmetic class, against whom "one" and "two" were recorded. I observed that his manner was savage in doing this, as if he felt he was cheated somehow by the boys not having incurred the fatal "four." He then approached the mantel-piece, and standing on a chair, took down from the wall the cat. This instrument of torture comprised a wooden handle about twelve inches long, to which were attached nine pieces of whip cord, each piece having several hard knots; between these knots small pieces of tin were fastened to the cord.

"Jones first!" said Mr. Walker, laying the cat on a desk, and taking off his coat, as if he was preparing himself for a flogging. Jones, aged ten, approached, deadly pale.

"He always takes off his coat," said my little friend, "lest he might burst it,—he did so once."

Mr. Walker, when Jones approached him, laid hold of that unhappy lad's collar, and desired him, in a low voice, to remove his outer garments. Jones, standing within three inches of Mr. Walker, quietly took off his little jacket and vest.

"Byrne, come here," said Mr. Walker, taking up the cat.

Byrne, a stoutly-made boy, seemingly the biggest in the school, walked from his seat.

"Hoist Jones," continued Mr. Walker.

The stout lad took Jones in his arms, placed him on a form, then took him on his back. I was shivering

with fright. The assemblage in the schoolroom seemed rather awe-stricken; all were awaiting the next act, which was not long coming.

Mr. Walker, having Jones hoisted comfortably, quickly completed the usual arrangements for flogging that boy, after the fashion in which the privates in the British army are flogged, only Mr. Walker inflicted more indignity upon the sufferer, and perhaps more brutality. He lashed the bare skin of Jones till the blood was ready to burst through, unmindful of the shrieks of the lad, which were piercing, and then said, "Unhorse Jones!"

Byrne put the boy down, who was still howling.

"Dress yourself quickly, Jones," said Mr. Walker, "and mind yourself; to-morrow I won't let you off so easily; you must mind your business, or I'll know the reason why."

The boy shrunk away with his clothes to a corner.

"Come here, Green!" said Mr. Walker, preparing for a repetition of the scene. The victim came up slowly. He was eleven years of age, and of delicate frame; his face was blanched.

"Strip, my boy!" Mr. Walker said, looking at him as a hyena would eye a sheep.

"For the love of God, master, let me off this time," cried Green, in a voice of intense earnestness. "Do, master—oh, do—for the love of God!"—He fell on his knees at Mr. Walker's feet, and looked up piteously at him.

"Let you off," replied Mr. Walker calmly, "let you off, Green. Not at all—come hurry, my boy—hurry, I say (shaking him roughly by the shoulder), or I'll tear the clothes off you."

"Oh, I can't bear it—I can't, I can't; I'll die—oh let me off, master; let me off this time," yelled Green, throwing himself at full length on the ground, and writhing in an agony of terror.

Mr. Walker stooped, grasped Green with both hands, and lifted him to a form. He then, despite the resistance of the boy, who in his desperation did resist to the utmost, tore off his jacket, waistcoat, and shirt, and placed him struggling, kicking, and screaming for mercy on the back of Byrne, who grasped the boy's legs tightly, and then Green was flogged with the cat till the pain had almost brought on convulsions. He was at length released, and sent to dress himself. The horrible details of these scenes of horror are to this hour impressed upon my memory. I was a fascinated spectator while they were being enacted. My sensations throughout were terror and disgust. I regarded Mr. Walker's schoolroom as a torture-chamber, and Mr. Walker himself as an executioner, and mentally resolved, before the day had closed, that come what would, never again should I place myself in that man's power.

At three o'clock the school was dismissed, Mr. Walker, as I was going out, said, "Be in to-morrow at ten; any boy that comes late is punished." I answered that I would be in at ten, but did not mean to keep my word. I bade my young friend adieu in the street below, and went home. To the questions of my parents as to how I liked Mr. Walker's academy, I made but very

scant replies. I was ashamed to open my mind then on the subject, fearing that I would be regarded as too soft-hearted. I went to bed, however, determined to "mitch—that was the word amongst schoolboys—the following day. And I did so. I went with my ba'ze bag and lunch to the Park instead of Mr. Walker's academy in Cork street. I wandered about the Fifteen Acres, as I thought, till long after school hours, but I was mistaken, for I reached home at two o'clock. My father asked me what brought me home at that hour. I confess I at once told a lie. I said Mr. Walker had given a half holiday, and the explanation was accepted for a time. During the evening, however, I was questioned on several matters connected with the school, and my replies were such as to excite suspicion that I had absented myself that day from Mr. Walker's. Our female servant was sent to Cork street to make due inquiry, and she came back with the following note addressed to my father:—

"Dear Sir,—Please send Master Thomas to school at nine A.M. to-morrow, that he may be chastised for playing truant and telling falsehood, before business commences at ten.—Yours truly, J. WALKER."

When this doleful communication was read for me, I at once got into a paroxysm of fright, and I raised such an outcry as seriously alarmed my family. I recounted then, all I saw the day previous at Mr. Walker's—the pandying, the flogging, the general tortures inflicted, and I screeched out that I would never go to Mr. Walker's school. And I was never sent. My father willingly forfeited my quarter's pension (paid in advance) sooner than subject me to Mr. Walker's discipline. Nor did that gentleman trouble himself about me any further. When he found I was not sent to the academy, he let the matter rest there. I have in this little sketch exaggerated nothing of what occurred at Mr. Walker's school. The terror which possessed me on the occasion was not the result of my uncommon timidity. I was just as legitimately strong-minded as any lad of my age; but having always been treated with the utmost kindness at home, and in my previous schooling, I was unprepared for the barbarous system of Mr. Walker, and the development of it suddenly made me succumb. Since then I have roughed it in other schools, at home and in the country, without complaining; but I must confess that they were of a different stamp to Mr. Walker's. I have not yet realized the expectations of my friends of becoming a counsellor, but, hope one of those days to be "called to the bar," after the fashion so graphically described in a recent number of *The Hibernian*. Let me repeat that I have not been dealing in fiction. I know that there are some grown-up men in this metropolis who could evidence my little narrative, and depose, if necessary upon oath, that what I described was something like the daily routine of Mr. Walker's academy, for years before and years after the day it was my lot to spend in that most unpleasant educational establishment.

THE BUCCANEERS' CASTLE.

"To the right, wheel!" said the colonel.

The regiment, at his word, turned sharply, their scabbards jingling, their swords flashing, and a rolling cloud of dust overhead, as they thundered along the level strand.

"Halt!"

The dust-cloud ascended slowly into the air, disclosing beneath four long lines of horsemen, as they now sat their steeds like statues, facing the straight verge of the sunny sea, which scarcely rippled on the grey sand.

On rode the colonel with his orderly behind him, casting many a sharp look on the appointments and accoutrements of the men as he proceeded. The strand upon which glittered his long lines of horsemen stretched away along the estuary of a broad and navigable river in the south of Ireland. At its north-eastern extremity lay the town, a busy and flourishing seaport, many of the inhabitants of which were now congregated upon the green, sloping shore above, to witness the review of that splendid cavalry regiment before its embarkation for the Low Countries.

He halted as he came to the extreme left of the line, right in front of a young lieutenant, who sat his horse as though he were part and parcel of the animal. This young officer was a fine-looking man in every sense of the word, tall and strongly built, and with that exquisite proportion of limb that betokens a combination of strength and agility. His age might have been twenty-four, or thereabouts, but there was that in the expression of his bronzed face and piercing black eyes, which showed that he had seen more of the "ups and downs," and vicissitudes of the world than many of his seniors in the regiment into which he had exchanged about a week previously. His name was Bernard Neville.

Now what was it that made Bernard Neville's brown cheek wax pale, and his coal-black eyes burn with an ominous and sinister light as the colonel halted opposite him? It will be seen presently.

"Sir," said the colonel, "why is it that you have not put on your new gorget, in obedience to my general order to the regiment to-day?"

Neville's eyes only sparkled brighter, but he answered not a word.

"Speak, sir," resumed the colonel, angrily. "And since we are in the humour for questions, why is it that you have mounted that light hunter instead of the regimental troop-horse?"

"Because I was better employed," answered Neville, with a strange sneer.

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, endeavouring to keep down his rising anger. "You had better weigh your words, Mr. Neville, ere you speak thus to your commander. How were you employed, pray, that you were prevented from obeying the order?"

"I was talking to an old man, who was formerly my

father's servant, and who is now a disabled soldier in the town."

"What has that to do with the present case, Mr. Neville? You had better answer clearly, or you shall march back to the barracks under arrest!"

"It has everything to do with the question," answered Neville, making his horse pace forward to within about half a perch from his colonel—"everything, and I will answer clearly according to the order. Do you remember," continued he, in a low, husky, but fierce tone, "that at Amsterdam, twenty years ago, you shot an officer unfairly in a duel? I am that officer's son, but I knew not how my father died till an hour ago, when his servant, the poor soldier, told me. I am that officer's son, but I knew not till to-day that you were his murderer. I am his son, base villain, and I thank my stars I have lived to be his avenger!"

With that he suddenly drew one of his pistols, which he had ready in the holster for the terrible occasion, levelled it at his commander, and fired. The ball passed right through the old colonel's breast, and he fell heavily from his horse, mortally wounded, on the sand. A strong gust of wind at the same instant blew over the waters and rolled the waves noisily on the shore. The dragoons and a few officers who were near, sprang from their horses and surrounded the dying man, but so confused were all at the suddenness of the deed that they made no attempt to secure the vengeful lieutenant till the latter, giving spur and bridle to his swift horse, was sweeping up the height where stood the townspeople, trembling witnesses of the dreadful scene.

"After him!" exclaimed the expiring colonel, with his hand upon his breast, vainly endeavouring to keep back the blood—"Right about—pursue! pursue! pursue!"

Then it was that, as their colonel dropped back in his last sleep, the whole regiment, as if by a common impulse, turned, levelled their carbines, and fired after the wild fugitive as he topped the height. But he escaped the volley, and now, as he shaped his mad course along the shore, that splendid body of horse at last thundered after him in pursuit.

The shore along which Bernard Neville now urged his horse at its topmost speed at first sloped gently down to the water, but about half a mile beyond, became more precipitous, and at last ended apparently on the far horizon in a jagged promontory, beyond which, however, it extended far away between the melancholy sea at one side, and at the other a wide waste of bog and rolling moorland without a single human habitation to relieve its black, barren, and stern aspect of loneliness and desolation. Keeping still close to the edge of the sea he swept on, never for a moment even looking back upon his pursuers, till he approached the craggy ascent of the aforesaid promontory. As his horse toiled up this rugged height, he turned in the saddle, and beheld the dragoons in scattered troops rattling away upon his track along the low shore behind, pointing towards him with their swords, and calling to each other to increase their speed.

"Now," muttered Neville to himself, "I happen to know this shore, and however swiftly they ride, I hope to elude them, for the night is coming on. 'Quick! quick!' continued he, addressing his noble steed, that bravely bore him up that toilsome ascent—"quick, boy—They think they will have me soon, but you will save me yet!"

At length he gained the summit of the promontory, and looking back once more, beheld his pursuers toiling upward, their arms and helmets glittering in the ruddy light of the setting sun, and their scattered array appearing like a red flame driven on its devouring course by the autumn wind up the side of a dry heathery mountain.

"Away, away!" resumed he to his horse, as he swept down the descent at the other side. "When they top the hill they will find their prey not such a laggard as they think!"

The gust of wind that had arisen at the moment the old colonel fell from his horse had been followed by another of greater strength and longer duration, and now a continuous gale blew towards the shore, raising the heretofore tranquil water into white waves, and dashing them upon the rocks with a hollow and melancholy murmur, the hoarse and dreary sound of which upon that coast was the sure presage of an approaching storm. Beyond the dark summits of a distant range of hills the blood-red sun was sinking amid two masses of driving cloud that threatened soon to blot out its light altogether, and right in front of the fugitive the ruddy and fitful beams were reflected by a narrow arm of the sea that stretched several miles inland. This shallow inlet, about a furlong inside its mouth, was partly fordable at low water, but now the tide was rapidly coming in, and where, during the greater part of the day a flat sandy strip stretched almost entirely across, Bernard Neville, as he looked eagerly forward, beheld a long line of white foam careering inward, followed at regular intervals by others swifter and higher, till at length, as he approached the place, the whole shallow appeared one unbroken expanse of water.

The dragoons, instead of keeping right behind him, now struck upward across the desolate moorland, in order to intercept him, should he, as they imagined he would, turn by the shore in order to get round the inlet. But they had to do with a desperate and courageous man, for instead of endeavouring by increased speed to get beyond them as they expected, Neville now brought his horse to a sober canter as he approached the edge of the water, and taking a solitary crag on the other side as a landmark, at once dashed in, and then floundered onward bravely for some moments. His pursuers, with a simultaneous shout as they observed this, turned sharply to the left, and came rushing on over the waste with the hope of reaching the beginning of the shallow ere he had got out of the range of their short carbines. The water, as he went on, was scarcely beyond a foot in depth, but as he gained a point near the middle of the inlet, it gradually began to get deeper, and at last lay before him in a narrow channel, up which

the tide swept like the current of a swift river, the wavy but shallow water at either side appearing much calmer in comparison. And now the water was up to his horse's knees, and began rapidly rising till it reached the saddle girths.

"No matter," muttered Neville to himself, as with set teeth and rigid face he prepared to commit himself and his brave horse to the mercy of the strong mid-current—"no matter. There is certain death behind, but there is still a chance before."

The next moment the waters rose around him as if he had fallen into a deep gulf, and he knew by the awaying motions of his horse that the noble beast had at last lost foothold underneath, and was swimming. At last the dragoons, on arriving at the shore, after extending themselves into a long line in as advanced a position as they dared, amid the rising water, unslung their carbines, and at the word of their commander sent a volley after the struggling fugitive.

"Ha, ha!" shouted Neville, in a wild kind of frenzy, as the bullets whistled and hissed and splashed round him, "a chance yet! Yes, poor fellow," and he bent forward and patted his horse upon the shoulder, "you will save me yet! On! on!"

Darker and thicker floated the shadows down upon the wild and terrible scene, and the water began now to rise so high that the captain of the troop was forced to order his men to retire some distance.

"It is useless to hit a dying man," he muttered to himself. "By my soul, but he is a brave fellow. And yet he has now no chance of escape even without our firing a shot."

Another detachment had now arrived at the shore, and was riding forward through the water to deliver their fire. As they formed into a line and looked forward over the gloomy inlet, Neville and his horse appeared like a black speck upon the steel-grey water. They thought he was still swimming, but by an amount of coolness, judgment, and strength almost superhuman, he had contrived to get across the deep channel, and was once more struggling onward with a solid footing for his horse underneath. Again the wide waste of billows was lit by the red flashes of the carbines, and Neville, as with renewed hope, he guided his steed in the direction of the rock he had first taken as a landmark, was thrown suddenly into the water; his horse was shot, but the dying animal employed his remaining strength in trying to gain the firm shore, which his instinct taught him to expect in front. The wind was blowing furiously over the water, and the night had set in, so that the dragoons, as they looked forward in the indistinct light, could barely see the body of the horse, after the poor animal had snorted out its last breath, floating helplessly with the rolling waves. Their work was done, and as they wheeled round and splashed back to the shore, a loud shout told their companions who were awaiting them that they had taken full vengeance for the death of their colonel.

But Bernard Neville was living for all that. With a desperate grasp he still clutched the bridle of his dead

horse, and thus kept himself above the water that had at last risen more than a fathom upon the flat shallow. Louder and more furious grew the wind, piping with deafening clamour over the turbulent expanse, but he still held on, looking occasionally with wistful eyes upon the black waste that stretched to the left as he was swept up the roaring inlet, into which, somewhat less than a furlong in front of him, a low tongue of the moorland extended itself right in the course in which he was driven.

"You will save me yet," he muttered hoarsely, as he rose from a boiling wave that had submerged him for a moment. "My curse upon the hand that fired that shot: but no matter, you will save me yet!" and he grasped the loose bridle with a firmer and bolder hand. The roar of the waves rushing over the flat shore beyond, became momentarily louder, but their sound was not unpleasant to his ears, for he knew they would soon cast him upon firm land. At last one immense billow that seemed to spread across the whole inlet, arose behind him, and came thundering on with increased speed as it approached. Clutching the bridle with both hands, he held his breath, awaiting its coming. At length, with a deafening roar it overtook him, and when it retired again with a shock against the next that followed, he found himself stretched by the dripping body of his horse upon firm land. Another wave was coming on, and to avoid it as well as the weak state he was in would allow, he crawled forward, and stood tottering and scarcely knowing what he did, gazing back upon the turbulent waste of waters from which he had so wonderfully escaped.

He now turned, chill and weary, and leaving the foam-covered strand, walked on till he reached the precipitous coast, along which he pursued his way with stern and unflinching resolution, although the rain was still pouring down in blinding torrents, and the commingled wind and sea roaring with a deafening clangour that might well appal even a stouter heart than his. At length beside a naked crag that crowned the ridge of a steep promontory, he rested for a while, intending not to pursue his way further till the rain had ceased and the storm had somewhat abated its fury. An hour after, the storm ceased, and the moon shone out between the driving clouds.

Beneath him, at the side of the promontory, a small rocky haven up which the waves still careered madly, stretched inward, and here a sight met Neville's eyes that made his heart bound with uncertain hopes. It was a large boat like one of those belonging to a man-of-war, moored at the sheltry side of a projecting rock at the upper extremity of the little haven.

"Surely," said he to himself, "that boat must belong to some ship which I know cannot be far away."

He now swept the horizon sharply with his eye, and at last discovered a solitary mast-head dipping under the far-off waves, and rising over them alternately. As he turned his gaze inland once more, his eyes rested on a huge black mass, which at first he took to be a detached rock, but which, on closer inspection, he dis-

covered was the ruin of a large building. It was situated upon a barren knoll, scarcely half a furlong inside the rock beneath which the boat was moored. Nothing could be wilder, more forbidding, or more desolate than the appearance of this ancient structure, as it loomed up from its bare and solitary knoll in the ghastly moonlight. Fit appendage to such an object; a mighty tree stood at its front on the very verge of the slope, throwing its gnarled and sapless branches abroad over what was once the courtyard, without a single leaf or green spray to shelter them from the biting winds, and looking as if it had been blasted and stricken dead by some sudden lightning stroke. In fact, the whole scene appeared as though a curse had fallen upon it in some by-gone age, and that it had remained ever since deserted by bird and beast and man.

But Neville knew that by man at least it was still often tenanted, for he remembered strange stories told in connection with it, of smugglers and pirates who had made its vaults the hiding-places for their ill-gotten treasures.

"And," muttered he to himself, as he stood up, and began descending the side of the promontory, "there must be some one there to-night. No matter who or what they may be, I must at all events seek their company, and take shelter with them at least till morning."

After getting round the little haven, he at last stood upon the edge of the rock looking down upon the boat. It was a large and strong one, with six oars at each side. On examining it, he became more firmly convinced than ever, that it belonged to some large ship, most likely that whose mast he had seen dipping in the offing. He now turned up towards the ruined castle, and as he did so, loosened his sword in its scabbard, for he guessed rightly that he was about to come in contact with men if possible more desperate than himself.

Neville still stood irresolute, but at last intruded his head beyond the edge of the door, and looked in. At the upper end of a huge-vaulted chamber, before a blazing fire of wood, which burned beneath an arched fire-place, sat about a dozen men around a rude board which seemed formed from the planks of wrecked ships, and which was supported on four large blocks of stone that served the purpose of legs. These men seemed of different nations. One was clad in the dress and wore the broad sombrero of a Spaniard; another squat and burly figure was habited in the ample trousers and hose and short wide jacket of a Dutchman; another swarthy fellow sat luxuriously back with abuge bowl of Scheidam in his hand, and dressed in the picturesque habiliments of a Portuguese; a fourth, by his dress appeared to be an Englishman, and so on to the end, not a man of the whole crew appearing to belong to the same nation with one of his fellows. Swords, guns, pistols, and boarding pikes lay in wild confusion around them on the black oaken floor, or rested against the equally black walls, reflecting the gleams of the red fire, as it blazed and crackled beneath its capacious chimney-arch.

The countenances of these men were mostly fierce and

warlike, but Neville marked one scarred face amongst them, which by its expression, indicated a character of unusual energy and ferocity. It belonged to a middle-aged man, of low stature, but herculean bulk, who sat at the head of the board near the fire, and who seemed, by the authoritative manner in which he delivered himself, when he spoke, to be the commander of the motley gang of desperadoes. From one side of his belt hung a large, heavy cutlass and a dagger, the other side being ornamented with two long-barrelled pistols, which showed by their brightness the nice and continual care bestowed upon them by their owner. As this burly personage was now in the act of raising a cup of hollands to his lips, his eyes, after a seeming observation of the vaulted roof above, at last wandered towards the door, and met those of Bernard Neville, who was at the moment regarding him intently. Neville, the instant he caught the look of the other, stepped boldly into the apartment. A yell of surprise and anger greeted his entrance, as the eyes of the whole gang now marked his uniform. All started to their feet, thinking that a detachment of the intruder's comrades were about to follow, and three of them who sat farthest from the fire immediately rushed over, and began barricading the ancient and ponderous door. At the same time a number of pistols were presented at Neville's person, under which, however, he stood unflinchingly, gazing back calmly at the crew, as they regarded him over the iron tubes with knit brows and flashing eyes.

"Stop!" exclaimed Neville, "You do not mean to shoot me for claiming your hospitality!"

"Where are your comrades?" thundered the burly leader, with his pistol still pointed at Neville's head.

"I have no comrades," answered the latter. "I'm alone, and a desperate man like yourselves. Will you give me shelter for the night?"

The pistols were now lowered.

"Look at me," resumed Neville. "I am after doing a deed whose guerdon is certain death—I am an outlaw. Think you, if I came to attack you in this place, that I would thus enter the room alone and unarmed? You see I have nothing but my sword—a poor defence against your ready pistols."

"Aye! aye!" said one of them. "That may be all very good, but, comrades, if you take Jack Bolton's judgment on the matter, you will regard this man as a spy!"

"Vera goot!" put in the Dutchman. "Himmel! but when old Mynbeer van Schulkenwold commanded us on the Spanish Main, the same thing happened. Listen, and I will tell you the story. Der teufel, but I will!"—

"Shut that tough jaw of yours!" interrupted the commander from the head of the board, at the same moment raising his pistol again, the whole fierce crew following his example. "This is no time for yarns, Dirk Slagendyke, when a company of soldiers may for all we know, be surrounding the old castle outside. Give a better account of yourself, sir," continued he,

turning to Neville, "or, by the blood of my body, you will have a dozen bullets through your head in another instant!"

"I can give none better," answered Neville. "Send one of your men down to the porch, and if he find a single soldier following me, then use your weapons as you threaten. I tell you that I come merely to claim shelter from you for the night, and your protection, perchance, in the morning, for I have now more enemies than yourselves, if you are what I take you to be!"

This seemed a fair proposition to the leader.

"Dirk Slagendyke," said he, turning his fierce eye on the Dutchman, "away with you and Jack Bolton down to the porch, and out upon the slope. Look sharply around you, and if you see a single land-shark, then you may send our untimely visitor to Davy's locker as soon as you wish!"

After about five minutes, the pair returned with a favourable report for Neville.

"Now," said the commander, throwing himself once more upon his seat, and pointing to a rude bench near the fire, "plant yourself upon that Mr. Stranger. Tell us why you have come to these moorings, and if you want it, you may have no reason to complain of the aid that a roving buccaneer and his men can give you."

Neville, without more ado, sat himself upon the bench, and the heat of the fire, aided by a rousing stoup of fiery hollands tendered to him by the commander, soon succeeded in restoring the bodily warmth he was so much in need of. He then explained, as far as he thought prudent, the reason of his untimely visit, and ended by requesting his entertainer to give him a passage across the sea to some foreign shore.

"That we will, my lad," said the commander, his sympathy excited by the knowledge of the daring deed Neville was after doing. "But the land is no place for a gallant youth like you. I warrant me, once you set your foot on the deck of the Flying Hawk, by which I mean our ship, whose mast you may have seen in the offing as you came along, that you will be tempted to become a rover of the Main, like ourselves. However, let that stand by. We have enough to attend to ere we leave this, without recruiting for the Flying Hawk."

"What brought you to these shores?" asked Neville, after refreshing himself with another cup of hollands.

The brows of his auditors contracted darkly at this question, and some of them regarded Neville once more with looks of renewed suspicion.

"If you consent on the spot to become one of ourselves—in other words, a stout buccaneer, I may answer your question," said the commander. "Otherwise, I may not, and will not inform you."

Neville paused, his lowering brows becoming darker as the moments wore on without his giving a reply. It was a terrible life to run. He knew, however, that he had nothing better to hope for now, and thus made up his mind with little further delay.

"Yes!" he said, vainly endeavouring to repress a sigh over his fate, "my career seems run on shore at

last. Take me as you will on board the Flying Hawk, and whenever you have the doing of a bold deed, place me in front, and I think you will find me doing the part of a man with the best of you; henceforward such a life seems to be my destiny!"

A murmur of approval from his auditors echoed round the vaulted apartment.

"Well," resumed the commander, "in that case I will tell what brought us here. Fifteen year ago, the commander of the Flying Hawk was Captain Bernardo, the boldest and bravest buccaneer leader that ever sailed the seas"—

"Von Schulkenwold," interrupted the Dutchman, "Donner wetter! but he was as goot a man, vich I vill maintain against de best foremost man on board, vit sword, pistol or dagger. Himmel, but I vill!" and his huge clenched fist went down upon the rude board with a resounding thump.

"Silence!" said the commander with a grim smile "Von Schulkenwold was never as good a man as Captain Bernardo."

Bernard Neville started, as the thought struck him, that one day or other, he might become a buccaneer captain of the same name.

"Never half as good," resumed the commander. "Well, sir, about that time our Captain died, and I was elected by our brave crew to fill his place. Before his death he bade me sail to Barbadoes and marry his daughter, who lived there in a certain village by the coast with her mother, a Creole; and, he also told me, that I would find in their possession a little iron coffer, which I was not to open till I visited this old castle on the Irish shore, in which he and his crew, after being halt wrecked by a storm, lived for nearly a month, and to which he brought those strange figures you must have seen on the stairs, from beyond the seas. I obeyed his dying command, and found everything as he told me. But as to sailing over to Ireland at that time, it was out of the question. Business was then too good on the Spanish Main. So, year by year I neglected it, during which, many a brave man's blood has dyed the planks of the Flying Hawk. At last I sailed over as you see, and found the castle according to the points and bearings he had given for its discovery. We opened the coffer in this hall to-night, and found therein a bit of parchment, but may the fiend seize me, if one of us could read a word of the outlandish gibberish that was written on it. And so you see we have had our cruise for nothing; but no matter, we will make it a dear one to the fat merchantmen on our return!"

"Perhaps," said Jack Bolton, "our new comrade can read it."

"True," said the commander. "But ~~being~~ over the coffer."

The little iron box was now brought and placed in Bernard Neville's hands. He opened it and took out the parchment.

"Why," said he, after casting his eyes curiously over it, "this is Latin!"

"Latin!" exclaimed the commander. "Well, that settles my opinion, at all events. When I looked over it, I said it was written in the New Zealand lingo, or something of the kind. Pierre Anbanelle over there, said it was old French, but then Don Pedro," and he nodded to a tall, grave-looking man at the other side of the table—"Pedro claimed it for Spanish, and between them both they went near settling the question with their hangers, till we pacified them before you came in. Can you read it?"

"My God! what is this?" exclaimed their new comrade, heedless of the question, and at the same time starting up and laying the parchment on the table. "Did none of you see this?" and he pointed his finger to the name 'Bernard Neville,' written in a bold hand at the end of the document. "This is also my name."

"It is strange," said the commander, "but as we couldn't make out the first few lines, we did not mind the end."

"Was Captain Bernardo a Spaniard?" asked Neville, a strange suspicion crossing his mind.

"I have reason to think he was not," answered the commander, "although he spoke the Spanish language fluently, and adopted the dress of that nation. He had been in his early days in the Spanish navy, but was outlawed by that government in consequence of a mutiny in which he was one of the ringleaders!"

"That man must have been my uncle!" said Neville. "Everything happened to him as you say, but then his friends thought that he was shot after the mutiny, which took place, if I recollect rightly, on the coast of San Domingo!"

"It is true!" said the commander. "And now, lads, that we are about to have some of the blood of our old captain on the decks of the Flying Hawk once more, let us welcome the brave heart that brings it!" and with that he raised a hoarse shout of welcome, which was responded to by the whole wild gang, till the vaulted chambers of the old ruin rang again and again with the wild clamor.

"But now for the reading of the parchment," said the commander, after he and his companions had shaken hands with Neville all round. "Can you do it?"

"I think I can," answered Neville, as he sat down and began to peruse it carefully.

The gang watched him eagerly as he went through it, and their impatience and curiosity were not a little heightened on observing Neville start several times with an exclamation of astonishment as he read on.

"What is it?" said the pirate eagerly, as he saw that Neville had come to the end.

"It is a wonderful thing," answered the latter. "It is an account of the first booty taken by the crew of the Flying Hawk at the sacking of Alpuxarra, a Spanish settlement on the coast of Brazil!"

"Aye, aye!" said the commander, "I was there, and a bloody day it was. But let that stand by. Where is the booty? I thought it was long ago at the bottom of the sea—the iron box that held it and all!"

"It is here in this castle!" said Neville, "at least

if we are to believe what is written on the parchment by my unfortunate uncle."

The eyes of the wild crew sparkled at this bit of welcome news.

"Believe his written word!" almost roared the fierce commander. "Wny, man, if all the world gathered together and took their oaths to the contrary, I'd believe him in preference. Young man, whatever your uncle might have been, he was never known to break his word, no matter for what he pledged it. What else does he say?"

"He says," answered Neville, "that when you have found the booty, you must bring a few casks of powder from the ship and blow up the castle. He says also that the booty must be fairly divided amongst the crew of the Flying Hawk according to each man's degree."

"Good!" said the commander. "Now read the directions he gives for finding it."

Neville read the passage in English:—

"When you stand at the stair foot, and look upon the unholy figure that the Spanish sculptor carved during his madness, mark the spot in the wall above at which the demon's spear points. In that spot you will find the booty of Alpuxarra."

"Throw some fresh brands upon the fire," said the commander. "We must make them serve as torches to light the spot our old captain speaks of."

It was done, and in a few moments the whole throng were standing under the massive porch beneath, facing the staircase. It was a wild scene. The burning brands held aloft, casting their red and fitful light upon the rude walls around, and upon the stern faces of the wild gang of desperadoes, who now peered upward with eager scrutiny to the point indicated by the huge spear, while at the same time the terrible colossal figure seemed to gaze down upon them in return, with a cold stony smile of demoniac satisfaction at their greed.

"This will never do," said their commander. "There is the spot near the landing above, but we cannot pick the wall till we get some implements from the ship. Come, Jack Bolton, off with you with nine men to the Flying Hawk, and bring back the necessary things, together with a mining fuse and two barrels of powder. You should be here at least by sunrise."

Jack dashed his brand on the floor, and then, calling off nine of his comrades, led the way down to the boat, which was soon dancing over the still rough water. The remainder, with Neville, returned to the chamber above, and waited by the fire till morning, at which time Jack Bolton and his comrades returned with the several things ordered by his commander. They picked the wall at the spot which was so remarkably and strangely pointed out, and there found a huge iron coffer, in which, on breaking it open, they found what they sought, the booty taken at the cruel sack of Alpuxarra. It consisted of a huge heap of Spanish coin in gold and silver, with several valuable stones and ornaments, all of which, before the sun of that day set, was divided according to the dying instructions of their old commander, on board the Flying Hawk. They placed the barrels of powder

in one of the vaults of the old castle, and attached to them a mine fuse, which they carried down the slope to the shore. On gaining their boat they applied a match to the fuse, and in a few moments the grim and ancient structure was blown in fragments into the air with a roar that was heard for many a mile along the barren coast and desolate moorlands. The inhabitants of a far-off fishing village came over during the day to see the cause of the explosion, and their horror may be well conceived when they saw the black figure still standing uninjured amid the ruins. They dragged it from its foundation with a strong rope, and then cast it into the sea, where it was lost for ever.

Bernard Neville's career was a short one. He crossed the seas, but about a twelvemonth afterwards fell on board the *Flying Hawk*, in an action fought somewhere on the Spanish Main.

LAST CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY FRANCES CROSBY.

A merry Christmas I wish you all!

For dear Father Christmas is coming fast, and will be in the midst of us before we know what we are about. And may he fill the place of honour by our firesides for years and years to come!

Yes, Christmas is coming fast. I will venture to affirm that not one boy or girl away at school would fail to tell us the exact number of days to intervene between this and the *Christmas Holidays*—hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! What makes the girls so wonderfully industrious and stay-at-home these times I wonder? What do all these whispers betoken? And when papa or the boys come into the room unexpectedly, why is there such a fussing, and rustling, and bustling, and slapping of work-box lids, and flushing of cheeks? Eh, girls? Well, we shall see on Christmas morning, not till then. Bless your hearts, my dears, there is no fear that I shall betray you! What makes papa so fond of spying into shop-windows as he goes along, stopping now and again as his eye falls on some pretty or useful object, smiling pleasantly to himself the while? Hah! *that*, too, we shall know on Christmas morning, papa. But above all, what do mamma and Betty discuss during those lengthened and frequent consultations, eh, mamma? O dear me! It's really too bad to betray mamma, and nobody else; but for the life of me I can't help saying, in strict confidence, you know!—that the last time I came on Mamma and Betty in council, I heard something very like "the *spiced round*," and "the *mince-meat*, ma'am;" from Betty's lips. It certainly sounded remarkably like it!

Now, I want to make myself welcome amongst you, so I think I shall tell you a story—a true story, a real Christmas story—and one that happened no farther back than last Christmas. That makes it more interesting, doesn't it? Even chubby little Polly there can remember last Christmas. Well, come now, every one of you, and draw round the fire while you listen. I love to feel cosy, and to see others so. Are you all

ready now? Henry, my dear, be so good as to make a blaze for us; that is a fine fellow! I like, of all things, to see the bright fire light flickering and dancing, and playing at hide and seek in the bright eyes, and glistening hair, and pleasant faces turned towards me. And now for our story.

I spent last Christmas in England, at the house of Irish friends settled there. Every year since her marriage, my dear, warm-hearted friend, Mrs. Blackmore, had asked me to Christmas with her. So at last, I packed up my best bib and tucker, and set off for London, where Mr. Blackmore met me, and carried me down to his house at Richmond. Here I arrived safe and sound, but very blue in the face, and red about the nose, just two days before Christmas.

"There's Letty looking out for us," said Mr. Blackmore, as we drove up to the house. Sure enough, there was his wife's rosy face at one of the windows, with her pretty little nose flattened comically against the frosty pane. But that was only just while you might count five; and then the rosy face vanished, to reappear next moment at the hall-door, whence its owner made a sudden sally into the carriage, to welcome me in her usual style. I wondered my frosty nose and frozen face didn't moderate her ardour. But not at all; she rather seemed to like them than otherwise.

"Welcome to England, you dear, dear, dear old friend!" And between every "dear," she gave me a kiss, and after "friend," she went at it wholesale.

"Come, cricket!" said her husband, who had got out on the other side of the carriage, and was looking on, highly amused by his wife's mode of welcome, "hadn't you better take Miss Crosby in, and make her comfortable there? She is almost frozen, after her journey."

"With twenty half-laughing self-accusations, the impulsive hostess pulled me out of the carriage, up the hall-door-steps, across the hall, up the stairs, along a corridor; and deposited me, gasping and laughing, by the blazing fire in my own dressing-room. Next she pulled off my frosty wrappings, saw me supplied with some delicious hot soup; and finally, sat down opposite for a chat."

"I thought we should *never* get you over!" said she, setting her head sideways, and viewing me with affectionate satisfaction. "Hugh said that nobody but myself would dream of anything so unreasonable as to ask you to come so far to spend Christmas. But you see we have you after all, and I am so glad you came!"

"So am I, Letty, if it were only to see you so well and happy, and light-hearted. My dear, I have not wished you a merry Christmas yet, have I?"

"Nor I you; I declare I was so glad to see you, that I forgot it. A merry Christmas, dear old lady, and many of them; and a merry Christmas you shall spend, please God, and one after your own heart. Yes, yes; your talents must not lie dormant, you must help me in something."

"What may the something be, Letty?"

"A something quite in your line, most skilful match-maker! Yes, we want to make up a match."

"Hah! that is something Letty," and I rubbed my hands, and drew my chair nearer to hers. "Yes; I look on match-making as a part of woman's mission on this earth, when properly conducted, *bien-entendu*."

"And Mr. Thackeray says that every woman worth a pin is a match-maker at heart. Hugh and I laughed when he was reading out for me one evening, and we came to that we thought of you, you know. Hugh says you have made me as great a practitioner as yourself, and Hugh is seldom wrong in what he says. I am sure neither he nor I have cause to regret your tendency in that way. Well, well; I do my best to follow in your footsteps, but, somehow, I don't get on as I should wish. Now, in particular, my Minerva must aid me."

"Then let me hear all about it, Letty?"

Letty laughed, and prudently deprived me of the poker, with which, in my professional energy, I was smashing some lumps of coal, and with every blow, mentally demolishing an obstacle.

"I must disappoint you awhile," she said, shaking her head. "I want you to make the acquaintance of the parties first. To-night I will tell you."

"Then they are here?"

"Not at this moment—but they have come to Christmas with us—both of them. Is that a good stroke?"

"Capital! But couldn't you tell me *now*, Letty?"

"No, no, no, Miss Crosby; I want to see if you will find it out for yourself—as I have no doubt you will."

"Well—I suppose—I must wait," I said with rather a bad grace, I must confess. "What visitors have you here, Letty?"

"Not many. There are Mrs. Westrop, and her devoted admirer Sir Henry Coson; Mr. Forsyth, the artist, whom you met here before, and his sister Lucy; Mr. Winslow the traveller, whom you also know; Hugh's sworn friend, Mr. Ruth the barrister;—and—a pet of yours—the lion, or rather the lioness of my party. You know this, I think?" and she held up a volume of poems which lay on the table, by one of our most gifted modern writers.

"Dear me! do you really mean to say that Alice Clisson is here—in this house?"

"Not this moment, Madam, for all my guests have gone out on a walking party. But she is here, yes. She is an admirable woman, but of that you must judge for yourself. No questions now, you must use your own dear old eyes; I'm sure they are sharp enough. Now if you are thawed, will you come and pay a visit to the nursery? You have to renew your acquaintance with your godson, and to be presented to baby. She will be awake now, so you can see her lovely eyes. Both children have Hugh's eyes;—so dear, and gentle, and serious."

"Goodness me! I remember when a certain young damsel was wont to stigmatise Mr. Blackmore's eyes as sharp, disagreeable, ugly grey eyes!"

"So do I!" laughed Letty; "but I can tell you she has changed her mind, or rather, she never in her heart thought them otherwise than beautiful."

"I need hardly ask how you like my poetess;" said Mrs. Blackmore that night; "but I want to know if your magic rod has pointed out the couple in whose welfare I feel so lively an interest?"

"My dear, I felt it point towards the poetess herself, as also towards Mr. Blackmore's learned brother-at-law."

"Mr. Ruth? well it pointed rightly then. I guessed you would soon find out for yourself. Well, while we toast our toes and brush our hair, let me state the case to you clearly. Mr. Ruth, you must know, was some time ago the reputed suitor of Alice Clisson, and she, as far as anyone can judge of such a superior, undemonstrative woman, did not dislike the attentions of her learned lover. Hugh and I used to say they were made for each other; they used to talk together by the hour of books, and pictures, and metaphysics, and botany, and poetry, and music, and, in fact, everything refined and interesting to two such minds. Miss Clisson was one of the managing committee of the society for the employment of women, and Mr. Ruth used to become quite Demosthenic when he spoke on that subject. In fact, my dear, they are made for each other, that's all about it; but who ever did or ever will hear of the course of true love flowing on unruffled? But, of all persons in the world, Hugh it was who misled the winds that ruffled it. It unluckily came into his head one day, though I'm sure the wonder is that no one thought of doing so before, to congratulate his friend on his fortunate wooing and prospective happiness. Would you believe it? Until that blessed moment this innocent Mr. Ruth—but those learned men are often *such* babies!—had never dreamt that anyone could remark his attentions to Miss Clisson, or construe them into anything but respectful friendship, sincere admiration for talents, veneration for character and sterling worth, and so forth. Sensible, wasn't it? Hugh says he turned as white as a sheet, and trembled all over, when he put the thing to him in its proper light, and then went on in the most ridiculous way about his remorse, and tortured feelings, and trying position. Did you ever hear of such an affair?"

"My dear, I must know more of it before I can answer you. Did he not really care for Miss Clisson, then?"

"Care! why, he adored her, and does to this day—that's the strangest part of my story. He is a very nervous man, as you may have noticed, and he was so nervous and excited at the time of which I speak, that he was unable to keep his own counsel, inasmuch as his love for Alice Clisson was concerned. But he assured Hugh that there were insuperable obstacles to such presumption on his part. That Alice Clisson could never marry him—never! And that he could never have the courage to ask her. No, no, no! And if Hugh ever cared for him he would spare him the pain of further allusion to the subject. So, my good man being completely mystified and bewildered by all this mystery, gave him the required promise. And since

then, Mr. Ruth's avoidance of Alice is as marked as his former attentions."

"Then, that explains the stateliness of her manner to him. I saw there was something strained in it. But of course, any woman would resent such a flagrant desertion. It is an extraordinary story, and I must have time to think over it before I can see my way at all through such a labyrinth."

"Then, pull your considering cap down over your brow, and sleep in it. I give you up to this time on Christmas Eve to mature your wise plans; so, make the most of your opportunities."

"Letty!" I called after her, as she was leaving me. She returned.

"My dear, I have been thinking—this Mr. Ruth can't be married already, can he?"

"The very idea that struck me—but a silly one it seems. Hugh and he have been like brothers since they were boys of fifteen, and unless he took on himself the cares of matrimony before that age, he couldn't possibly take such a step without Hugh's knowledge. So you must suggest something more probable next time. Remember; I give you until this time on Christmas Eve!"

Of all the guests assembled under Mrs. Blackmore's hospitable roof, I shall only introduce you to two—the two in whom the hostess felt so lively an interest.

Alice Clisson, the successful poetess, was the realization of my ideal of a woman of intellect. In age about twenty-eight, she was tall, and rather largely moulded, but with a grace and ease of carriage that precluded all idea of heaviness. Her face was thoughtful; her features irregular, but pleasing; her eyes clear, grave, and penetrating; her head, with its coils of dark hair, classically beautiful in outline. She was an admirable woman—well-ordered and intellectual.

Mr. Ruth was a tall, slenderly-formed man, of thirty or thereabouts, with a noble head and delicate clearly cut features. His forehead was shaded with thin, shadowing-looking hair; his large eyes flashed and burned with the fire of genius; and, spite of the nervousness—at times painful—of his manner, there was an irresistible sweetness and winning grace about him, that made him an almost universal favourite.

Mr. Ruth had been very silent and thoughtful days past, but on Christmas-eve, when we all sat round the fire, the spirit of Christmas seemed to have breathed upon him, and he was as cheerful as any of the circle. He it was who proposed that we should put out the lights, keep the fire blazing, and spend our Christmas-eve telling stories. This was favourably received. We drew lots, and the first fell on Alice Clisson, who, with her usual quiet ease and grace, proceeded to recount to us an adventure that had befallen her at the house of a friend some years previous. (No, Henry; you need not draw up your chair so expectantly. I have no time just now to retail for you Miss Clisson's adventure. No, nor Mrs. Westrop's thrilling ghost story, nor Mr. Blackmore's curious professional anecdote, nor my true

Irish fairy tale, nor, in a word, any of the stories then and there narrated save that told by the person on whom the last lot fell, who was no other than our friend, Mr. Ruth.)

Mr. Ruth was sitting with his head resting on his hand, and for some moments after he was called on for his story, he retained his position without speaking. Suddenly recollecting himself, he started, raised his head, and began in the following words:—

"What I am going to tell you can hardly be called a story. It is merely a curious incident, which occurred within my own knowledge, and which is, I think, a singular one.

"Two days after the Christmas of twenty years ago, a master-sweep, with his two wretched half-starved apprentices, were summoned to exercise their calling at the country-house of a rich old lady, situated in one of the southern counties of Ireland. It was an old-fashioned place, with a multitude of chimneys; and evening was falling when the youngest of the children,—a boy of ten, a wretched child, all skin and bone—clambered up the last chimney, and though almost fainting after his hard day's work, prepared to clean it down.

Here, half-way up, on a ledge that ran to one side, and almost imbedded in soot, the boy laid his hand on some unusual object. He lifted it curiously; it was a coarse but very heavy bag, and when he shook it something clinked within with a mellow, ringing sound. Full of childish eagerness and curiosity, the finder mounted up to the light, and with trembling fingers proceeded to examine the contents of the bag. Running in his sooty little hand, he brought it out filled with yellow pieces,—gold pieces,—which glanced and shone in the beams of the wintry sun. The boy, half stupified, sat there, with his treasure in his hand, dreaming and wondering, until his master's rough voice from below, roused him, by demanding what he was about?

There was little time for thought; but the lessons of the dead mother seemed to ring in his childish ears, and he resolved, cost what it might, to give the prize into the owner's hands. If he could only conceal it from his brutal, depraved master! Tremblingly, he placed the bag inside his ragged shirt, and finishing his task, slipped down to where his master and comrade stood.

"I dare say the child's face betrayed his anxiety and apprehension, for the ruffian looked sharply at him, and his eye fell at once on the clumsily-concealed object beneath the ragged shirt. With an oath he sprang at the trembling little creature, to see what this object was. But the boy, with new-found courage, resisted with all his feeble strength, and screamed and called for help, and the servants rushed in time to rescue him from the clutch of the ruffian, still grasping the treasure. Sobbing and trembling, the boy clung to them, and implored them to bring him to the lady of the house. Eager and curious to discover the cause of his strange behaviour, they did so.

"The child was led into the presence of the lady,

and to her he told his story and delivered his precious bag. In it she found, wrapped in an old newspaper, three hundred sovereigns, and the old newspaper gave them a clue to the reading of the mystery. It contained an account of a burglary committed in this very house fifteen years previous, and of rewards offered for the apprehension of the robbers, who were known to be three in number. But these had never been traced, and the affair was well nigh forgotten, when this unprecedented occurrence again brought the particulars before people's minds. The plate and valuables stolen had been estimated at nine hundred pounds, and as there had been three robbers, there was little doubt but that this was one man's share of the plunder. How it had been placed in the chimney no one could tell, but it had certainly been placed there within the last year, as only that period had elapsed since the chimneys had been swept down last."

Here Mr. Ruth ceased as abruptly as he had begun, and we all broke out into exclamations of wonder and interest. Almost with one accord we inquired as to the subsequent fate of the brave little hero of the story.

"My friends, that is speedily told. He was released from his slavery by the kind and grateful old lady, who adopted him, and gave him the profession of his choice. Since then things have gone well with him; he has prospered in his worldly career; and but for a weak and morbid remembrance of the inferiority of his birth, and a foolish dread of its becoming known to others, would have been as happy as any of his fellows. But now, at this holy season, which brings to us all such lessons of humility and of charity, he has resolved to live no longer with this dread, cast from him this unworthy weakness! Yes, my friends; the story you have heard is a true one, and in me you see the man to whom the boy of whom I have told you was the father; I was that poor boy!"

Mr. Ruth fronted us now, and as he went on, his manner lost all its usual nervousness; he seemed to tower above us, and we all felt it, and looked up to him. We know what it must have cost him to make this avowal, but we honoured him the more for making it. We crowded round him, we pressed his hand, we bade God bless him. And this was the gulf that had divided him from Alice Clisson, eh? Well, well, how little the best men understand us! As to Alice Clisson, now, I am certain I saw tears in her eyes, and her face looked perfectly radiant by the firelight. I think it encouraged Mr. Ruth wonderfully, for he walked over to her, and quietly took possession of the seat beside her. I sat near, and once, during a pause in the conversation, I heard Mr. Ruth say—

"And so my Alice thinks no worse of me after all?"
I did not hear the reply, but judging for the gentleman's face, I am inclined to think it was satisfactory.

So Christmas Eve was come, and no need, you see, for my services as match-maker. And I trust you will all spend as pleasant a Christmas as we did at Mrs. Blackmore's last year.

THE LAST VIGIL.

BY ERIONNACH.

I.

SOFTLY, breathe softly, O wind i' the wood,
Slumberous stream, be thy murmur subdued;
Lest ye awaken the birds with a warning,
And the sun should up-soar
Ere the full time be o'er,

And The Coming be come with an earlier morning.
O, 'mid the dim still chamber,
Faint breaths that come and go,
Are ye dreamy sighs for an aching want,
Or for life, or for death being slow?
O, pale thin hand out-lying,
Dost thou seek for a touch not near,
Or faint with a silent despairing,
Or thrill with a yearning fear?

II.

Softly, breathe softly, O wind i' the wood,
Slumberous stream, be thy murmur subdued;
Lest ye awaken the birds with a warning,
And the sun should up-soar
Ere the full time be o'er,

And The Coming be come with an earlier morning.
The fire has long in ashes
Shrunk, crumbling through the bars,
And long the clouds have gathered
And blackened the brightest stars,
But the taper that burned so bravely
Has a paler and wannish glare
And all round the east horizon
The dark thins into blue air.

III.

Softly, breathe softly, O wind i' the wood,
Slumberous stream, be thy murmur subdued;
Lest ye awaken the birds with a warning,
And the sun should up-soar
Ere the full time be o'er,

And The Coming be come with an earlier morning.
Afar, beyond the horizon
Rides one with bitterest speed,
And more than one life shall tend death-ward
If he see thee not in thy need.
O lightest of all light sleepers!
I dare not to stir lest thou wake,
And with sudden turn of the brow, behold
Him not—and thy heart should break.

IV.

Softly, breathe softly, O wind i' the wood,
Slumberous stream, be thy murmur subdued;
Lest ye awaken the birds with a warning;
And sun sun should up-soar
Ere the full time be o'er,

And The Coming be come with an earlier morning.

Alas, that I hold thy living
And death, within my hand!
Alas, that not I, I only,
But a sound has thy heart in command!
O sleep! tho' the loneliness crush me,
And terrors rush in on my soul.
O slumber!—O shield, sweet angels!
His life from the wakening dole.

V.

Softly, breathe softly, O wind! the wood,
Slumberous stream, be thy murmur subdued;
Lest ye, waken the birds with a warning,
And the sun should up-soar
Ere the full time be o'er,
And The Coming be come with an earlier morning.
Harsh laughter from revellers passing,
O too loud! wither and die—
A sudden turn of the brow—a glance,
One glance—and a low, low sigh.
O fearful chamber of silence!
O stillness audibly great!
O hurrying feet at the doorway
Ye come, ye have come, too late!

LOVE AND REVENGE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER. I.

"WELCOME you are, Master 'Zekiel Black, to everything the house affords. 'Tis not I that will renounce the fine old custom of open door and welcoming lintel to the stranger, but"—

"If you've had wild Injun ways, Mr. O'Brien," retorted 'Zekiel in a harsh voice, (he seemed to feel that praise of hospitality was a reflection on himself,) if you or your forbears had wild Injun ways, the sooner you get over them the better, and the less they're spoken about the better."

"Everything ours is sweet, and everything theirs is sour," answered O'Brien, sententiously, "but, at least, we let our friends say their say, and spoke when they were done. I was going to say, then, that I look upon you as a well-to-do man; your fathers were so before you, and what came from them has not lessened with yourself. You have kept the place well, and though an old and a good name held it, and maybe, if everything happened right, should have held it, all that's a long time ago, in the times of wars and trouble. You have increased much in riches, I know, and I know, too, and I tell you plainly to your face—for no man can accuse Michael O'Brien of being afraid of saying to one's face what he'd say behind his back—I know then, that the open door and ready board have not been your ways. No matter; every people to their customs, and I won't blame you. But this I tell you, Master Black, that I think my daughter is too young to marry yet. And

what's more, I think it quite time for you to make haste if you intend it at all."

"Never said a truer thing in your life, and all you need do besides, is to whisper a word to your daughter Eileen, and I know she'll be obedient to you. I'm sure she wouldn't vex her old father, and that one word from you would be enough. That's all I've to say; she's not too young, you know yourself. Last Christmas she danced at the ungodly merriment made when her cousin got married; and they were both of an age."

"Ay, sure enough, but maybe she was too young. However, I would not do what you want me. I will not say a word that would force my poor Eily to act against her will, for the king upon his throne. And I think she entertains her own opinions about the subject."

"You will not?"

"I will not."

'Zekiel Black's sallow face got rigid with suppressed passion. A dark expression fell upon it, and from under his heavy eyebrows shot a vicious look. The two men were seated before a blazing fire in O'Brien's spacious kitchen, the principal apartment in most farm-houses of times past. Behind the old farmer's chair, to the right of the jutting hearth-jamba, and in the shadow of one of them, was the door opening into his daughter's apartment; on the other side lay his own, and a ladder sloping across led to the loft, tenanted at night by the house servants. Behind the chair of Ezekiel Black, against the northern gable, the "dresser" stood, resplendent with rows of polished pewter plates and drinking vessels.

Few faces could be more different than those of the two sole inhabitants of this kitchen. O'Brien had evidently been a man of massive strength; his face and blue eyes bore a kind, open expression; the white locks that fell upon his shoulders told that his youth had gone; but there was great strength of will in that broad brow and strongly-marked underface. Ezekiel Black, or Black Zeky, as he was popularly called, was rather a long-faced and broad-headed individual. His forehead was low, his complexion dark, his eye lustreless. The expression stamped upon his flaccid visage was that of a man who slowly cogitated his way. An idea a little out of the common, when uttered in his presence, met with no responsive, electric sympathy, no intuitive welcome. It was either a puzzle which he succeeded in nearly unravelling after a time, to his great self-satisfaction, or he gave it up as signifying nothing in particular. As the deaf and dumb are often found to be very suspicious of others, so 'Zekiel Black, dulled in his perceptive sense, unwittingly allowed the distrustfulness of his nature to shine through the quick, dullish looks, cast sidelong.

After revolving the answer he had received in his mind for about half a minute, and during that time his disappointed interest and wounded pride had raised a bitter, unbearable rage in his heart, he stood up suddenly.

"Farmer Breen," he said, threateningly, "my forbears have all been steadfast and true to the kings, and

my word would go far, for or against, in favour or not, with respect to people who may be all very peaceable seeming and loyal—”

O'Brien started to his feet passionately. “The house you're in, 'Zekiel Black,” said he, “is mine, and, by my father's hand, 'tis well for you that 'tis here you utter them words and look that look. By the sun of heaven, if it were elsewhere, you'd get an answer that would suit you better than weak words. You, the close, griping, hard-hearted bodagh, to come into any honest man's house to ask his daughter's hand, and abuse him if he don't get it! you, the Cromwellian son of Cromwellian fathers, how dare you to come into the house of an Irishman, and boast and threaten with your loyalty to the king. Loyalty, inagh! 'tis much of that ye showed, 'tis much of that ye felt, when Charles was marched to the gallows. Out of my house this instant you Cromwellian, an' never darken the door again. My daughter's engaged, and if she weren't, 'tis not you would be chosen. Shule out, I say.”

'Zekiel looked at him darkly and virulently a moment, and it seemed as if the thought was in his mind to oppose the farmer's angry expulsion, by force. But the wrathful expression of his countenance suddenly gave place to a more cool, but far more vindictive look, and, taking a stride to the door, he turned, with his hand on the latch, and answered in a passionless tone—

“You've mistaken my meaning, Farmer Breen, you've deceived yourself, in troth. What for should I come here to menace or threaten you or yours? It wasn't in my head; but sure all the world knows you're a hasty man, and sometimes you know, a hasty person may get the wrong end of the story. Your daughter's engaged, you say; well, that's enough for me, and if you had said it at first, I wouldn't have spoken twice. But it's not for nothing a mau takes a liking. However, I'll say no more about it. I never was put to the door before; but you're a hasty man, and I'll forgive you, Farmer Breen.”

There was little forgiveness in his eye or voice, but O'Brien's wrath went down as suddenly as it had arisen, and so made him overlook this, in his desire to atone.

“Well, now, Master Black, I've not acted like a Christian, and you have. I'm very sorry for my words; by my hand, I could not be sorrier, for I would not offend any man willingly. You see it's a long engagement between her and young Donat O'Brien—”

“Donat O'Brien! Ay, well, good night, Farmer Breen, I'll forgive you.”

O'Brien stepped forward to shake hands, but 'Zekiel, darting a baleful glance at him, pretended not to perceive his intention, and disappeared, closing the door mildly after him.

The old farmer bolted it, and, returning to the chair he had vacated, sat for awhile in meditation. Would he or would he not tell his daughter and wife of what that evening had happened? A shake of the head gave intimation that he had decided against the idea. What use, indeed, was there in troubling their minds about the matter at all, he thought. Besides, Michael

O'Brien had certain high notions touching the prerogatives of a husband. And if this matter were generally looked upon by the universal comity of women to pertain to them of right, and even if they, more than their male relatives, habitually occupied their minds, and seasoned their conversations with plans, hints, and hopes matrimonial—might not this be an usurpation? Michael O'Brien allowed no metaphysical subtleties to interfere with his decision. He was a hasty man, as his self-elected son-in-law had said, and in this matter he felt the “rights” of the question in a very short space. He laid vigorous hands on the tongs, lifting up a ruddy ember, and crushed upon it suddenly the dark head of a sagacious-looking *dhudeen*, (an expressive and altogether descriptive word for a short pipe, *bein culottée*, if we derive it from *dhu*, black, i. e. “the little black one.”) Michael took one or two “draws,” and finding it work well, was rejoiced internally, both on account of the solace it gave him, and of the unknown triumph which he had achieved over his good-natured spouse, on her own field. The turf embers flickered up elfishly in glee at him, and he looked down pleasantly at their flying dances; till they reminded that he should rake them, and that he had got nearly enough of the western herb, for it grew late. The cricket's clear, quaint chirp passed from one side of the fire to the other, sounding through the wide old kitchen with an echo that seemed to stretch into the past, and unite the bygone with the present. But Michael O'Brien paid little heed to it, and the chirp grew stilled, as his tongs commenced to rattle over the hearth, arranging the fire for its night's repose.

Ah, Michael! Michael! why did you make so noisy a raking? For, when you did so, you aided in your own overthrow. That stealthy sound of feet—surely a hostile sound; you heard it not.

The flickerings went down, the kitchen was in darkness, and the crickets resumed their cheerful, weariless chant. But on the next day Michael's self-restrained, and, it must be avowed, somewhat consequential air before his wife, went for nought. He felt somewhat piqued at what he considered her dullness, and let drop a mysterious word or two, intending to lead her into a sly trap. But Mrs. O'Brien was quite amiable and innocent of curiosity that day. None, thank goodness, could accuse *her* of wishing to pry into her husband's affairs. She had business enough to do, and a willing heart to do it. So Michael, finding himself foiled, resolved to let out the secret gradually to her that evening. Poor Michael! he had not the least idea that he, in this wrath, had spoken too loud, in answer to 'Zekiel Black the previous night; nor did it enter his frank old heart to imagine that a wife, moved by a double affection, would be irresistibly impelled to listen studiously when events occur which seem to threaten her dear ones in any way.

CHAPTER II.

A couple of months passed away—last train-bearers of old winter's ermine robes—and 'Zekiel Black seemed to have forgotten all about the unpleasant occurrence

narrated in the beginning of this story. Yet he was never seen again near the house of his hoped-for father-in-law, and rarely encountered him, except at fair or market, and then only by accident. Indeed, 'Zekiel, on such occasions, did not refuse a "trait," for he had made it a matter of principle throughout life to take as much as was offered, and to accept all he could get for nothing. Yet their meeting at the market was the rarer, because 'Zekiel had gone ahead a step, and had pretensions of proceeding to larger outlets. So, he was occasionally heard of as having been seen in Limerick, a good twenty miles off, and once or twice in queer company; but he was shrewd enough to take care of himself.

Whatever caused his absence, it must be said that spring-time came in to every heart, all the more pleasant, all the more sunny, and it seemed even more propitious for that absence. So, certainly, it appeared to Mrs. O'Brien.

One of those pleasant spring evenings, she sat beside the door on the stone bench, or "mounting stone," placed there for the service of rural equestrians, who were not much accustomed to vault into saddle after the old knightly manner, or whose vaulting days, like her brave old husband's, were over for ever.

Mrs. O'Brien was knitting a sock, whose white margin contrasted splendidly with the deep blue leg, in which she had expended all her powers to produce copious and symmetrical "rib-an'-furrows," and had succeeded quite to her satisfaction. Content was radiant on her face, under her white motherly cap, carefully Italian-ironed in the frill, and a smile played about the corners of her lips, although she was performing the difficult operation of "turning the heel." But it was a pleasant evening, and she had a right to be in good humour. She had turned no poverty-stricken creature away who did not leave her a blessing. Even "Grumbling Biddy" herself, who, after she had received her portion, went grumbling past her to the highway—even she, when she had gone out of sight round the turn of the road, appeared suddenly again; not, indeed, to give her thanks or a blessing, but for the satisfaction of wishing a thousand ills to any of her enemies, whether of air, earth, water, or fire. For, poor Biddy was foolish, and had condemnations readier to her tongue than blessings, like many of our philosophers.

The sycamore hummed a varying, mysterious, confidential hum and whisper over Mrs. O'Brien's head and house, and a little red-breast bosom-friend came often down, with more than one comrade, to distract her attention from her knitting, by the rapidity with which they gathered up the crumbs she had considerably scattered, and to rouse the indignation of her favourite old tufted hen, who considered her rights infringed. The brook, a few yards from the door, went in glittering reds and yellows towards the sunset. Where it merged into a pool, rose the surprising gabble of ducks and geese, hidden from sight by a few bushes. The sun was near its setting, far out at sea; a faint glimmer of the waves, and the still fainter sound of their murmur on the shore, being all that she could perceive at that distance. From

the open door beside her came the voices of young girls, and the seldom-interrupted hum of the spinning-wheel. One was the voice of the "daughter of the house," a red-cheeked, black-haired, lively girl; the other was that of their merry, active servant; they were singing alternately the verses of an Irish song, which would run thus in English.

Eileen sings, questioning :

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro, O Fairness fair!
Who's the young maid will married on Easter there,
Oro, O darling fair, O lamb, and O love!"

Nora answering, sings :

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro, O Fairness fair!
Mary Ni Clery, I hear will be married there,
Oro, O darling fair, O lamb! and O love!"

Eileen, enquiringly :

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro, O Fairness fair!
Who's the young man upon whom fell this happy air?
Oro, O darling fair, O lamb and O love!"

Nora was about answering in the same sort of impromptu verse, easy enough in Irish, which is peculiarly apt in rhyme, and thus they would have proceeded to discuss, according to usage, the youth, his claims, and the trousseau; but she didn't answer the question. A thought struck her, and she slyly let her thread break :

"Sorra to it, for a fickle creatur," said she, in pretended anger; "it's as bad as any rovin spalpeen of a lover." However, she managed to right it soon, and the wheel whirled on again, but at a different rate. "There now," said she, "I can't set it right to that air; do, Miss Eileen, astore, go on wid the other," she added, with a great assumption of thinking of nothing but the spinning.

Eileen blushed faintly, but with a laugh to hide her half-confusion, commenced in the prescribed form :

"Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
Go by the river and bring me my lover."

Nora, exercising her ingenuity, contrives to tease her young mistress by promising ineligible individuals. She responds :

"Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
'Tis Connor O'Hart I'll bring to you over."

Eileen, disdainfully :

"Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
His face like the winter, his steps lik the plover,
Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
Go by the river, and bring me my lover."

Nora, mischievously :

"Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
'Tis 'Zekiel Black I quickly discover."

Eileen, half-offended :

"Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
Black-named, and black-hearted, and black in my
favour,
Looreen, O loora, loora, laura,
He may be yours, but look for my lover."

Nora, touched a little by the sarcasm, was about to introduce the name of Donat O'Brien for whom she

gressed her young mistress did entertain certain tender feelings, when the voice of Mrs. O'Brien was heard :

"Here comes the master, children; put aside the wheels, and Nora, call 'Leeam from the garden to put up the horse. O, you're there, are you, 'Leeam, listenin' to the singing, I'll be bound; run away out now, he's turning the corner. Nora you'll have to sing lower the next time, and not be drawin' the poor gomeril from his work—"

"Wisha, then, mistress," said Nora, in confusion; "sure an' he was workin' near the door, ma'am."

"Wisha, yourself, an' don't be vexin' me, but take up that pot of phatees from the fire, an' put down the kittle, 'till he do get his bowl o' punch after his dinner. You needn't be trying thim, I tell you; they're done enough; so is the meat; up with thim—that's right."

So Mrs. O'Brien settled the kitchen cheerfully, took down the plates from the "dresser," and arranged them on the white well-sconced table. Then she went back to the door, to give her husband the "*folta volla*"—welcome home—help him to take off his great, well-caped, outside riding-coat, and relieve him of one or two parcels he had brought from the town. Then Michael O'Brien felt comfortable and happy; and if he thought she would be the better of himself in the "room" to arrange the parcels, had he not a right to his idea? and if a sound, resembling a hearty smack came from the cupboard when it was opened, was that any cause why Nora should giggle, picking out a dish of the best potatoes? Even if it were not the creak of the cupboard, had he not a right to his idea then, also? But, Nora was "ever an' alway," as poor tormented 'Leeam (or William) said, "full of her tricks and full of her fun."

Michael O'Brien completed his dinner, and turned half round to the blazing fire, his right arm resting on the table, and bearing sway over a gallant bowl of punch.

"Open, in the king's name!" cried a hoarse voice outside; and without waiting for an invitation, the party opened the door themselves, and a corporal's guard burst into the kitchen.

"Why, what's the maneing of this?" said the farmer, somewhat startled, rising to his feet.

"Halt!" cried the corporal. "Form in line, face, stand at-ease."

The yeomen attempted to perform such operations, and succeeded—miserably. The corporal stepped forward to the farmer.

"I am commissioned, in the first place," said he, "to drink your health. Here's to you," taking up O'Brien's punch and winking at his privates, who, of course, chuckled.

"Take it," said O'Brien, "an' welcome, an' what's more, there's as much for aich of the craitors there, if you like."

"No;" responded the corporal, "I've no time, you're to consider yourself under arrest. Come, get ready to march."

"Me," cried the farmer, "what have I done? I'll not move a step."

V. L. III.

Mrs. O'Brien and her daughter rushed between him and the corporal.

"For heaven's sake," cried she, "for heaven's sake, what has he done? What do they accuse him of? he's done nothing—nothing at all."

"Fix bayonets!" commanded the corporal. "Present."

The woman shrieked in wild despair, but the corporal stood rigid.

"Prepare to march, or blood will be shed. You're accused of treason, entering into communication with his Majesty's enemies, and getting young men commissions in the Irish brigade in the service of the king of France. Get ready, prepare to march; now come along, will you?"

"I'm ready," said O'Brien stoutly, "Mary and Eileen, don't cry, darlins; never fear, I'll come back shortly; I've had nothing to do with it at all, at all!"

"Shoulder arms!" cried the corporal. "March."

Out of the house they went, leaving a stricken pair behind them. Oh, how sorrowful it looked to see the brave old man, the head of the family, whose word was their law, ordered about and out of his own house! How was the sanctuary desecrated, and the beautiful place trampled down! That last sight of the old man passing out into the night, a soldier on each side of him; how it haunted them! Their hearts were as though their chords had been rudely torn away; and they had no resource or happiness on earth. So they, kneeling, invoked it from heaven; they had too much confined happiness to the earth, and then they found that they had trusted to a breaking reed; but as they prayed, came strength to endure and hope.

They had bolted and locked the door after the old man's departure, and were still comforting each other before retiring to rest, when they heard stealthy footsteps outside, a push at the door, and then a short consultation. Their hearts beat with renewal, but greater because more vague, affright. Then came a knock at the door and a disguised voice asking, "A night's shelter for a poor wanderin' piper and his wife an' child?" There was no answer. Then a woman's voice demanded the same thing, "For the love of heaven, the poor child, was starving with the cold." The mother and daughter drew closer to each other. That voice! no, no, it was no woman's; had they never heard it before? Surely, it was wonderfully like their neighbour Black's; but, again, had he not sent over word that morning that he was going to Limerick, and would be there all night? These ideas passed with the rapidity of lightning between the two trembling women. But, they occupied time enough to make those outside impatient.

"Come, come, open the door, or we'll break it in; 'tis Captain Rock. We want fire-arms!" he shouted, in a loud, menacing voice. Still no answer from within. The mother and daughter silently strengthened the door fastenings, then stepped lightly towards the back-door. To their horror they found it "on the latch" only; it at once occurred to them to slide out by it. It

was clear that the rude besiegers knew not of any but the one at which they were.

"Slip up, Eileen, an' waken Nora, aisy, aisy."

"Sure she's at the wake, mother dear."

"Dash in the door! Come, come, Eileen, you're wanted," shouted the "woman's" voice outside. "Captain Rock wants you—out with you, we know you're there."

Crash went the first blow on the door; the stout wood shivered.

"Rock, Rock, hurrah!" shouted voices at back and sides of the house, and a confused tramping of a crowd of feet was heard round about—approaching the front door. A sudden whispering was heard there; evidently the last cries emanated from a distinct party, and they gathered near the front. Accents of fury and fear were heard, especially in the "woman's" voice; then a noise of decamping feet, and of a rapidly-approaching crowd. A sudden yell of pain, and a loud "Rock, Rock, hurrah, hurrah!" burst forth. The next thing the perplexed and terror-struck women could distinguish amid the tramping was that the latch of the back-door was being tried. How despairingly they congratulated themselves on having fastened it. Suddenly they recognised the voice. "Open, ma'am, sure it's me." They warily opened, and pulled in the servant Nora; rapidly bolting it, they cautioned her to be silent for her life.

"Wish'a, for why, ma'am?" said Nora, shockingly loud, and with something like triumph in her voice. A quick suspicion entered Mrs. O'Brien's mind, could Nora have tasted anything at the wake? It nearly made her faint, for then what were they to do? So she repeated her caution, told her the assault, and desired her to listen to the tramping outside yet; every moment a new assault might come on.

"Orra, but I'll assault," shouted Nora; "never mind, ma'am; don't be crying, Miss Eileen; it's bad enough about the poor master, but wish'a sure it's nothing but the cattle that are tramping there, the craibers! Myself and himself—you know I mean 'Leeam—were comin' up from the wake; he was to convoy me home, and whin we go' near here, the moon gave a glimpse, an' we saw min at the door."

"That's a quare thing, thinks we, an' we slips along the garden wall, an' listens, an' we heard one say to the other, 'Now you purtind to be a piper,' an' again, 'do you purtind to be Captain Rock.' So as there was only three of them there, we thought *we* might purtind where there was so much purtensions, an' we loosened the poor cattle, an' drove them a-tramping through the dark round the house, an' we hurrahing 'Rock, Rock!' an' O wirra, ma'am if I don't think they took us for the rale captain after all, an' I do think that 'Leeam drove a pitch-fork into the make-believe wife and captain, for he gave an awful yell, an' to be sure he will deserve it all, an' twicest more, a wish'a, O whirroo!" cried Nora, in a fever of delight and triumph, clasping them alternately and both together in her arms. With 'Leeam present, they felt that they had nothing more to fear, more especially as Bran, their brave dog, made his bark

heard, returning from the chase, to which he had devoted himself for a quarter of a mile, with all the energy of a private speculator.

CHAPTER III.

THREE weeks after the arrest of Michael O'Brien, and the midnight attack upon his house, the county court-house was thronged by an anxious multitude. The builder of that legal edifice had not expended much anxiety in efforts to provide for the accommodation of the audience; or if he had, they had proved in vain.

Yet, inconvenient as was the position of each individual, when he first introduced himself into the narrow seats, it became, as may be imagined, rather more so, when he had to support considerable pressure on either shoulder, and resignedly, to upbear one or more anxious elbows, upon his back and neck.

"Si—lence!"—the judge has entered; the jury are sworn in.

Crier: "His gracious Majesty the king, George II., versus Michael O'Brien, for that he, contrary to acts in that case made and provided, has wilfully and traitorously essayed to procure, and did procure, a commission in the so-called Irish Brigade, a traitorous corps, then serving the enemy of his gracious Majesty, for his intended son-in-law, Donat O'Brien. Bring forth the prisoners!"

Then the learned lawyer for the king stated the matter of accusation, the heinousness of the offence, and the grave responsibility that weighed upon the very intelligent, very loyal, and very gentleman-like jury, whom he then and there had the honour of addressing. He would first prove to his lordship, and the gentlemen of the jury, by the testimony of an indisputably respectable, of a most distinguishedly loyal subject, who only appeared greatly against his inclination to give evidence, because his conscience would not permit him to be silent any longer—he would prove by his testimony, that the prisoner Michael O'Brien had imparted to him his intention. Next he would prove, on a testimony equally indisputable, and equally loyal, that he had actually carried his project into effect, and that the younger prisoner had been invested with the post, rank and title of sub-lieutenant or ensign, in said brigade, with full powers to enlist, seduce, and carry beyond the seas, such subjects of his gracious Majesty, King George the Second, as might be disaffected or unguarded. He would now call the first witness, Ezekiel Black.

Conversing in a low tone with a man, whose constitution seemed to have met with sad usage in life, 'Zekiel Black stood; now looking slightly startled at the sudden mention of his name. He seemed to have been ill, for he had to be helped up to the witness-box.

"My lord and gentlemen of the jury," said the lawyer for the prosecution, "you behold before you the effect of conscience" ('Zeky Black's suspicious eye turned on him, uneasily) "you behold here a man who has had a severe struggle with himself to unveil a hideous crime in his neighbour. Ezekiel Black, state what the prisoner told you touching his treasonable designs."

Ezekiel Black.—“For why should I do aught or anything to injure my good neighbour? I beg to be let off. It may only have been in jest. But—”

The Judge.—“Witness, you have been sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Tell it, sir, this instant, or, egad” (the judge was of an old and unpleasant school) “we’ll have you laid in his place. No sympathy with treason, sir, ha!”

Ezekiel Black, turning a vindictive, but, as it were, a deprecatory look at old O’Brien: “Well, my lord and gentlemen, I happened to be at this prisoner’s one night, in the early part of the year. None were there but our two selves. The prisoner informed me that he was powerful with a colonel of the brigade, and that he was about procuring a commission for Donat O’Brien, his intended son-in-law, and that if I desired, he would get me nominated; which I declined timorously, for I was afraid of his hasty temper. Then he threatened me.”

Counsel for the defence.—“My lord and gentlemen of the jury, we will prove this man’s evidence a vile perjury. It is true there was a conversation; it is untrue that any illegal proposition was made; it is true none were present in the apartment; but the prisoner’s wife, here present, heard every word from an adjoining apartment—”

Counsel for the prosecution.—“I protest against this, till my witnesses are heard; besides, we all know what value to attach to a wife’s evidence, when her family’s endangered.”

Counsel for the defence.—“I appeal then to his lordship to make the witness sit down; he has been standing there disrespectfully.”

His Lordship.—“Sit down, witness, sit down, sir. Eh? What? If you don’t sit down without that shambling pretence, I’ll order you off the table, sir. Go down, this instant, sir,” to Ezekiel who, after several praise-worthy but vain attempts, stood up in despair. “Take him into custody for contempt of court.”

Counsel for the prosecution.—“My lord and gentlemen of the jury, I am informed by last witness that he meant no disrespect, inasmuch as he was unable to perform the court’s behest, on account of an accidental fall depriving him the power of a leg—a fall which he received in endeavouring to rescue a dumb favourite from a torrent. My next witness shall complete the chain of evidence, and thoroughly vindicate my last witness’s statement. Job Slocum!”

Here the individual with whom Ezekiel had been in conversation, made a sudden rush forward, but quickly stopping, he marched up with preternatural gravity.

“Your name is Slocum?”—The witness had one shoulder considerably higher than the other; so, as the elevated shoulder, was next his interrogator, he “slued himself” round and imparted in a confidential voice, that his name was “Job Slocum.”

“What’s your business?”

Witness.—“Wall, ah, d’ye see, I’ve been suthings in my time, an’ I don’t know why you should ax—”

“Are you not a sea-captain?”

Witness confidently, and apparently much relieved—

“Yes, I is.”

“And you, walking out one evening, accidentally saw both said prisoners meet in the ruined abbey by the sea-coast with several foreigners, and there heard the elder prisoner state his treasonable intentions, which were accepted by the foreigners and Donat O’Brien?”

Witness rising from the chair, and steadying himself upon his legs—“Yes, I did, sartently, there to meet on sea-coast, state his ’entions—Donat O’Brien and his daughter, made a hinsigu of both.”

Counsel for defence, innocently.—“Do you mean of Donat O’Brien and his daughter?”

Witness, “slueing” round to him, and shutting his eye emphatically.—“Yis, I” (here he caught a glimpse of Zeky in the court, shaking his head and frowning) I doant—doant ee be d’in that, eh? a’ll right, Yis I doant Sir,” sitting down with great gravity.

Counsel for the prosecution.—“My lord, I protest against being interrupted by the counsel for the defence before his time. But now, my lord, I have done with this witness; he may go do on.”

Counsel for the defence.—“Stay a moment. Now witness, upon your oath, on your solemn oath, Sir, who did you hear talking of giving this title of ensigu to Donat O’Brien?”

Witness arose and steadied himself sternly upon his wavering knees. It was too evident that the air of the court was developing the incipient intoxication with which he had entered it. He attempted to fold his arms, and look at his interrogator, but his arms slid down by his sides. His friend Zeky had managed to sidle over near him, (he had not been removed from court on account of the crowd,) and now stood close by the table. Witness shut one of his eyes, and his face again assumed that drunken look of preternatural wisdom, characteristic of the inebriate; but he seemed to want a guiding string. Suddenly his eyes fell on his patron, and stooping down all at once, he put his arm round his neck, despite his struggles.

“’Ere,” said he, in a lachrymose and pathetic tone, “’Ere he is, and was, and shall be. ’Twas he, my noble friend, as told me all, why not? he is a very noble friend as should know it better nor a stranger in this ’ere country, as I is, and allers was. I’ll stand by him, my lord,” said he, turning and speaking confidently to the judge; “no other shall get the credit on’t, and I tell ye as it happened; we met in Limerick, and he called I into a tavern, and told I all ’bout it, and st ood hansum”; so I ’greed; I ’greed at once to do wot’s right.”

The crowd burst into a roar and cheer at this disclosure of villany, and the judge, irritated at such a demonstration, had Job Slocum seized upon at once, and was about to pronounce summary sentence for their committal, when the counsel for the defence called his attention to the fact, that he had witnesses to produce.

Judge.—“We’ve had enough of witnesses; the case has evidently been trumped up; a clumsy case, sir, very.”

Counsel.—“My lord, these witnesses are to testify that the man, Ez kiel Black did, on the night on which

O'Brien was taken up, attempt burglary on his house, in order to carry away his daughter. This is the true reason has made him try to impose upon your lordship and the intelligent gentlemen of the jury. Mrs. O'Brien, a truthful witness, will prove that Ezekiel Black's account of the conversation in the kitchen was utterly false. Eileen O'Brien will prove that she recognised the voice of the aforesaid Black, demanding admission, at his midnight attempt at burglary. The servant Nora will swear that the glimpses she has had of the burglar's face outside, were enough to make her believe that 'twas he. But here, my lord, is an unmistakable witness," and he threw down the iron head of a pitch-fork on the table, to the great interest and amusement of the spectators.

"That, my lord, or a wound caused by it, was what made him disobey your lordship; and now we will proceed to examine the witnesses,"—with which we need not trouble our readers. It doubtless was fully reported in the local papers; and if any of our readers have a file of them, and patience to "try back," he may or may not find how Ezekiel Black was transported, for the period of his natural life, and Job Slocum for seven years. If, perhaps, he should look studiously through the column set apart for births, deaths, and marriages, he might also (or might not) find that Eileen O'Brien and Donat O'Brien were united in holy matrimony, and that the name of O'Brien increased—ah, and decreased also.

G. S.

HOW TOURISTS "DO" IRELAND.

It has been remarked of large cities generally, and of London in particular, that their native residents, as a rule, are less acquainted with the "lions" which surround them, than strangers who may have paid a flying visit to the place.

Of the tourists who have "done" Ireland, and favoured us with their impressions, it may be said that they appear to have seen things which we could not see, though for many years past we have travelled the length and breadth of the land, by railway, boat, coach, car, and omnibus, or by that more ancient, but as we hold, equally dignified mode of progression, commonly styled "tramping." Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Barrow, Myles, Manners, Thackeray, and other writers of name, have left us their "impressions," coupled frequently with what, no doubt, they have pleased to consider as a little good advice to "Paddy and his Wife."

To any Irishman of feeling, there is something highly offensive in the patronising air which writers of the class referred to, almost invariably assume when treating on subjects of which very frequently they possess not even a superficial knowledge. But this is not the only grievance of which we would complain. It would seem to be required of such writers that their book or paper, as it may be, should be largely enriched with smart imaginary descriptions of people or places. Caricature, not Truth, is required for the English market, and we shall see that the supply is equal to the demand.

Even writers friendly to Ireland cannot get out of the prevailing fashion. The following description of Larry Moore, the Bannow boatman, is from the pen of a well-known Irish authoress, and we give it as a fair specimen of the kind of writing which our neighbours relish when the subject is Irish:—"His lower garments have evidently once been trousers—blue trousers; but, as Larry when in motion is amphibious, they have experienced the decaying effects of salt water, and now only descend to the knee, where they terminate in unequal fringes. Indeed, his frieze jacket is no great things, being much rubbed at the elbows, and no wonder, for Larry, when awake, is ever employed either in pelting the sea gulls (who, to confess the truth, treat him with very little respect), rowing his boat, or watching the circles formed on the surface of the calm waters by the large or small pebbles he throws into it; and, as Larry, of course, rests his elbows on the rocks while performing these exploits, the sleeves must wear, for frieze is not impenetrable stuff. His hat is a natural curiosity, composed of sunburnt straw, banded by a misshapen ribbon, and garnished by red "delisk,"—red and green; his cutty pipe, stuck through a slit in the brim, which bends it directly over his left eye, and keeps it 'quite handy, without any trouble.' His bushy, reddish hair, persists in obstinately pushing its way out of every hole in his extraordinary hat."

Now, we must say, beyond all fear of contradiction, that this Larry Moore must have been a most extraordinary character. How he could have performed these "exploits" of "rowing his boat," "pelting the seagulls," &c., &c., &c., while his elbows rests upon the rocks, is a subject of curious speculation which we respectfully refer to the learned. Here, too, we have the stereotyped hat of the stage Irishman, with its holes, and the inevitable "cutty pipe stuck through a slit in the brim." We would ask any honest person in the least acquainted with the country, whether our men and youths of the labouring class, or indeed of any class, are in the habit of carrying their dhudeens upon the outside of their hats? We know well what the reply would be. Indeed the beloved pipe is kept "quite handy" in a position much nearer the Irishman's heart, yet what caricature of "Paddy" would be complete without the mythical cutty, either, as in the case of Larry, stuck through a slit in the brim, or confined to the hat by a band. It is a matter, we admit, of very little importance, whether the pipe be carried upon the Irishman's hat or in his waistcoat pocket, but it is curious to observe how uniformly our caricaturists insist on the prevalence of the former practice, an arrangement by-the-by, which in all our travels, north, south, east and west, in Ireland, we have never once had the observation to detect. If writers, admittedly friendly to Ireland can thus give a loose rein to their fancy, and describe "the thing which is not," in order to rivet the attention of their readers, we may expect something, if possible, even more strained from the pens of foreign professional "chielis," who come and see, and "do" the country with a view of making as much of their "notes" as the

publisher can be induced to hand over. Mr. Kohl, who has generally been described as a very observant traveller, some few years ago favoured us with a visit. In due time, a book on Ireland, from his pen, is published—from which book we make the following extract, for the length of which we must apologise to our readers:—"The rags of Ireland" writes our visitor, "are quite as remarkable a phenomena as the ruins; as an Irishman seems to live in a house as long as it remains habitable, so he drags the same suit of clothes about with him as long as the threads will hold together. * * * No rags so completely worn away, so completely reduced to dust upon a human body, are elsewhere to be seen—at the elbows, and at all the the other corners of the body the clothes hang like the drooping petals of a faded rose." (Beautiful simile!) "The edges of the coat are formed into a sort of fringe, and often it is quite impossible to distinguish the inside from the outside of a coat, or the sleeves from the body. The legs and arms are at length unable to find their accustomed way in and out, so that the drapery is, every morning, disposed after a new fashion; and it might appear a wonder how so many varied fragments are held together by their various threads, were it not perfectly a matter of indifference whether the coat be made to serve for breeches, or the breeches for coat."

But perhaps Mr. Kohl did not see, or could not notice, the garment in question. He seems to have been absorbed in the idea of Irishmen, as a body, being dressed, not in the working-man's dress, but in the wreck of the gentleman's; that is, that the clothes which are usually worn by our farmers and labourers, the "dress coat," for instance, with its long tail, useless collar, and flapping sides, is actually an article that had at one time moved in what Pecksniff calls "society," in fact that, as a general rule, Pat had on his back the work of some highly-talented and distinguished artist, residing, perhaps, not far from Regent Street. It is a very common mistake made by superficial writers, when tonching upon the subject of Irish male attire, that the body-coats of our peasantry are the cast-offs of gentlemen, or at least of people of some condition, and Mr. Kohl could not get out of the old tramway of error. A slight exercise of that power of observation for which he has at least the credit, would have shown him that the cloth is evidently of home manufacture, and that though the coat be "swallow-tailed," it is in other respects a very different article from that which a gentleman usually exhibits at an evening party. But "there are none so blind as those who won't see," and our author, no doubt, felt the necessity of spicing his narrative, at Pat's expense, to suit the taste of his readers. Had Mr. Kohl visited even a few of the cabins in almost any district of Ireland, which he professes to describe, he might have seen the process of cloth manufacture in full operation,—the combing, carding, spinning, and weaving, and his ears might have been refreshed with many an ancient Celtic air, with which the women and girls, engaged in a portion of the work, usually make the time pass cheerily. He might even

have seen the country tailor at work, cutting and stitching some of these very "dress coats" which he mistakes for cast-off gentlemen's apparel.

After reading such a description of the Irishman's dress—mind, reader, the remarks refer not to the rags of some wretched beggar-man, but to the ordinary dress of our fellow-countrymen,—we must wonder at the coolness of the observant traveller. But he is not yet done upon the subject of coats. After making the discovery that Paddy's coat is not the dress of a working man, but the wreck of that of a gentleman, he proceeds—"Often one-half of the swallow-tail is gone, and the other half may be seen, drooping in widowed sorrow over its departed companion, whom it is evidently prepared to follow on no very distant day. It seems never to occur to the owner, when one of these neglected flaps hangs, suspended only by a few threads, that half-a-dozen stitches would renew its connection with the parent coat, or that one bold cut would, at all events, put it out of its lingering misery. No; morning after morning, he draws on the same coat, with the tail drooping in the same pity-inspiring condition, till the doomed fragment drops at last of its own accord, and is left lying in the street."

Mr. Kohl must, indeed, have an extraordinary taste for the description of rags. We who know, or think we know, the country pretty well, have never been able to discover in the apparel of Paddy, the fringed retiquise so particularly described. We have laboured under the impression, that except in the case of an odd beggarman, who has reasons for his raggedness, the Irish working man usually possesses a very commodious garment which he styles "coatamore," and from which many gentlemen of wealth and position have their great travelling coats designed; and right comfortable protections they are, with their ample capes of native frieze, and flowing skirts, which usually descend below the knee. In fact, the "coatamore" may be considered as the successor and representative of the famous mantle, once universally adopted in Ireland, and against the wearing of which—because it was so useful and national an article of dress—Spencer, was pleased to devote a chapter, perhaps not the least characteristic in his often-quoted "State of Ireland."

"For, it is a fit house for an outlaw, a meete bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close; and at all times he can use it; never heavy, never cumbersome."

We do not, of course, wish to intimate that no second or third hand clothes are imported to Ireland from the "sister country." There can be no doubt that a considerable traffic in such articles exists, but the purchasers are not the peasantry, or indeed country people at all. In large cities in Ireland, in Dublin and Cork for instance, there are many dealers in left-off clothes; but their customers are almost invariably townspeople, humble persons of small means, who, however, must to a certain extent keep up appearance. Mr. Kohl, could not get out of the beaten track—he must write of rags, rags, rags; and it is not difficult to trace the source of his in-pi-

ration. A former tourist, a Mr. Willis, in his "Pencilings by the Way," had evidently struck the key-note, and the rags must be done to perfection, or the book would not claim that satisfactory attention on the other side of the Channel which would make the matter a profitable speculation. He was also preceded by a Mr. Barrow, who has certainly had the honesty to admit that in some parts of Ireland the prospect was cheerful enough—that his gratification was great at finding the people of Antrim, for instance, cheerful, well-behaved, and generally well-clothed.

From "the Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland," written by Willis, and illustrated by Bartlett, we make the following elegant extract:—

"As we drove into Drogheda we entered a crowd, which I can only describe as suggesting the idea of a miraculous advent of rags. It was market day; and the streets were so thronged that you could scarce see the pavement except under the feet of the horses, and the public square was a sea of tatters. Here, and all over Ireland, I could but wonder where and how these rent and frittered habiliments had gone through the preparatory stages of wear and tear. There were no degrees—nothing above rags to be seen in coat or petticoat, waistcoat or breeches, cloak or shirt. Even the hats and shoes were in rags; not a whole covering, even of the coarsest material, was to be detected on a thousand backs about us: nothing shabby, nothing threadbare, nothing mended, except here and there a hole in a beggar's coat stuffed with straw. Who can give me the genealogy of Irish rags? Who took the gloss from these coats, once broadcloth? Who wore them? Who tore them? Who sold them to the Jews? (for, by the way, Irish rags are fine rags, seldom frieze or fustian). How came the tatters of the entire world, in short, assembled in Ireland? for if, as it would seem, they have all descended from the backs of gentlemen, the entire world must contribute to maintain the supply."

This is indeed a very sad account of Paddy's wardrobe, but we happen to know the people and district thus descanted on pretty well, and thus we can safely affirm that Mr. Willis never saw what he has thus described. Mark, reader, his account of the beggars of the then and still flourishing town of Drogheda.

"I had been rather surprised at the scarcity of beggars in Belfast, but the beggars in Drogheda fully came up to the traveller's descriptions. They were of every possible variety. At the first stop the coach made in the town, we were very near running over a blind man, who knelt in the liquid mud of the gutter (the calves of his legs covered by the pool, and only his heels appearing above), and held up in his hands the naked and footless stumps of a boy's legs. The child sat in a wooden box, with his back against the man's breast, and ate very unconcernedly of a loaf of bread, while the blind exhibitor turned his face up to the sky, and waving the stumps slightly from side to side, kept up a vociferation for charity that was heard above all the turmoil of the market-place. When we stopped to change horses, the entire population, as deep as they could stand, at least, with any chance of being heard, held out their hands, and in every conceivable tone and mode of arresting the attention, implored charity. The sight was awful; old age in shapes so hideous I should think the

most horrible nightmare never had conceived. The rain poured down upon their tangled and uncovered heads, seaming, with its cleansing torrents, faces so hollow, so degraded in expression, and withal so clothed with filth and neglect, that they seemed like features of which the very owners had long lost, not only care, but consciousness and remembrance; as if in the horrors of want and idiocy, they had anticipated the corrupting apathy of the grave, and abandoned everything except the hunger which gnawed them into memory of existence. The feeble blows and palsied fighting of these hag-like spectres for the pence thrown to them from the coach, and the howling, harsh, and unnatural voices in which they imprecated on each other in the fury of the struggle, have left a remembrance in my mind, which deepens immeasurably my fancied *nadir* of human abandonment and degradation. God's image so blasted, so defiled, so sunk below the 'beasts that perish,' I would not have believed was to be found in the same world with hope."

This indeed is "doing" Ireland with a vengeance, and we are less surprised at the gross falsehood of the account, than at the daring of the writer, who must have known that many of his readers, even in England would give his account of perhaps the most comfortable, and certainly the richest district in Ireland, its proper name.

The idea of people stopping the holes in their dress with straw, is excessively rich and original. The streets were so thronged, that he could not see the pavements, except under the feet of the horses! Wonderful man, or rather wonderful horses with the transparent feet. No degrees of ruin, nothing shabby, nothing threadbare, nothing mended, except the holes stopped with straw! Really Mr. Willis, you should have looked a little sharper. Where were the rich well-to-do gentlemen who, to our own knowledge, attend this very market, for the purpose of buying and selling stock? Where were the fat, comfortable Meath farmers? where the jobbers with their generally well-lined pockets, men who can freight steamers with livestock for the markets of almost every considerable city or town in England? We think you may "go down Sir," though not to posterity, as a conscientious truth-telling writer.

Barrow's book is every way less offensive to Irishmen than either of the two which we have noticed. Its author gives, however as a frontispiece, a rank caricature of an Irish jaunting-car, drawn, we regret to say, by our justly-celebrated countryman, Daniel Maclise. The machine represented never existed, except in the imagination of the painter, and Mr. Barrow's description of our national vehicle was evidently manufactured by him, in order to introduce a smart saying supposed to have been made by a jarvey, in his definition of an outside car, as distinguishing it from an inside car.—viz. that the former had its wheels inside, while the latter had its wheels outside. In order to be very smart he describes the well of an Irish car as being usually full of water. By the by, our cars seem usually to attract the attention of writers upon Irish subjects.

Englishmen generally cannot understand them. We see tourists from the sister isle, when driving through our streets, convulsively clutching the driver's box or the back of the seat, in mortal fear of their legs being knocked off by some passing vehicle. In drawings, the outside car is always caricatured, as is also its driver, who is almost invariably represented in tatters, and with the pipe stuck in the band of a shocking bad hat. Why this should be the case we cannot say, for beyond question our jarveys are as decent a set of men of their class as can be found elsewhere. Were they dirty or ragged to nearly the degree represented in the ordinary caricature, or were their vehicles or harness out of condition, they would soon have to appear before a magistrate. But we cannot be allowed fair play in either literature or art. A friend of ours, possessed of very considerable information on subjects connected with the natural history and scenery of Ireland, visited London in the course of last summer. He there met an old acquaintance, who was about investing a large sum of money in the purchase of a large painting in oil, said to represent a well-known scene at Killarney. It was proposed that both gentlemen should proceed to the artist's studio, and that our friend, who was supposed to be quite skilled in the scenery of Ireland in general, and in that of Killarney in particular, should give an opinion as to the correctness of the work. They went accordingly, and the picture is produced, a large composition, of more than an average degree of merit, but as unlike any view about Killarney as could well be. However, there were rocks, water, mountain, and an abundance of wood, and on a sward sloping to the lake's edge, a pic-nic party of very innocent and interesting-looking young ladies and gentlemen at dinner. This, our readers, will suppose was a very appropriate passage in the foreground of a supposed representation of one of the greatest show-places in Ireland—but there was another figure in the picture, half hidden by foliage, leaning over a rock, and levelling a blunderbuss at the unsuspecting revellers—a native is represented. His dress, of course, was rags (rags again); his hat exhibited the regulation number of holes, and of course there was the everlasting pipe! My friend remonstrated with the painter, but all was in vain. He was quite sure of selling the picture through the introduction of that little passage so strongly objected to; for did not such affairs take place in Ireland every day? "By Jove, sir, that blunderbuss will sell the picture!" We are happy to say it did not, on that occasion.

We commenced this little notice of "How Tourists 'Do' Ireland," when Ireland is concerned, by stating that the writers appear to have seen many wonderful things which a native could not see. What wonderful manner of men must they be—not to have come and made such astounding discoveries; but to have been able to cram so many often ingeniously devised misrepresentations into a few little books.

WINTER MORNING.

BEFORE DAYBREAK

SAVE the quick patter of descending hail
A solemn, gloomy silence holds the world.
Above me, and around, a sullen, cheerless
Void of changeless black; deep, dense, dim. No star,
Nor ray of star; not e'en the glance of meteor.
Air, earth and sea are black! O, glorious
Light, thou mirror of great nature, in which
The Godhead sees his works; celestial
Voucher of omnipotence, how joyless
Were this world without thy cheering beams.

DAYBREAK.

Behold where yonder in the murky east
The faintly greyish glimmer of the dawn
Relieves the broad opaque; and as a sluggard,
Morning lifts her lids and closes them again.
At length aroused by the circling hours,
She leaves her bed, unwilling to reveal
Her drowsy face, portentous of a day
Most bleak and bitter. Clouds of sickly white
Precede the struggling gleams of distant day,
While felon-favouring darkness steals away
From the pursuing strides of searching light.

'Tis dawn; and over the awakening earth
Aurora breathes in chilling exhalations.
How different she now seems, vested in alb
Of white; her whilome rosy fingers cramped
And hueless; and her brows so lately wreathed
With flowers; encircled with diadem
Of glittering sparks that mock the diamond;
Unreal lustre theirs; 'tis like the glare
That, for a moment occupies the eye
Of man but late departed.

In indistinct perspective
The barren bleakness of the distant hills
Shews out; while their jagged sides impregnable
To storms, look wintry as the season.
Forth from beneath the fuel-making furze,
Silvered with hoar frost, creeps the wily fox,
Eying with cautious glance the hills around;
And as the clarion of the stately cock
Reverberates in the air, he sniffs the gale,
And with fell purpose dodges tow'ards the barn
Where chanticler exulting flaps his wings,
Giving his welcome to the risen day.

Repulsive frowns old ocean. Over his waves,
Scanning with hungry scowl their dismal depths,
The harsh-voiced seagull floats, seeking his morning meal.
In the offing, lo! the fisher, seaworn
And weary, drags o'er his crazy wherry's
Tarless side the net, instinct with ocean's
Denizens, that upwards spring, as if they
Would assail their captor, who, snaring, lured
Them from their free domain. He, reckless, heeds

Alas, that I hold thy living
And death, within my hand !
Alas, that not I, I only,
But a sound has thy heart in command !
O sleep ! tho' the loneliness crush me,
And terrors rush in on my soul.
O slumber !—O shield, sweet angels !
His life from the waking dole.

V.

Softly, breathe softly, O wind ! the wood,
Slumberous stream, be thy murmur subdued ;
Lest ye, waken the birds with a warning,
And the sun should up-soar
Ere the full time be o'er,
And The Coming be come with an earlier morning.
Harsh laughter from revellers passing,
O too loud ! wither and die—
A sudden turn of the brow—a glance,
One glance—and a low, low sigh.
O fearful chamber of silence !
O stillness audibly great !
O hurrying feet at the doorway
Ye come, ye have come, too late !

LOVE AND REVENGE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER. I.

"WELCOME you are, Master 'Zekiel Black, to everything the house affords. 'Tis not I that will renounce the fine old custom of open door and welcoming lintel to the stranger, but"—

"If you've had wild Injun ways, Mr. O'Brien," retorted 'Zekiel in a harsh voice, (he seemed to feel that praise of hospitality was a reflection on himself,) if you or your forbears had wild Injun ways, the sooner you get over them the better, and the less they're spoken about the better."

"Everything ours is sweet, and everything theirs is sour," answered O'Brien, sententiously, "but, at least, we let our friends say their say, and spoke when they were done. I was going to say, then, that I look upon you as a well-to-do man ; your fathers were so before you, and what came from them has not lessened with yourself. You have kept the place well, and though an old and a good name held it, and maybe, if everything happened right, should have held it, all that's a long time ago, in the times of wars and trouble. You have increased much in riches, I know, and I know, too, and I tell you plainly to your face—for no man can accuse Michael O'Brien of being afraid of saying to one's face what he'd say behind his back—I know then, that the open door and ready board have not been your ways. No matter ; every people to their customs, and I won't blame you. But this I tell you, Master Black, that I think my daughter is too young to marry yet. And

what's more, I think it quite time for you to make haste if you intend it at all."

"Never said a truer thing in your life, and all you need do besides, is to whisper a word to your daughter Eileen, and I know she'll be obedient to you. I'm sure she wouldn't vex her old father, and that one word from you would be enough. That's all I've to say ; she's not too young, you know yourself. Last Christmas she danced at the ungodly merriment made when her cousin got married ; and they were both of an age."

"Ay, sure enough, but maybe she was too young. However, I would not do what you want me. I will not say a word that would force my poor Eily to act against her will, for the king upon his throne. And I think she entertains her own opinions about the subject."

"You will not ?"

"I will not."

'Zekiel Black's sallow face got rigid with suppressed passion. A dark expression fell upon it, and from under his heavy eyebrows shot a vicious look. The two men were seated before a blazing fire in O'Brien's spacious kitchen, the principal apartment in most farm-houses of times past. Behind the old farmer's chair, to the right of the jutting hearth-jamba, and in the shadow of one of them, was the door opening into his daughter's apartment ; on the other side lay his own, and a ladder sloping across led to the loft, tenanted at night by the house servants. Behind the chair of Ezekiel Black, against the northern gable, the "dresser" stood, resplendent with rows of polished pewter plates and drinking vessels.

Few faces could be more different than those of the two sole inhabitants of this kitchen. O'Brien had evidently been a man of massive strength ; his face and blue eyes bore a kind, open expression ; the white locks that fell upon his shoulders told that his youth had gone ; but there was great strength of will in that broad brow and strongly-marked underface. Ezekiel Black, or Black Zeky, as he was popularly called, was rather a long-faced and broad-headed individual. His forehead was low, his complexion dark, his eye lustreless. The expression stamped upon his flaccid visage was that of a man's who slowly cogitated his way. An idea a little out of the common, when uttered in his presence, met with no responsive, electric sympathy, no intuitive welcome. It was either a puzzle which he succeeded in nearly unravelling after a time, to his great self-satisfaction, or he gave it up as signifying nothing in particular. As the deaf and dumb are often found to be very suspicious of others, so 'Zekiel Black, dulled in his perceptive sense, unwittingly allowed the distrustfulness of his nature to shine through the quick, dullish looks, cast sidelong.

After revolving the answer he had received in his mind for about half a minute, and during that time his disappointed interest and wounded pride had raised a bitter, unbearable rage in his heart, he stood up suddenly.

"Farmer Breen," he said, threateningly, "my forbears have all been steadfast and true to the kings, and

my word would go far, for or against, in favour or not, with respect to people who may be all very peaceable seeming and loyal—”

O'Brien started to his feet passionately. "The house you're in, 'Zekiel Black," said he, "is mine, and, by my father's hand, 'tis well for you that 'tis here you utter them words and look that look. By the sun of heaven, if it were elsewhere, you'd get an answer that would suit you better than weak words. You, the close, griping, hard-hearted bodagh, to come into any honest man's house to ask his daughter's hand, and abuse him if he don't get it! you, the Cromwellian son of Cromwellian fathers, how dare you to come into the house of an Irishman, and boast and threaten with your loyalty to the king. Loyalty, inagh! 'tis much of that ye showed, 'tis much of that ye felt, when Charles was marched to the gallows. Out of my house this instant you Cromwellian, an' never darken the door again. My daughter's engaged, and if she weren't, 'tis not you would be chosen. Shule out, I say."

'Zekiel looked at him darkly and virulently a moment, and it seemed as if the thought was in his mind to oppose the farmer's angry expulsion, by force. But the wrathful expression of his countenance suddenly gave place to a more cool, but far more vindictive look, and, taking a stride to the door, he turned, with his hand on the latch, and answered in a passionless tone—

"You've mistaken my meaning, Farmer Breen, you've deceived yourself, in troth. What for should I come here to menace or threaten you or yours? It wasn't in my head; but sure all the world knows you're a hasty man, and sometimes you know, a hasty person may get the wrong end of the story. Your daughter's engaged, you say; well, that's enough for me, and if you had said it at first, I wouldn't have spoken twice. But it's not for nothing a man takes a liking. However, I'll say no more about it. I never was put to the door before; but you're a hasty man, and I'll forgive you, Farmer Breen."

There was little forgiveness in his eye or voice, but O'Brien's wrath went down as suddenly as it had arisen, and so made him overlook this, in his desire to atone.

"Well, now, Master Black, I've not acted like a Christian, and you have. I'm very sorry for my words; by my hand, I could not be sorrier, for I would not offend any man willingly. You see it's a long engagement between her and young Donat O'Brien—"

"Donat O'Brien! Ay, well, good night, Farmer Breen, I'll forgive you."

O'Brien stepped forward to shake hands, but 'Zekiel, darting a baleful glance at him, pretended not to perceive his intention, and disappeared, closing the door mildly after him.

The old farmer bolted it, and, returning to the chair he had vacated, sat for awhile in meditation. Would he or would he not tell his daughter and wife of what that evening had happened? A shake of the head gave intimation that he had decided against the idea. What use, indeed, was there in troubling their minds about the matter at all, he thought. Besides, Michael

O'Brien had certain high notions touching the prerogatives of a husband. And if this matter were generally looked upon by the universal comity of women to pertain to them of right, and even if they, more than their male relatives, habitually occupied their minds, and seasoned their conversations with plans, hints, and hopes matrimonial—might not this be an usurpation? Michael O'Brien allowed no metaphysical subtleties to interfere with his decision. He was a hasty man, as his self-elected son-in-law had said, and in this matter he felt the "rights" of the question in a very short space. He laid vigorous hands on the tongs, lifting up a ruddy ember, and crushed upon it suddenly the dark head of a sagacious-looking *dhudeen*, (an expressive and altogether descriptive word for a short pipe, *bein culottée*, if we derive it from *dhú*, black, i. e. "the little black one.") Michael took one or two "draws," and finding it work well, was rejoiced internally, both on account of the solace it gave him, and of the unknown triumph which he had achieved over his good-natured spouse, on her own field. The turf embers flickered up elishly in glee at him, and he looked down pleasantly at their flying dances; till they reminded that he should rake them, and that he had got nearly enough of the western herb, for it grew late. The cricket's clear, quaint chirp passed from one side of the fire to the other, sounding through the wide old kitchen with an echo that seemed to stretch into the past, and unite the bygone with the present. But Michael O'Brien paid little heed to it, and the chirp grew stilled, as his tongs commenced to rattle over the hearth, arranging the fire for its night's repose.

Ah, Michael! Michael! why did you make so noisy a raking? For, when you did so, you aided in your own overthrow. That stealthy sound of feet—surely a hostile sound; you heard it not.

The flickerings went down, the kitchen was in darkness, and the crickets resumed their cheerful, weariless chant. But on the next day Michael's self-restrained, and, it must be avowed, somewhat consequential air before his wife, went for nought. He felt somewhat piqued at what he considered her dullness, and let drop a mysterious word or two, intending to lead her into a sly trap. But Mrs. O'Brien was quite amiable and innocent of curiosity that day. None, thank goodness, could accuse *her* of wishing to pry into her husband's affairs. She had business enough to do, and a willing heart to do it. So Michael, finding himself foiled, resolved to let out the secret gradually to her that evening. Poor Michael! he had not the least idea that he, in this wrath, had spoken too loud, in answer to 'Zekiel Black the previous night; nor did it enter his frank old heart to imagine that a wife, moved by a double affection, would be irresistibly impelled to listen studiously when events occur which seem to threaten her dear ones in any way.

CHAPTER II.

A couple of months passed away—last train-bearers of old winter's ermine robes—and 'Zekiel Black seemed to have forgot'en all about the unpleasant occurrence

Alas, that I hold thy living
And death, within my hand !
Alas, that not I, I only,
But a sound has thy heart in command !
O sleep ! tho' the loneliness crush me,
And terrors rush in on my soul.
O slumber !—O shield, sweet angels !
His life from the wakening dole.

V.

Softly, breathe softly, O wind i' the wood,
Slumberous stream, be thy murmur subdued ;
Lest ye, waken the birds with a warning,
And the sun should up-soar
Ere the full time be o'er,
And The Coming be come with an earlier morning.
Harsh laughter from revellers passing,
O too loud ! wither and die—
A sudden turn of the brow—a glance,
One glance—and a low, low sigh.
O fearful chamber of silence !
O stillness audibly great !
O hurrying feet at the doorway
Ye come, ye have come, too late !

LOVE AND REVENGE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER. I.

"WELCOME you are, Master 'Zekiel Black, to everything the house affords. 'Tis not I that will renounce the fine old custom of open door and welcoming lintel to the stranger, but"—

"If you've had wild Injun ways, Mr. O'Brien," retorted 'Zekiel in a harsh voice, (he seemed to feel that praise of hospitality was a reflection on himself,) if you or your forbears had wild Injun ways, the sooner you get over them the better, and the less they're spoken about the better."

"Everything ours is sweet, and everything theirs is sour," answered O'Brien, sententiously, "but, at least, we let our friends say their say, and spoke when they were done. I was going to say, then, that I look upon you as a well-to-do man; your fathers were so before you, and what came from them has not lessened with yourself. You have kept the place well, and though an old and a good name held it, and maybe, if everything happened right, should have held it, all that's a long time ago, in the times of wars and trouble. You have increased much in riches, I know, and I know, too, and I tell you plainly to your face—for no man can accuse Michael O'Brien of being afraid of saying to one's face what he'd say behind his back—I know then, that the open door and ready board have not been your ways. No matter; every people to their customs, and I won't blame you. But this I tell you, Master Black, that I think my daughter is too young to marry yet. And

what's more, I think it quite time for you to make haste if you intend it at all."

"Never said a truer thing in your life, and all you need do besides, is to whisper a word to your daughter Eileen, and I know she'll be obedient to you. I'm sure she wouldn't vex her old father, and that one word from you would be enough. That's all I've to say; she's not too young, you know yourself. Last Christmas she danced at the ungodly merriment made when her cousin got married; and they were both of an age."

"Ay, sure enough, but maybe she was too young. However, I would not do what you want me. I will not say a word that would force my poor Eily to act against her will, for the king upon his throne. And I think she entertains her own opinions about the subject."

"You will not?"

"I will not."

'Zekiel Black's fallow face got rigid with suppressed passion. A dark expression fell upon it, and from under his heavy eyebrows shot a vicious look. The two men were seated before a blazing fire in O'Brien's spacious kitchen, the principal apartment in most farm-houses of times past. Behind the old farmer's chair, to the right of the jutting hearth-jamba, and in the shadow of one of them, was the door opening into his daughter's apartment; on the other side lay his own, and a ladder sloping across led to the loft, tenanted at night by the house servants. Behind the chair of Ezekiel Black, against the northern gable, the "dresser" stood, resplendent with rows of polished pewter plates and drinking vessels.

Few faces could be more different than those of the two sole inhabitants of this kitchen. O'Brien had evidently been a man of massive strength; his face and blue eyes bore a kind, open expression; the white locks that fell upon his shoulders told that his youth had gone; but there was great strength of will in that broad brow and strongly-marked underface. Ezekiel Black, or Black Zeky, as he was popularly called, was rather a long-faced and broad-headed individual. His forehead was low, his complexion dark, his eye lustreless. The expression stamped upon his flaccid visage was that of a man's who slowly cogitated his way. An idea a little out of the common, when uttered in his presence, met with no responsive, electric sympathy, no intuitive welcome. It was either a puzzle which he succeeded in nearly unravelling after a time, to his great self-satisfaction, or he gave it up as signifying nothing in particular. As the deaf and dumb are often found to be very suspicious of others, so 'Zekiel Black, dulled in his perceptive sense, unwittingly allowed the distrustfulness of his nature to shine through the quick, dullish looks, cast sidelong.

After revolving the answer he had received in his mind for about half a minute, and during that time his disappointed interest and wounded pride had raised a bitter, unbearable rage in his heart, he stood up suddenly.

"Farmer Breen," he said, threateningly, "my forbears have all been steadfast and true to the kings, and

my word would go far, for or against, in favour or not, with respect to people who may be all very peaceable seeming and loyal—”

O'Brien started to his feet passionately. "The house you're in, 'Zekiel Black," said he, "is mine, and, by my father's hand, 'tis well for you that 'tis here you utter them words and look that look. By the sun of heaven, if it were elsewhere, you'd get an answer that would suit you better than weak words. You, the close, griping, hard-hearted bodagh, to come into any honest man's house to ask his daughter's hand, and abuse him if he don't get it! you, the Cromwellian son of Cromwellian fathers, how dare you to come into the house of an Irishman, and boast and threaten with your loyalty to the king. Loyalty, inagh! 'tis much of that ye showed, 'tis much of that ye felt, when Charles was marched to the gallows. Out of my house this instant you Cromwellian, an' never darken the door again. My daughter's engaged, and if she weren't, 'tis not you would be chosen. Shule out, I say."

'Zekiel looked at him darkly and virulently a moment, and it seemed as if the thought was in his mind to oppose the farmer's angry expulsion, by force. But the wrathful expression of his countenance suddenly gave place to a more cool, but far more vindictive look, and, taking a stride to the door, he turned, with his hand on the latch, and answered in a passionless tone—

"You've mistaken my meaning, Farmer Breen, you've deceived yourself, in troth. What for should I come here to menace or threaten you or yours? It wasn't in my head; but sure all the world knows you're a hasty man, and sometimes you know, a hasty person may get the wrong end of the story. Your daughter's engaged, you say; well, that's enough for me, and if you had said it at first, I wouldn't have spoken twice. But it's not for nothing a mau takes a liking. However, I'll say no more about it. I never was put to the door before; but you're a hasty man, and I'll forgive you, Farmer Breen."

There was little forgiveness in his eye or voice, but O'Brien's wrath went down as suddenly as it had arisen, and so made him overlook this, in his desire to atone.

"Well, now, Master Black, I've not acted like a Christian, and you have. I'm very sorry for my words; by my hand, I could not be sorrier, for I would not offend any man willingly. You see it's a long engagement between her and young Donat O'Brien—"

"Donat O'Brien! Ay, well, good night, Farmer Breen, *I'll* forgive you."

O'Brien stepped forward to shake hands, but 'Zekiel, darting a baleful glance at him, pretended not to perceive his intention, and disappeared, closing the door mildly after him.

The old farmer bolted it, and, returning to the chair he had vacated, sat for awhile in meditation. Would he or would he not tell his daughter and wife of what that evening had happened? A shake of the head gave intimation that he had decided against the idea. What use, indeed, was there in troubling their minds about the matter at all, he thought. Besides, Michael

O'Brien had certain high notions touching the prerogatives of a husband. And if this matter were generally looked upon by the universal comity of women to pertain to them of right, and even if they, more than their male relatives, habitually occupied their minds, and seasoned their conversations with plans, hints, and hopes matrimonial—might not this be an usurpation? Michael O'Brien allowed no metaphysical subtleties to interfere with his decision. He was a hasty man, as his self-elected son-in-law had said, and in this matter he felt the "rights" of the question in a very short space. He laid vigorous hands on the tongs, lifting up a ruddy ember, and crushed upon it suddenly the dark head of a sagacious-looking *dhudeen*, (an expressive and altogether descriptive word for a short pipe, *bein culottée*, if we derive it from *dhu*, black, i. e. "the little black one.") Michael took one or two "draws," and finding it work well, was rejoiced internally, both on account of the solace it gave him, and of the unknown triumph which he had achieved over his good-natured spouse, on her own field. The turf embers flickered up elishly in glee at him, and he looked down pleasantly at their flying dances; till they reminded that he should rake them, and that he had got nearly enough of the western herb, for it grew late. The cricket's clear, quaint chirp passed from one side of the fire to the other, sounding through the wide old kitchen with an echo that seemed to stretch into the past, and unite the bygone with the present. But Michael O'Brien paid little heed to it, and the chirp grew stilled, as his tongs commenced to rattle over the hearth, arranging the fire for its night's repose.

Ah, Michael! Michael! why did you make so noisy a raking? For, when you did so, you aided in your own overthrow. That stealthy sound of feet—surely a hostile sound; you heard it not.

The flickerings went down, the kitchen was in darkness, and the crickets resumed their cheerful, weariless chant. But on the next day Michael's self-restrained, and, it must be avowed, somewhat consequential air before his wife, went for nought. He felt somewhat piqued at what he considered her dullness, and let drop a mysterious word or two, intending to lead her into a sly trap. But Mrs. O'Brien was quite amiable and innocent of curiosity that day. None, thank goodness, could accuse *her* of wishing to pry into her husband's affairs. She had business enough to do, and a willing heart to do it. So Michael, finding himself foiled, resolved to let out the secret gradually to her that evening. Poor Michael! he had not the least idea that he, in this wrath, had spoken too loud, in answer to 'Zekiel Black the previous night; nor did it enter his frank old heart to imagine that a wife, moved by a double affection, would be irresistibly impelled to listen studiously when events occur which seem to threaten her dear ones in any way.

CHAPTER II.

A couple of months passed away—last train-bearers of old winter's ermine robes—and 'Zekiel Black seemed to have forgotten all about the unpleasant occurrence

Them not ; striking his numbed and scaly hands
 Alternately against his fearnought sides,
 Exciting warmth where all around is chill.
 With anxious eye, high on a beetling cliff,
 His new-made wife looks out, piercing the mist
 To hail his well-known skiff. The riven clouds
 Scud quickly : lo ! the heaving swell fortells
 A gale approaching. Towards the lowering sky
 The seaman looks distrustful, as the waves
 Surge higher, tossing his yielding boat.
 To 'scape the fary of the gathering storm
 He makes for shore, but all too late—it bursts
 In dark'ning horror bellowing o'er his head ;
 And fiercely rushing from the deep, upsweeps
 The mounting terrors of the sea into
 A sheet of hissing foam. Anear the shore,
 Now loud resounding with the mad wave's wrath,
 The unresisting skiff is driven—Now,
 Within the gorge of two tremendous billows
 It seems swallowed. Now high aloft 'tis flung,
 And for a while scuds safely onward, till
 The mighty waters burst toppling o'er it,
 And down with awful ruin fierce descend.
 Struggling amid the war of winds and waves,
 Behold the seaman with desp'rate courage
 Battling for his life ! No aid, no succour,
 And a raging world of foes around him.
 On the cliff in that dread, awful moment
 He beholds his wife, and ere the next, sinks
 Buried deep for ever.

Louder and fiercer roars the rattling tempest,
 As if exulting over haughty man
 Who dared oppose its might. Shrieking upon
 The beach, alas ! the wife, wild as the wind,
 And heedless of its fury, calls upon
 The sea to render back the dead ; almost
 Impugning the Divine decree !

Upon the land the swooping storm now revels,
 Scouring the hills and deep secluded vales.
 Trees bending low their naked heads to earth,
 Confess its might, while tumbling torrents speak
 Aloud its power. Echoes the lordly
 Hall, the tempests, howl. The church bell tolls
 Destruction to its tower. Yon temple,
 See, is riven, and the holy shrine lies
 Prone 'neath masses of its fretted dome !
 Streaming upon the wind, the yellow store
 Of autumn fields is scattered. Lo ! the birds
 Of air promiscuous whirled along, while
 Piercing the thick sky, the shafted lightning
 Darts o'er the swollen waters, blasts the oak,
 And smites to death the image of his Maker !
 Can words convey the volleying thunder peal
 Which seems to rive the very vault of heav'n !
 The frightened earth feels shaken to the centre.
 The headlong tempest lords it uncontrolled,
 Walking the world in fierce and fearful horror.

JOHN DUGGAN.

LENDERS AND BORROWERS.

JEWISH AND ROMAN LAWS RESPECTING INSOLVENTS.

WE can nowhere find a more lively picture of the ordinary condition of the unfortunate debtor than that which is given us in the twenty-ninth chapter of Ecclesiasticus, whose moral and economic lessons are so eminently calculated to guide and console in all the ups-and-downs of life. Considering the relations of man to man, and our mutual dependence on each other, the son of Sirach, or, as he is more commonly styled, Ecclesiasticus, tells us "that he who showeth mercy lendeth to his neighbour," or, in other words, that the law of charity counsels, if it does not compel, the rich and affluent man to relieve the necessities of his indigent brother. Pursuing this train of thought, Ecclesiasticus says :—"He that is strongest in hand keepeth the commandments," or, in other words, he who is liberal-handed, generous, and sympathetic, observes that law of charity which obliges us to come to our neighbour's assistance when he is hard pressed by want or overtaken by adversity. "Lend to thy neighbour in the time of his need, and pay thy neighbour again in due time." In this passage we clearly see the mutual obligations of lender and borrower ; and, in order that the latter might lack no instruction as to his duty, the inspired penman continues—"Keep thy word, and deal fairly with thy creditor, and thou shalt always find that which is necessary for thee." Contrasting the honest and honourable borrower with the faithless and dishonest, the same inspired authority states, "that many have looked upon a thing lent as a thing found," disavowing all obligation of restitution, and acting as though the loan which had kept them from irretrievable ruin were a thing found on the sea-shore or dug up out of the earth. Debtors of this sort, it would appear, were numerous in the days when Ecclesiasticus flourished, two centuries before our era ; but, as he wrote for all times, we must be convinced that his descriptions were meant not only for the people of his own period, but for those of each succeeding age till the final consummation. How applicable to the dishonest borrower in our own times is the passage which describes the cajoling, cringing Jew in the days of Ecclesiasticus ! "Till they receive, they kiss the hands of the lender, and in promises they humble their voice ;" but when the day for payment comes, "they will ask time, and will return tedious and murmuring words, and will complain of the time," trumping up idle excuses, such as dulness of trade, failure of crops, heavy taxation, wars, and such like ; nay, more, in many instances, when able to acquit themselves, if not of the whole, at least of part of their obligations, "they will stand off, and will scarce pay one half, counting it as if they had found it." How graphic and truthful is this picture, drawn by the in-pired pencil, and with what convincing force does the same authority tell us that the individual whose necessities some generous man has relieved, from a feeling of pure charity and

commiseration, in many instances repays good with evil, nay, and by some secret perverseness of nature, becomes the deadliest enemy of his benefactor! "Defrauding him of his money, he shall get him for an enemy *without cause*, and, instead of honour and good turn, will repay him injuries."

The contrasted character of the generous lender and the ungrateful, dishonest borrower, so admirably portrayed in the passages we have quoted from Ecclesiasticus, did not escape the observation of the pagan moralists, who took special care to depict both in their true colours, challenging for the defrauded the sympathy of the virtuous, and for the ingrate defrauder the execration of the good and honest section of their readers. Nay, more in order to impress the people at large with a due horror of dishonesty and ingratitude, and to expose the heartlessness of those who, willingly forgetful of the benefits which they received in the trying moment of their distress, repaid good with evil, some of their dramatists exhibited on the public stage representatives of both types—the generous, trusting friend and the scheming, fraudulent debtor—doubtless, with a view to make the spectators compassionate the one and detest the other. Thus, for example, Plautus, in a comedy, entitled *Capitui*, makes one of his personages moralise as follows:—"So it is with the great mass of mankind, whilst asking for what they cannot do without they are good and honest; but the moment they get what they ask, from good they become the very worst, and most fraudulent." And in another piece called *Trinummies*, we find one of his heroes expressing similar sentiments thus:—"Now-a-days, if any one lends let him look upon his money as lost; for should you ask repayment, you will discover that you have either forfeited your property or found an enemy. The talent that I lent cost me a friend, and bought me hatred." In the same strain does Aristophanes, another writer of comedies, show up the ingratitude and roguery of borrowers in his day; and nothing can exceed the sly, humorous sarcasm which we find in a dialogue between two of his personages—Socrates and Strasilces—whom he introduces in this fashion:—

"Socrates—Does thy memory serve thee?

"Strasilces—Ay faith, in a double sense—for if anything is due to me, my memory is wonderfully good; but if I owe anything, it is wonderfully bad."

Deplorable as were the relations between creditor and debtor in the pagan times, and so universal was the dishonesty of the latter, if we may credit the most celebrated of their writers, far worse indeed was the condition of those who placed money in the hands of trustees. We might multiply quotations to prove that breach of trust was a fact of every-day occurrence among the pagans, and that honesty or principle, as it is called, found no bidding place in the world till Christianity came to establish the grand doctrine of rewards and punishments. Juvenal will always be regarded as a faithful painter of the manners of the times in which he lived, and authority such as his has never been

questioned when exposing the vices of the Roman people, whom he knew so thoroughly. Let us hear him on the subject of breach of trust, and show from the few passages we subjoin how wide-spread, among other vices, was that of dishonesty among the Romans, and how little confidence anyone of them could place in another. Bantering a certain Calvinus, whose trustees had robbed him of his property, the great satirist strives to reconcile him to his loss, and gives us an insight into the reckless mode of *protesting*, by which trust-breakers were in the habit of absolving themselves from all responsibility—

"And dost thou at a trivial loss repine!
What if another cry, a friend of thine,
Is stript of ten times more! a third, again,
Of what his bursting chest would scarce contain!
For 'tis so common in this age of ours,
So easy to condemn the Immortal Powers,
That can we but elude man's searching eyes,
We laugh to scorn the witness of the skies.
Mark with how bold a voice and fixed a brow
The villain dares his treachery disavow!
By all the hallowed orbs that flame above,
I HAD IT NOT! by the red bolts of Jove,
By the winged shaft that laid the centaur low,
By Dian's arrows, by Apollo's bow,
By the strong lance that Mars delights to wield,
By Neptune's trident, by Minerva's shield,
And every weapon that's to vengeance given
Stores the tremendous magazine of heaven,—
Nay, if I had, I'll slay this son of mine,
And eat his head soused in Egyptian brine."

In such a state of society 'tis hard to imagine how men of wealth, or even moderate means, could place any reliance in each other; for indeed, as we learn from the satire which we have been quoting, honesty was regarded as something marvellous, as Juvenal himself tells us in the following passages:—

"Now, if a friend, miraculously just,
Restores the pledge with all its gathered rust,
'Tis deemed a present worthy to appear
Among the wonders of the Tuscan year—
A prodigy of faith which threatens the state,
And a ewe lamb can scarcely expiate,—
Struck at the view, if now I chance to see
A man of ancient worth and probity,
To pregnant mules the monster I compare,
Or fish upturned beneath the wondering share."

Let us now give our readers some idea of the manner in which the Jews and the ancient Romans dealt with their insolvent debtors. As for the former, it was customary with them to commit debtors to prison, either with a view to prevent them from eluding their creditors, or to punish their dishonesty according to the old maxim—"qui non habet in are, luat in corpore," or, in other words—he who cannot pay with his purse must be mulcted in his body. Various passages of the Holy Scriptures inform us that it was usual under the Mosaic dispensation for the creditor to seize the person of the debtor, and sell him as a slave, not, however, to pagans or people of another nation, but to some individual of their own religion or tribe. The seizure or sale of the

debtor who was unable to pay is described in the Fourth Book of Kings, where we find the poor widow appealing to the Prophet Elisha, and telling him "that the creditor is coming to take away her two sons to serve him," that is, to be made the creditor's slaves or bondsmen. The same mode of procedure is still more clearly exhibited in various passages of the Scriptures of the new law, and particularly in the beautiful parable in the 18th of St. Matthew, where our Redeemer speaks of the king to whom one of his subjects owed ten thousand talents,—“And as he had not wherewith to pay, his lord had commanded that he should be sold, and his wife and children, and all that he had.” From a subsequent passage of the same parable we learn, that the merciful king cancelled the entire debt of ten thousand talents, and that the ingrate to whom he had acted so benevolently, no sooner found himself freed from all obligation than he seized on the person of a poor man who owed him a paltry sum, for non-payment of which “he cast him into prison.” The period of imprisonment for debt, as we learn from Josephus, did not exceed seven years, for it was usual to release all debtors on the seventh or sabbatic year. The Mosaic law, moreover, made a special provision in favour of the insolvent debtor, and ordained that the creditor should not be empowered to make a seizure on those things which were absolutely for the debtor's existence. Thus, as we learn from the book of Deuteronomy, the creditor was forbidden to carry off the quern, or hand-mill, without which the debtor could not provide food for himself or family, and the same authority gives us to understand that the creditor cannot at his own option enter the house of the debtor and carry away whatever he liked as an equivalent for the sum to which he was entitled. The law on this head is clearly laid down in the following passages:—“When thou shalt demand anything of thy neighbour that he oweth thee, thou shalt not go into his house to take away a pledge, but thou shalt stand without, and he shall bring out to thee what he hath. But, if he be poor, *“the pledge shall not rest with thee that night, but thou shalt restore it to him before the going down of the sun, that he may sleep in his own raiment and bless thee.”* From these passages it is clear that the law contemplated these things—the bed and bedclothes, for example—without which the debtor could not exist. But if it be asked what object the legislator had in view when enforcing the restitution of a “pledge” to the debtor in the course of a few hours after the latter had given it to his creditor, we may answer that this regulation was imposed in order to stimulate the industry of the one and to repress the avarice and cupidity of the other. A sense of shame and secrecy would doubtless have due weight with the debtor when he found himself exposed to the alternative of seeing his furniture, day after day, carried out of his house before his neighbours; and perhaps the creditor seeing his debtor reduced to such extremity, might be moved to deal more mercifully with him.

As for the manner in which the Roman laws of the

Twelve Tables dealt with insolvents, we need hardly say that its way in every respect far less merciful and lenient than the Mosaic ordinances which, as we have seen, extended protection to the unfortunate debtor. In fact, the Roman law decreed that the debtor should not be arrested till an entire month had elapsed after his bill or bond had become due, and this provision was made in order that the debtor might have time to make up the amount for which he was liable. At the expiration of the month, however, if the creditors were not paid, they were empowered to seize the person of the debtor and load his feet with chains. During the period of his detention in prison, two months were allowed the insolvent to come to some agreement with the creditor, and in this interval the former was led thrice a day into the public market square, where, in presence of the Prætor, and the crowd always found in such places, the creditor proclaimed by a crier the amount of his victim's liability, hoping, no doubt, that some compassionate individual or individuals would collect as much as might be required to liquidate the debt. In case this did not succeed, the insolvent was either banished out of Rome or handed over to the creditors, who, if they were merciless, might, if they were so minded, hew the unfortunate insolvent into pieces, and distribute the fragments of his body among them, according to a certain regulation made and provided for such contingency. Be it told to their credit, however, that fond as the Romans were of bloody spectacles, they never availed themselves of such a privilege. Aulus Gellius, who flourished about the year 180, is explicit on this subject, and states that he never heard of any insolvent being treated so barbarously.—“*Dissectum esse antiquitus neminem equidem neque legi neque audivi.*”—A fact, however, narrated by Livy in the eighth book of the first decade, brought about a remarkable change in the Roman law regarding debtor and creditor, and ultimately stripped the latter of the power of putting the insolvent to death. A certain Caius Publius, says the great historian, gave himself up to a usurer named Papirius, for a debt contracted by his father; and as the usurer could not by threats or promises prevail on Publius to commit certain acts repugnant to humanity, he scourged him so cruelly that the sight of the unfortunate man's bleeding back and shoulders excited everyone to compassion and indignation. In a word the people besieged the senate-house, and appealed to the senators as they were passing, protesting vociferously against a law which empowered any scoundrel like Papirius to set at defiance all laws of common decency. The appeal was too energetic and demonstrative not to be heard, and thenceforth it was enacted that no Roman citizen should be chained or fettered unless for some criminal offence; and it was also decided that instead of arresting the person of a debtor, the creditor should be empowered to seize his goods and chattels proportionally to the amount of the debt. Thus were the doors of the insolvent jails thrown open in Rome, and thus were debtors emancipated from the tyranny of their creditors.

THE PEOPLE.

"WHAT sept is yours?" the stranger asked,
 (Lip curled in mockeries,
 The cold light of a shallow sneer
 In the corners of his eyes);
 "What is your sept—what high-souled deeds
 Have your forefathers done?"
 I looked straight in his scornful face,
 And truly answered—"None!"

"I know not, and care not to know,
 The race from which I've sprung;
 But far worse men had grooms and squires,
 And better men have hung.
 Perhaps, my fathers sat, of old,
 Round solemn council fires;
 Or dined on free-wood venison
 Off the broad bucks of your sires.

"But whether mean or whether great,
 It matters not to me;
 The best of babes is not an heir
 To true nobility.
 Give me, instead of puling rank,
 Rich-scented, plumed, and curled,
 The tinkler boy, who makes his tools
 Clash marches round the world.

"Look at the types of living men,
 And tell me which is best.
 One hugs his life in fatted ease—
 One scarcely knoweth rest.
 One's infant mouth for ever sucks
 The sponsor's silver ladle;
 One works to fame; for his lot was want,
 And earthquakes rocked his cradle.

"Do I pretend to blood or birth,
 Or broad heraldic spoil?
 Do I deny I gather bread
 From the roaring mill of toil?
 Hard hand, brown forehead, panting brain,
 These are mine heritage—
 Great arms, that lift unto the stars
 The level of the age.

"Well, I am poor. You taste the fruits
 That moneyed fancies lop;
 Whilst I, in dingy workshop glooms,
 Dine daily on a chop.
 The banquet shared, yon, lolling, swill
 Of vintage red and ripe;
 I walk abroad to turn a thought,
 And smoke an honest pipe.

"Hark! how the swinging axes heat,
 And the iron anvils ring;
 My brother lifts his brawny arms,
 And wields them like a king.

Think you if King and outraged Plebs
 In battle meet again,
 That whirring sledge would fail to crash
 Through the skulls of titled men?

"Ah, patience! Do I wake or dream?
 A moment since, you said
 Our toils are not ennobled by
 Great memories of the dead.
 Go, look down in Westminster
 At the kings amongst the stones;
 The very dustmen would refuse
 A present of their bones!

"You sneer at our sad lack of Taste,
 Lamenting that the skies,
 Sweet sounds, sweet sights, impressionless,
 Touch common ears and eyes.
 Vile falsehood—vile! The meanest light
 Some glimpse of God reveals;
 And massive melodies are drawn
 From the storms of iron wheels.

"A leveller!" Pshaw! the old world-cant—
 The blasphemy of Wrath.
 You daily dress in costly silk,
 And I in threadbare cloth.
 The world is wide; there's room enough,
 Broad room for us and you;
 But when you claim your vested rights,
 Pray leave to us our due.

"I look into the Past that laid
 The greatness of the land;
 Out from the clouds of years is thrust
 A labourer's horny hand.
 It built the palace, it dug the field,
 It launched the reeling ship—
 Earth's benediction lights its palm,
 And the world is in its grip.

"Dare I to love? Yes, heart and soul.
 Is love a thing of caste—
 A luxury of dainty souls,
 Warm woovers, loose and fast?
 Yet still it slips through class and class;
 To love is only human;
 I glory in the single faith
 Of one most perfect woman.

"Hark, from the shattered vessel's poop,
 The work-bell calls away;
 Most sovereign lord, most gentle sir—
 A hundred thanks. Good day!"

CAVIARE.

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE MANUSCRIPT MATERIALS OF ANCIENT IRISH HISTORY.*

ALL who are even slightly acquainted with the revival and progress of Irish Literature in recent years are aware of the important position which Professor O'Curry has filled in relation to it. His profound researches among our ancient manuscripts is an interesting fact with which no literary Irishman is unacquainted; and his incessant labors in deciphering, transcribing, investigating and translating these most rare and important, and, except to very few indeed besides himself, most inaccessible remains of our literary antiquities, have rendered his name famous, far beyond the limits of our own country. We may truly say that his name is identified with these ancient MSS.; nor in saying this do we subtract in the least from the merit of that profound scholar and living cyclopædia of Irish history and topography, Dr. O'Donovan, whose colleague Professor O'Curry has been for so many years in so many historical labours. For almost a whole lifetime Mr. O'Curry has devoted himself, heart and soul, and we might say, day and night, to these MSS.; and with such study and experience on his part, and the high intellectual powers and sterling honesty of purpose which we know him to possess, any production of his pen on this, his peculiar subject, must necessarily be of great weight and value. We looked forward to such a work with avidity, and our anticipations have not been disappointed on its appearance. To have elicited from such a source the amount of authentic information which we find in the volume of Lectures now before us, and to have given it to the world, is certainly one of the efforts of the Catholic University of Ireland most worthy of that national institution.

The order in which Professor O'Curry handles the vast and complicated mass of materials with which he had to deal, is lucid and natural. In his opening lecture he treats of the "lost books," many of which were in the hands of the compilers of our existing annals, and which may be regarded as the very foundation of our ancient history. The enumeration of these, besides the numerous historical manuscripts which we still possess, may well fill the reader with amazement at the copious resources which have existed from most remote times for our primitive history. Of the books mentioned in our early records, and of which we have now no further knowledge, our author gives the following list, at the same time assuring us, that he does not propose to enumerate in it all the missing manuscripts:—

* *Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History*, delivered at the Catholic University of Ireland during the sessions of 1855 and 1856, by Eugene O'Curry, M.R.I.A., Professor of Irish History and Archaeology in the Catholic University, &c; 8vo. 722 pp. James Duffy, 7, Wellington-quay, Dublin, and 22, Paternoster-row, London.

"In the first place," he says, "must be enumerated the *Cuilmenn*; the *Saltair* of Tara; the *Cin Droma Sneachta*; the *Book of St. Mochta*; the *Book of Cuana*; the *Book of Dubhdaleithe*; and the *Saltair* of Cashel. Besides these we find mention of the *Leabhar buidhe Slaine*, or *Yellow Book of Slane*; the original *Leabhar na h-Uidhr*; the *Books of Eochaidh O'Flannigan*; a certain book known as the *Book eaten by the poor People in the Desert*; the *Book of Inis an Duin*; the *Short Book of St. Buite's Monastery* (or *Monasterboice*); the *Books of Flann* of the same monastery; the *Book of Flann of Dungeimhin* (Dungiven, Co. Derry); the *Book of Dun da Leth Ghlas* (or *Downpatrick*); the *Book of Doire* (or *Derry*); the *Book of Sabhall Phatraic* (or *Saull, Co. Down*); the *Book of the Uachonghbhail* (Navan probably); the *Leabhar dubh Molaga*, or *Black Book of St. Molaga*; the *Leabhar buidhe Moling*, or *Yellow Book of St. Moling*; the *Leabhar buidhe Mhic Murchadha*, or *Yellow Book of Mac Murrach*; the *Leabhar Arda Macha*, or *Book of Armagh* (quoted by Keating); the *Leabhar ruadh Mhic Aedhagáin*, or *Red Book of Mac Aegan*; the *Leabhar breac Mhic Aedhagáin*, or *Speckled Book of Mac Aegan*; the *Leabhar fada Leithghlinne*, or *Long Book of Leithlin*; the *Books of O'Scoba of Cluain Mhic Nois* (or *Clonmacnois*); the *Duil Droma Ceata*, or *Book of Drom Ceat*; and the *Leabhar Chluana Sost*, or *Book of Clonsost* (in *Leix, in the Queen's County*") (p. 20.)

Our author gives some interesting particulars about several of these lost MSS. The *Cuilmenn*, or "great book written on skins," would appear to have been a very ancient historical repertory, which was carried to *Letha* or *Italy*, by some one called the *Saoi*, or professor, probably about the time of St. Patrick. It is referred to in connexion with the original account of the *Tain bo Chualigne*, or *Cattle Spoil of Cualigne*, which our author regards as by far the most important of our Ancient Historic Tales. The *Saltair* or *Psalter* of Tara was composed by the celebrated monarch of Ireland, Cormac Mac Art, in the third century, and is referred to as his composition by the distinguished scholar and poet, Cuan O'Lochain, who died in the year 1024. Of the *Saltair* of Cashel, which was compiled by Cormac Mac Cullinan, King of Munster and Archbishop of Cashel, who was killed in the year 903, some portion still remains, being all of it that could be deciphered in the year 1454, when it was copied by Shane O'Clery for Mac Richard Butler, of Ormond. This fragment is now preserved in the Bodleian Library in Oxford. Referring to this lost book, Professor O'Curry says:—

"If, as there is every reason to believe, the ancient compilation, so well known as *Cormac's Glossary*, was compiled from the interlined gloss to the *Saltair*, we may well feel that its loss is the greatest we have suffered, so numerous are the references and citations of history, law, romance, druidism, mythology, and other subjects in which this glossary abounds. It is besides invaluable in the study of *Gaethlic comparative philology*, as the author traces a great many of the words, either by derivation from, or comparison with the *Hebrew*, the *Greek*, the *Latin*, the *British*, and as he terms it, the *Northmanic language*; and it contains one *Pictish word* (*Carbait*) almost the only word of the *Pictish language* that we possess." (p. 19.)

Our author's account of the existing Irish annals is deeply interesting. He thus enumerates them at the commencement of his third lecture.—

"The principal annals now remaining in the Gaelic language, and of which we have any accurate knowledge, are known as—The Annals of Tighernach (pronounced nearly 'Teernagh'); the Annals of Senait Mac Manus, (a compilation now better known as the Annals of Ulster); the Annals of Inis Nerinn in Loch Cé (erroneously called the Annals of Kilronan); the Annals of Innisfallen; the Annals now known as the Annals of Boyle; the Annals now known as the Annals of Connacht; the Annals of *Dun na nGall* (Donegal), or those of the Four Masters: and lastly, the *Chronicon Scotorum*. Besides these, we have the Annals of Clonmacnois, a compilation of the same class, which was translated into English in 1627, but of which the original is unfortunately not now accessible or known to exist. With regard to annals in other languages relating to Ireland, I need only allude to the Latin Annals of Multifernan, of Grace, of Pembroke, Clyn, &c., published by the Irish Archaeological Society." (p. 52.)

The Abbot Tighernach, whose work stands at the head of this list, flourished towards the close of the eleventh century, and cotemporary with him was Marianus Scotus, another Irish monk and annalist, who flourished in Germany, and whose great Chronicle is esteemed on the Continent, as in its province, one of the principal literary monuments of the middle ages. Tighernach is regarded at the present day as the most reliable of all the Irish Chroniclers, and, as our author confesses, his extensive learning, judicious care, scholar-like discrimination and historical research, as well as the early period at which he compiled his work, entitle him to the high position which is thus given to him. But he is by no means to be taken as the first of our historical writers.

"From a very early period," observes Professor O'Curry, "we find notices of chroniclers and historical compilers. I have already mentioned the royal historian, Cormac Mac Art, and also the author of *Cin Droma Sneachta*. From the sixth to the eighth century we meet, amongst many others, the names of Amergin MacAmalgaidh, author of the *Dinn Seanchas*; *Cennfealach*; and Aengus Ceile De. From the year 800 to the year 1000, we find Maelmura of Othan; Cormac MacCuillinan; Flann MacLonan; Eochaidh O'Flinn; and Cinaeth or Kennett O'Hartigan. In the eleventh century the historical compilers are still more frequent; the chief names in this period are those of Cuan O'Lochain; Colman O'Seasnan; Flann Mainistrech, or of the monastery, and Gilla Caemhain. The two latter lived in the same century with Tighernach—Flann, the Professor of St. Buithe's monastery (or Monasterboice,) who died in A.D. 1056; and Gille Caemhain, a writer who died A.D. 1073, the translator into Gaelic of Nennius' History of the Britons." (p. 53.)

The Synchronisms of Flann, and the chronological poem of Gilla Caemhain, are in fact among the earliest and most valuable of our historic authorities; but nothing can be more absurd than to attribute to these writers, as Moore and others have done, the fabrication

of the accounts which they give of our very remote history, on the ground that they are the first who allude to them—which indeed is not the case. But were these accounts even traceable to no more ancient authority, we would not be justified in the conclusion thus arrived at, any more than he would in assuming that the ancient history of any country was fabricated by the writer whose work happens to be the earliest on the subject that we can find. Mr. O'Curry shows very clearly the superior antiquity of several of our other historical authorities, and the unquestionable authenticity of many of the earliest records preserved to us in existing monuments, from the more ancient authorities which have perished.

Our author devotes several lectures to an investigation of the various existing annals, correcting the erroneous opinions which have prevailed about some of them; fixing their authors and dates; the sources from which they were derived, and the correct names by which they should be recognised. In many instances also, he gives us interesting specimens of their contents. He shews where the existing copies are to be found, and from his intimate knowledge of all those copies which are not beyond his reach in foreign countries, or which the narrow-minded selfishness of such a man as Lord Ashburnham, does not shut up from the view of the world, he is able to indicate the exact relative value of each. Such an enquiry is of the utmost value to the Irish historical student, and affords us the most authentic elucidation of our ancient bibliography, which we have ever obtained. Confessedly, the crowning labour of our annalists is the work of Brother Michael O'Clery, and his colleagues, known as the "Four Masters," which our author justly describes as "the greatest body of annals in existence relating to Irish history." Of this important work Mr. O'Curry treats at considerable length, yet he observes:—

"The immense extent of the work would, indeed, render it impossible for me to include in one lecture, or even in two or three lectures, anything like an adequate analysis of the vast mass and comprehensive scope of the history contained in it. I have therefore confined myself to some explanation of the nature and plan of the labours of the 'Four Masters,' that you may understand, at least, what it was they undertook to do, and that you may know why it is, that this magnificent compilation has ever been regarded by true scholars, and doubtless will ever be looked up to, as the most certain and unimpeachable authority, and as affording a safe and solid foundation for the labours of future historians." (P. 158.)

And he adds:—

"It is fortunate that 'the Annals of the Four Masters' are no longer like the other annals, of which I have given you some account, preserved only in the almost inaccessible recesses of a few libraries of MSS. It is fortunate that you can now consult for yourselves, in the pages of a beautifully printed edition, those invaluable records, whose importance it has been my object in this lecture shortly to explain to you, and which, if you would acquire an accurate acquaintance with your country's history, you must diligently study again and again." (p. 159.)

It is to be feared that the ancient portion of our history never will be treated with all the elaborateness and the minuteness of detail which Professor O'Curry desires; and that if so treated, the work on the subject would be anything but a popular one. It is true that we possess most copious materials for the purpose, and that farther materials are still in reserve, so that in dealing with this portion of his subject the Irish historian may well complain of an *embarras des richesses*. But the importance of the events narrated bears no proportion to their number. If we except the successive colonizations of ancient Erin—a point upon which, say what we will, the investigations of ethnologists will have as much weight with the world as the records of our chroniclers—how very few events are there previous to the Christian era, which are now of national importance? how fewer still are there which interest the foreign reader? We allude, of course, to such things as have any chance of fixing the attention of men in the present matter-of-fact age. From about the Christian era, or at least very soon before it, to the conversion of Ireland by St. Patrick, the events which impress a character on our history, and which derive importance from their results, are indeed much more numerous. Such are the fatal organisation of the Pentarchy, which would seem to have effectually established a system of disunion under which Ireland has groaned from that day to this; the revolution of the Attacots, which, however, produced no very permanent consequences; the imposition of the Boromean tribute on the province of Leinster, which, from its ruinous results to the peace of the country, might be regarded as the most fatal event in all our ancient history; the rise of Munster and the wars of its chiefs with Conn of the Hundred Battles; the destruction of Emania, which involved almost the extinction of the old Ultonian kingdom, of which it was the capital, and the establishment of a new power in the north; the piratical expeditions from Ireland into foreign countries under Niall and his predecessors; and, we may add, the colonisation of Scotland by our Dalriadic tribe. With the age of St. Patrick a new and dazzling glory bursts upon Irish history; the epoch of our sainte, domestic and missionary, begins—the epoch of our schools of sanctity and learning, on which we may dwell with unmingled and uncloying pleasure, and on which, too, we may enlist the interest of the literary world in other countries as well as our own. But this bright epoch withdraws us altogether from that remote period to which we have been referring as so much less worthy of expatiation upon its historical details; and it is followed by another period upon which our historian may dwell with minuteness though not with pleasure—that dreary one, namely, of the Danish wars; while, at every step as we now advance—the transfer of the sovereign authority from the ancient line of Niall to Brian Boru; the rapid decline of the central power, the corresponding progress in the distinctive independence of the provinces, and, in fine, the preparation of the country, by its own weakness and disunion, for the Anglo-Norman invasion, with which epoch our ancient history terminates—the interest of the his-

torical investigator is, to say the least, sustained. For the whole range of this ancient portion of our history we have had ample materials in our hands for some years past—that is, since the appearance of O'Donovan's edition of the Four Masters, in the copious annotations to which great work we have a very large portion of what could be added from the unpublished annals; we have also had the ancient annals, published by Dr. O'Conor in his *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*; and the vast mass of genealogical, topographical, and historical materials given to the world by the Archaeological and Celtic Societies. Neither must we despise such authorities as Keating, who made extensive use of the historic tales, as well as of the annals, and who had under his eye some of those very resources which are now enumerated among the lost MSS.; or as O'Flaherty, who gives us, from the same authentic originals, so admirable an analysis of our ancient history in his *Ogygia*; or as Colgan's invaluable compilations. In fact we have had copious materials before us even for our ancient history, and it is our own fault if we have not made better use of them. Still we agree with Mr. O'Curry that a vast deal yet remains to be done; and as an instance of the exceedingly imperfect knowledge which prevailed on this subject a few years ago, we quote his own interesting account of an interview which he had with the poet Moore, after the latter had published a portion of his *History of Ireland*.

"The first volume of his (Moore's) history was published in the year 1835, and in the year 1839, during one of his last visits to the land of his birth, he, in company with his old and attached friend, Dr. Petrie, favoured me with quite an unexpected visit at the Royal Irish Academy, then in Grafton Street. I was at that period employed on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and, at the time of his visit, happened to have before me, on my desk, the Books of Ballymote and Lecain, the *Leabhar Breac*, the Annals of the Four Masters, and many other ancient books, for historical research and reference. I had never before seen Moore, and after a brief introduction and explanation of the nature of my occupation by Dr. Petrie, and seeing the formidable array of so many dark and time-worn volumes by which I was surrounded, he looked a little disconcerted, but after a while plucked up courage to open the Book of Ballymote, and ask what it was. Dr. Petrie and myself then entered into a short explanation of the history and character of the books then present, as well as of ancient Gaelic documents in general. Moore listened with great attention, alternately scanning the books and myself; and then asked me in a serious tone, if I understood them, and how I had learned to do so. Having satisfied him upon these points, he turned to Dr. Petrie, and said;—'Petrie, these huge tomes could not have been written by fools or for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the History of Ireland.' Three volumes of his history had been by this time published, and it is quite possible that it was the new light which appeared to have broken in upon him on this occasion, that deterred him from putting his fourth and last volume to press until after several years; it is believed he was only compelled to do so at last by his publishers in 1846."

We may add that it is very probable that Moore

never prepared his last volume at all for the press. Some crude fragments of his writing may have been put together in it by another hand, but the book does not bear the impress of his mind or of his opinions.

The account which Professor O'Curry gives in his ninth lecture of the ancient Gaelic manuscripts preserved in the libraries of Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy, is exceedingly interesting. Of these venerable remains of our ancient literature the principal are as follows, in the order in which he notices them:—1st, The *Leabhar na h-Uidher*, or Book of the Dun Cow, which was compiled and written by Maelduire, who died in 1106, and who was the grandson of a very remarkable person in Irish history, namely, *Conn na n-bocht*, or Conn of the Poor, a lay religious of Clonmacnoise; 2nd, The Book of Leinster, written by Finn O'Gorman, who died Bishop of Kildare in 1160, and who must have written the book before he arrived at that dignity, having undertaken it at the desire of the notorious Dermot MacMurrough's tutor, and for that king's use. Mr. O'Curry closes a brief account of the contents of the book by observing:—

"This is but an imperfect sketch of this invaluable MS., and I think I may say with sorrow that there is not in all Europe any nation but this of ours that would not long since have made a national literary fortune out of such a volume, had any other country in Europe been fortunate enough to possess such an heirloom of history."

This volume, which is preserved in the library of Trinity College, would form 2,000 printed quarto pages such as those of O'Donovan's Four Masters, and is composed, like the other MSS, here enumerated, of miscellaneous historical, genealogical, and topographical tracts and poems, including the *Dinnsenchus*, a celebrated topographical tract, composed at Tara about the year 850, and now on the eve of publication by the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Society.

The third in order is the Book of Ballymote, which is still larger than the preceding volumes, and was written about the year 1391 at the place in the county of Sligo whence it takes its name, by various persons, but principally by Soloman O'Droma and Manus O'Duigenann. Fourthly, we have the great vellum MS., known as the *Leabhar Breac*, or Speckled Book. Fifthly, the *Leabhar Buidhe Lecain*, or Yellow Book of Lecain, a MS. written in the year 1590 by Donagh and Gilla Isa MacFirbis, members of a family of hereditary historians, and equal in extent to about 2,300 pages of the Gaelic text of O'Donovan's Four Masters. Sixthly stands the famous Book of Lecain, compiled in the year 1416 by another member of the same family, Gilla Isa Mor MacFirbis, of Lecain, in the county of Sligo.

Besides these great vellum books, there is a vast number of Irish MSS., some on vellum, and some on paper, preserved in these two great libraries; some of them are books of annals already mentioned, and others miscellaneous compilations, and Mr. O'Curry estimates the paper MSS. alone as 600 in number, and equal to

about 30,000 pages, similar to the Gaelic pages of the "Four Masters." The history which Mr. O'Curry gives us of the Book of Lismore, is exceedingly curious—how it was discovered nearly fifty years ago, in removing part of an old wall in Lismore Castle; how it was subsequently lent to an Irish scholar in Cork; how it was mutilated before it was returned to the owner; how it was afterwards lent to the Royal Irish Academy, where Mr. O'Curry detected the mutilations, and how, through what we must call his most happy penetration and untiring zeal, the pilfered portion of the MS. was traced, and ultimately restored to its proper place in the book. The story is one of the most singular in the annals of our national literature, and the country is certainly indebted, in this instance, to our author, for the restoration of one of the most important authorities upon our ecclesiastical history, to its integrity.

Of the MSS. relating to the ancient laws of Ireland, commonly, but as Mr. O'Curry observes, incorrectly called the Brehon Laws, our author says:—

"This collection is so immense in extent, and the subjects dealt with throughout the whole of it, in the utmost detail, are so numerous, and so fully illustrated by exact definitions and minute descriptions, that, to enable us to fill up the outline supplied by the annals and genealogies, these books of law alone would almost be found sufficient in competent hands. Indeed, if it were permitted me to enlarge upon their contents, even to the extent to which I have spoken upon the subject of the various annals I have described to you, I should be forced to devote many lectures to this subject alone. But these ancient laws, as you are all aware, are now, and have been for the last three years (this was said in 1856), in progress of transcription and preparation for publication, under the direction of a commission of Irish noblemen, and gentlemen, appointed by royal warrant; and it would not be for me to anticipate their regular publication." (p. 201).

We would willingly, did space permit it, follow our author in his account of the ancient books of genealogies and pedigrees, and in his remarks on the indispensable utility of which these documents are to the Irish historian. He describes with great minuteness several of the ancient historic tales, which throw much light on the incidents of our history to which they relate, and on the manners and character of the people. The imaginative tales and poems which he describes are almost equally useful; and the few pieces which remain, of detailed history, such as the History of the Origin of the Boromean Tribute; the History of the Wars of the Danes with the Gædhil; and History of the Wars of Thomond, are, of course, invaluable. The historic tales are divided into the *Catha*, or battles; the *Longasa*, or voyages; the *Toghla*, or destructions; the *Aizne*, or slaughters; the *Forbosa*, or sieges; the *Oithe*, or tragedies; the *Tana*, or cow spoils; the *Tochmarea*, or courtships; the *Imramha*, or expeditions, &c.

Mr. O'Curry devotes four lectures to the remains, antiquarian and literary, of the early Christian period; such as the reliquaries, the lives of saints, and mari-yr-

ologies, which have been handed down to us—and surely there is nothing in the whole range of our history so well calculated to excite the reader's interest. The subject of the so-called prophecies, attributed, some of them, to the Irish saints, and others to the ancient pagans, follows; and in his curious and learned strictures on these compositions, our author clearly shows their apocryphal character, and in many instances points to the precise times at which they were forged. It will be henceforth impossible to impose on the credulity of the people by palming any of these "prophecies" upon them as authentic.

Considerably more than two hundred pages of this volume are devoted to an appendix, in which the original of every passage quoted from the ancient Gædhlic in the lectures is given, and several points are more amply developed than they could be in the text; and twenty-six pages of beautifully lithographed *fac-similes*, illustrating the handwriting of all the principal MSS., and of the most celebrated Irish scribes, from St. Columbkille down to Dr. O'Donovan and Professor O'Curry, add immensely to the beauty and value of the book.

Incidentally, both in the lectures and the appendix, our author gives his opinion on many doubtful points in our history and antiquities. Thus, of the revolutionary *Aitheach Tuatha*, commonly called Attacotti, or Attacots, he says it is a mistake to describe them as the descendants of the earlier colonists of Ireland, who were conquered and enslaved by the Milesians; for, "according to the Books of Ballymote and Lecain, the revolutionists were not composed, even for the major part, of the former colonists, but of the Milesians themselves. For, as may be expected, in the lapse of ages, countless numbers of noble and free Milesian

families fell away from their caste, lost their civil independence, and became mixed up and reduced to the same level with the remnants of the conquered races, who still continued in a state nearly allied to slavery, tillers of the soil." The name, he informs us, simply means "Rent-paying tribes."

The name of the fearful pestilence called the *Crom Chonnaill*, which raged in Ireland in the seventh and eighth centuries, is that of a supposed living animal. "The Gædhlic word *Crom* or *Crum*," says our author, "signified literally a maggot; while the word *Connall* signifies literally the yellow stubble of corn. It is a remarkable fact that the name of the celebrated idol of the ancient pagan Gædhil was *Crom Cruach*, which would signify literally the 'bloody maggot;' whilst another idol, or imaginary deity, in the western part of Connacht, was called *Crom Dubh*, or the 'black maggot,' whose name is still connected with the first Sunday of August in Munster and Connacht."

Of the well-known ancient monuments called *Crom-lechs*, Mr. O'Curry states positively his opinion that "they never were intended and never were used as altars or places of sacrifice of any kind; that they were not in any sense of the word *druidical*, and that they were, in every instance, simple sepulchres or tombs, each marking the grave of one or of several personages."

From the nature of the topics treated of in this volume, and from the very high authority of its author, the public will not fail to form a correct appreciation of its inestimable value to the student of Irish history. We sincerely trust that it will ere long be followed by the continuation of his admirable lectures in the chair of History and Archæology of the Irish Catholic University.

ERRATUM.

[We regret to find that a passage in an article headed "Wild Scenes in the West," in our October Number, has given offence to some members of a highly respectable family. It was stated in the passage referred to, that the former possessor of a house in Minna, on the sea-coast in the west of the County of Galway, was a "famous smuggler" in his day; the period referred to being about eighty years removed from the present time, and the statement having been made on the authority of persons who appeared conversant with the locality. We understand, however, that there is not the slightest foundation for the statement; the Mr. Browne indicated in it never having been connected in any way with the smuggling trade; and we deeply regret that such a mis-statement should have been made as thus to wound the feelings of any of his posterity. No one is more likely to be imposed upon by false information than a tourist; and the information in this case was the more readily received as it related to a practice so general on our coasts in that remote period, and which is now traditionally invested with a kind of romantic interest.]

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